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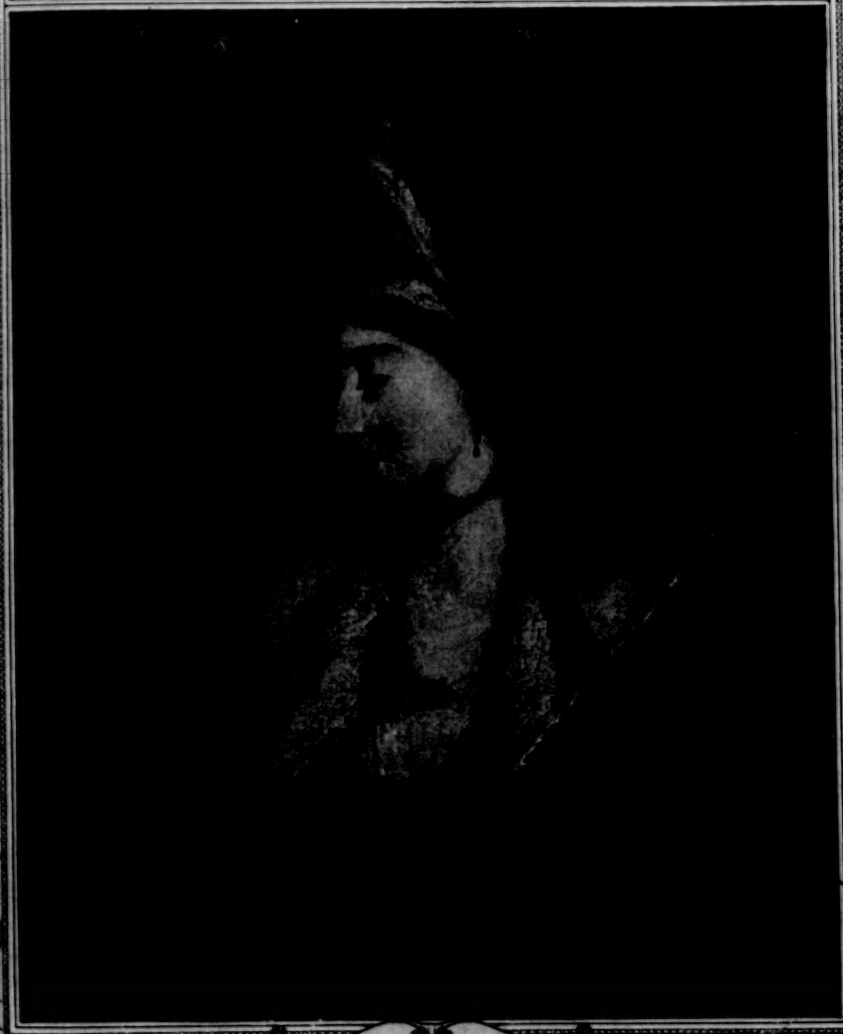
THE THEATRE AND THE MOVIES
A DIALOGUE WITH GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

HARPERS MAGAZINE



September 1924

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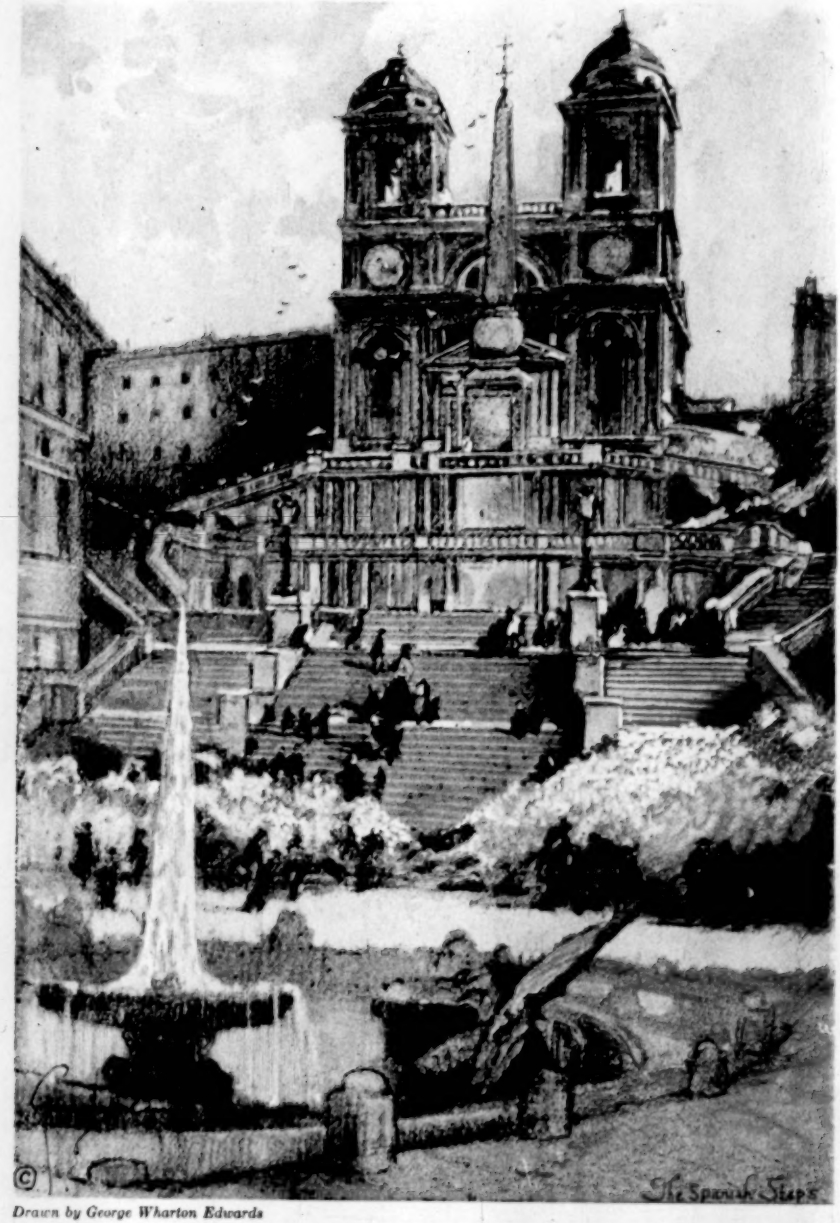

Drawn by George Wharton Edwards

THE SPANISH STEPS—ROME

Leading up from the Piazza di Spagna to the Church of Santa Trinità de' Monti. At the foot of the stairs is the flower market where artists' models congregate.

Harper's Magazine

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THE DRAMA, THE THEATER, AND THE FILMS

A Dialogue between BERNARD SHAW
and ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

THE dining room at 10 Adelphi Terrace, London. Time: late March, 1924, just after the production of Shaw's latest play, "Saint Joan," at the New Theater, London. A room full of sunshine overlooking the narrow gorge of the Adelphi. The walls are sparsely decorated, the principal object in the room (besides the original) being a portrait of Bernard Shaw which startlingly confronts you on entering the room—the impressionist, posterlike portrait by Augustus John, with flying locks and mustaches, rectangular head, and exaggeratedly flouting lower lip—done in bright colors: reds, yellows, blues. Its close analogue, a superior study and a better likeness, hangs in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Bernard Shaw *and* Archibald Henderson *discovered seated at opposite ends of the dinner table,* à deux. *During the course of the meal the food is often sadly neglected for the sake of argument—the Irishman waving his long arms and tapering fingers, the American energetically hammering his closed right fist in his left, open palm.*

HENDERSON.

Well, I must say you made a neat get-away at the New the other night. One moment I was talking to you in your private box and the next Miss Sybil Thorndike was explaining to an audience stentoriously shouting "Author! Author!" that, *as usual under such circumstances,* the author was not to be found. Your wife and Miss Lena Ashwell must have spirited you mysteriously away. I felt defrauded—robbed of a long-anticipated pleasure of hearing you make a footlight speech. Of course, I understood that you wished Miss Thorndike to have all the honors for playing beautifully the title role in your greatest play.

And now to come to the films. Has the enormous development of the cinema industry benefited the drama, or the reverse?

SHAW.

No: the colossal proportions make mediocrity compulsory. They aim at the average of an American millionaire and a Chinese coolie, a cathedral-town governess and a mining-village barmaid, because the film has to go everywhere

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and please everybody. They spread the drama enormously, but as they must interest a hundred per cent of the population of the globe, barring infants in arms, they cannot afford to meddle with the upper-ten-per-cent theater of the highbrows or the lower-ten-per-cent theater of the blackguards. The result is that the movie play has supplanted the old-fashioned tract and Sunday-school prize: it is reeking with morality but dares not touch virtue. And virtue, which is defiant and contemptuous of morality even when it has no practical quarrel with it, is the lifeblood of high drama.

HENDERSON.

In spite of the fame of certain artistic directors—the Griffiths, De Milles, Lubitschs, and Dwans—perhaps it is true that the film industry is, for the most part, directed and controlled by people with imperfectly developed artistic instincts and ideals who have their eyes fixed primarily on financial rewards.

SHAW.

All industries are brought under the control of such people by Capitalism. If the capitalists let themselves be seduced from their pursuit of profits to the enchantments of art, they would be bankrupt before they knew where they were. You cannot combine the pursuit of money with the pursuit of art.

HENDERSON.

Would it not be better for film magnates to engage first-rate authors to write directly for the films, paying them handsomely for their work, rather than paying enormous prices to an author of novel, story, or play, and then engaging a hack at an absurdly low price to prepare a scenario?

SHAW.

Certainly not first-rate authors: democracy always prefers second-bests. The magnates might pay for literate subtitles; but one of the joys of the cinema would be gone without such gems as "Christian: Allah didst make thee wondrous strong and fair." Seriously, though, the ignorance which leads to the employment of uneducated people to do professional work in modern industry is a scandal. It is just as bad in journalism. In my youth all writing was done by men who, if they had little Latin and less Greek, had at any rate been in schools where there was a pretense of teaching them; and they had all read the Bible, however reluctantly. Nowadays that has all gone: literary work is intrusted to men and women so illiterate that the mystery is how they ever learned their alphabet. They know next to nothing else, apparently. I agree with you as to the scenarios founded on existing plays and novels. Movie plays should be invented expressly for the screen by original imaginative visualizers. But you must remember that just as all our music consists of permutations and combinations of twelve notes, all our fiction consists of variations on a few plots; and it is in the words that the widest power of variation lies. Take that away and you will soon be so hard up for a new variation that you will snatch at anything—even at a Dickens plot—to enable you to carry on.

HENDERSON.

American newspapers and magazines teem with articles, interviews, counsels, and admonitions regarding the films and measures for their improvement. Have you in mind any definite suggestions for the further artistic development of films?

SHAW (*explosively*).

Write better films, if you can: there is no other way. Development must come from the center, not from the periphery. The limits of external encouragement have been reached long ago. Take a highbrow play to a Little Theater and ask the management to spend two or three thousand dollars on

the production, and they will tell you that they cannot afford it. Take an opium eater's dream to Los Angeles and they will realize it for you: the more it costs the more they will believe in it. You can have a real Polar expedition, a real volcano, a reconstruction of the Roman Forum on the spot: anything you please, provided it is enormously costly. Wasted money, mostly. If the United States Government put a limit of twenty-five thousand dollars to the expenditure on any single non-educational film, the result would probably be an enormous improvement in the interest of the film drama, because film magnates would be forced to rely on dramatic imagination instead of on a mere spectacle. Oh, those scenes of oriental voluptuousness as imagined by a whaler's cabin boy! They would make a monk of Don Juan. Can you do nothing to stop them?

(*Cartoon by Bohun Lynch*)

A QUIET DIALOGUE BETWEEN SHAW AND HENDERSON

HENDERSON.

The only way to stop them is with ridicule. That is why I am making you talk. Already such scenes are greeted with ribald laughter and shouts of unholy glee in many American communities. But our happiest effects are achieved by having English duchesses impersonated by former cloak models, Italian counts by former restaurant waiters. In spite of all this the triumph of the American film is spectacular. The invasion of England and Europe is a smashing success. London, Paris, Berlin are placarded with announcements of American films: they are literally everywhere. "The Covered Wagon," "Scaramouche," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Ten Commandments," "Mother," "Nanook": Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, etc., etc. Yet I am told that the Italians make the best films; and the best European picture I saw in Europe was a Swedish film at the

Gaumont "Picture Palace" in Paris. The triumph, almost the monopoly of the American film is uncontested. But are American films superior to all others?

SHAW (*decisively*).

No. Many of them are full of the stupidest errors of judgment. Overdone and foolishly repeated strokes of expression, hideous make-ups, close-ups that an angel's face would not bear, hundreds of thousands of dollars spent on spoiling effects that I or any competent producer could secure quickly and certainly at a cost of ten cents, featureless over-exposed faces against under-exposed backgrounds, vulgar and silly subtitles, impertinent lists of everybody employed in the film from the star actress to the press agent's office boy—are only a few of the *gaffes* that American film factories are privileged to make. Conceit is rampant among your film makers; and good sense is about nonexistent. That is where Mr. Chaplin scores: but Mr. Harold Lloyd seems so far to be the only rival intelligent enough to follow his example. We shall soon have to sit for ten minutes at the beginning of every reel to be told who developed it, who fixed it, who dried it, who provided the celluloid, who sold the chemicals, and who cut the author's hair. Your film people simply don't know how to behave themselves: they take liberties with the public at every step on the strength of their reckless enterprise and expenditure. Every American aspirant to film work should be sent to Denmark or Sweden for five years to civilize him before being allowed to enter a Los Angeles studio.

HENDERSON.

Well! that's that! And how surprised and pained some American producers will be to read your cruel words! But too much success is not good for anyone—not even for you. And speaking of comets, can plays of conversation—"dialectic dramas"—like yours be successfully filmed?

SHAW.

Barrie says that the film play of the future will have no pictures and will consist exclusively of subtitles.

HENDERSON.

I wonder if conversation dramas are not on the wane—since the public in countless numbers patronizes, revels in the silent drama.

SHAW.

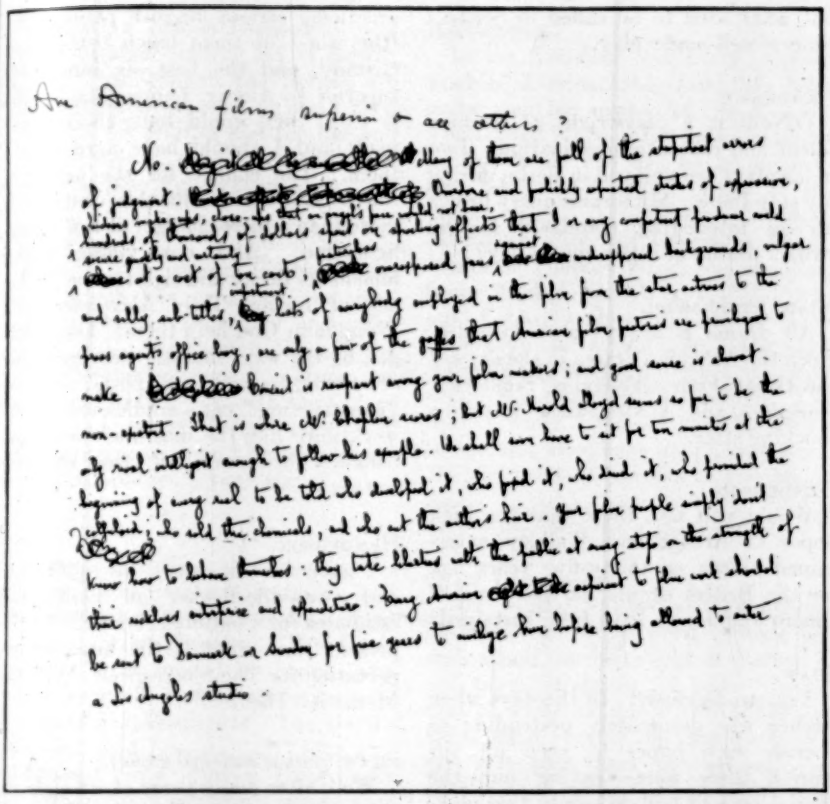
If you come to that, the public in overwhelming numbers is perfectly satisfied with no drama at all. But the silent drama is producing such a glut of spectacle that people are actually listening to invisible plays by wireless. The silent drama is exhausting the resources of silence. Charlie Chaplin and his very clever colleague Edna Purviance, Bill Hart and Alla Nazimova, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and Harold Lloyd have done everything that can be done in dramatic dumb show and athletic stunting, and played all the possible variations on it. The man who will play them off the screen will not be their superior at their own game but an Oscar Wilde of the movies who will flash epigram after epigram at the spectators and thus realize Barrie's anticipation of more subtitles than pictures.

HENDERSON.

If that is true, then why—since wit and epigram are your familiar weapons—why have none of your plays been filmed?

SHAW (*deadly resolute*).

Because I wouldn't let them. I repeat that a play with the words left out is a play spoiled; and all those filmings of plays written to be spoken as well as seen are boresome blunders except when the dialogue is so worthless that it is a hindrance instead of a help. Of course that is a very large exception in point of bulk; but the moment you come to classic drama, the omission of



A PAGE OF SHAW'S MANUSCRIPT SETTING FORTH HIS OPINION OF AMERICAN FILMS

the words and the presentation of the mere scenario is very much as if you offered as a statue the wire skeleton which supports a sculptor's modeling clay. Besides, consider the reaction on the box office. People see a Macbeth film. They imagine they have seen "Macbeth," and don't want to see it again; so when your Mr. Hackett or somebody comes round to act the play, he finds the house empty. That is what has happened to dozens of good plays whose authors have allowed them to be filmed. It shall not happen to mine if I can help it.

HENDERSON.

The American "invasion" of the European theater is certainly not comparable to the success of the American film. My own observation does not bear out the statement one sometimes hears that, since the World War, British theaters have been filled with American plays.

SHAW (*superciliously*).

I don't know. I don't go to them often enough to be able to say. When I *do* go it is usually a British play I fall to, though I have looked up Mr. Eugene O'Neill once or twice. But as far as our theaters are filled with the commercial machine-made article, what you suggest may very well be true. America invented the typewriter; and a very little extra ingenuity would suffice to invent an attachment which would turn

out what used to be called in Scribe's time a well-made play.

HENDERSON.

O'Neill is a playwright of genuine talent and dramatic imagination. Two of his plays were played in Berlin during my stay there. My former query brings up an interesting corollary: Is the British drama at a low ebb to-day?

SHAW (*cryptically*).

All drama is always at a low ebb. Even the Athenian drama in the days of the Great Four (Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes) was in a shocking state.

HENDERSON.

Would you say, then, that the high hopes of Archer and Walkley entertained thirty or thirty-five years ago for the British drama, on the basis of Pinero and Jones, have been sustained?

SHAW.

Yes, prodigiously. In the days when Archer was desperately pretending to cherish such hopes to keep up our spirits, there were—leaving out the special case of Gilbert—only two playwrights worth mentioning: Pinero and Jones, and one adapter, Grundy. When Carton, Barrie, Oscar Wilde, and I came along, the number of original playwrights was tripled without counting Buchanan and Stephen Phillips and Fagan, who were only occasional contributors. Four of those are dead; but the remaining six have been reinforced by Archer himself, by Galsworthy, Granville-Barker, Drinkwater, Ervine, Maugham, McEvoy, Glover, Munro, Sutton Vane, Clemence Dane, Milne, the late St. John Hankin, Zangwill, Laurence Housman, Eden Phillpotts, and quite a lot of busy young experimenters whose work I do not happen to have seen. If I had told Archer and Walkley in 1890 that we should live to see the day when it would be easy to reel off the names of more than twenty practicing serious English playwrights, (the worst of them much better than Grundy, and the best six immeasurably superior to Augier, Dumas *fils*, Sardou & Co.,) they would have thought me mad; and I should have agreed with them. The change for the better in the British drama, in this century, is more than a mere change: it is a Transfiguration. And our young critics lament its decay and sigh for the golden age of Irving, Tree, Alexander, and Wyndham, God help them! Don't forget, by the way, that all these new men are trying to write real plays, and not "constructing" cat's cradles and clockwork mice like the machine-made *nouveautés Parisiennes* of the eighteen sixties.

HENDERSON.

I have a book drawn up by Archer and Granville-Barker on plans and estimates for a national theater. At the present time what is the hope or expectation for The Shakespeare National Memorial Theater?

SHAW (*with a satirical smile*).

Well, after many years of struggle we have had one subscription. The solitary sportsman who gave it was a Hamburg gentleman. When Germany recovers from the War we may get another move on. *Nil desperandum.*

HENDERSON.

With talents such as Granville-Barker, Gordon Craig, and Bridges Adams to draw upon for *régisseurs*, with no dearth of reasonably good actors and actresses, with the greatest classic repertory of any nation in the world, and with the dramatists you have mentioned to furnish contemporary plays—why not a British National Theater?

SHAW (*deprecatingly*).

A British National Theater is a contradiction in terms. You can have a Grand National Steeplechase, a Church

of England, a British Parliament, and even a National Gallery full of foreign pictures; but though the British are the most theatrical people on earth, they keep it all for politics and the bar and the quarter-deck, and are jealous of the theater because it gives them away.

HENDERSON.

There is a movement in the United States which has produced and continues to produce important and valuable results in the theater. This is the Little Theater movement. Have not the Little Theaters—in both the United States and Great Britain—been far more progressive than the commercial theater in producing your plays?

SHAW.

If I were a younger man I could probably say "Yes" without reserve. You must remember that in my time there were no Little Theaters. The Little Theaters were started by people who had been caught in their adolescence by Mansfield's production of "The Devil's Disciple," and Loraine's of "Man and Superman," and Forbes Robertson's of "Cæsar and Cleopatra," which were very big and successful commercial ventures. Daly's "Candida" at the Berkeley Lyceum, a bandbox of a theater, demonstrated the possibility of Little Theaters. They are all to the good: indeed the best dramatic work of to-day has been kept alive by them; and I make a point of giving them every possible facility as to my own work.

HENDERSON.

The history of the New York Theater Guild is a record in which every American interested in the theater feels a genuine pride. But you know all about that!

SHAW (*emphatically*).

Well, it has been the salvation of the drama in New York. But I suppose I must not advertise my own shop.

HENDERSON.

In the American university, pioneer work of a remarkable kind has been under way for upward of two decades. The United States is not only the leader in this field: she has no competitor. Our best students and critics of the drama—such as Professor Brander Matthews, Professor George P. Baker, Professor Thomas Wood Stevens, Professor Frederic H. Koch, Walter Prichard Eaton, and many others—have vigorously advanced the view and energetically put it into effect, *viz.*, that people can be taught playwriting. The results, which I cannot take time now to recount, have been not unimpressive. Do you think it possible or feasible to teach, to train anyone to become a dramatist—or even a playwright?

SHAW (*vigorously*).

No. Unless Nature has done ninety-nine per cent of the work, the one per cent which can be taught or learned is not worth studying. I know a good deal of stage technic which I did not know when I wrote my first play; but my first play held the audience as effectively as my last. If an author cannot write an effective stage play without any teaching, nothing that he can learn will be of any use to him: he has mistaken his profession.

HENDERSON.

Then where does the one per cent come in?

SHAW.

In producing, mostly. Mechanical things. Stage tricks. Authors learn them from experience at rehearsals, and until they do, they have to call in producers to take charge of the stage. But every author should be his own producer. The production of a play is an essential part of it, and cannot be done by anyone else without an alteration of values for better or worse. Still, many of the technical things are trifles, like spelling and paragraphing and punctu-

ation in writing. Sheridan could not spell, and his one stop was a dash; but "The School for Scandal" acts none the worse. He may possibly have been equally careless about the mechanical details of stage business. He could have been taught both. So could the cat. But that teaching would not have made the cat a dramatist.

HENDERSON.

At Harvard University, Professor Baker conducts successfully a famous course in playwriting, playbuilding—"English 47." He seems to have proved that he can teach his pupils to become playwrights, some of them artistically and commercially successful playwrights.

SHAW (*diffidently*).

I have no right to criticize a course that I know nothing about. I can say only that when the University of Liverpool invited me to occupy a chair of Drama, I had to reply that I was a practitioner, not a professor. But if Professor Baker knows as much as a good producer knows—and he might know this without being a playwright—I see no reason why a natural-born playwright should not benefit by a course of instruction in practical stage conditions. After all, Napoleon went to a military academy; and Michael Angelo learned to use a chisel just as a stone mason's apprentice does. It all depends on Professor Baker's good sense and knowledge of what instruction can do and what it cannot.

HENDERSON.

When you finally write the Prefaces or Introductions to your Collected Works, I daresay you will tell us something of the genesis of your plays. Meantime, I want you to "enlighten the world" on the subject of your peculiar technic. For instance, do you usually develop your play from a central idea?

SHAW (*oracularly*).

The play develops itself. I only hold the pen. But sometimes the first thing in my head is some situation like the arrest in "The Devil's Disciple," which may or may not prove a central one in the finished play. Sometimes it is a remark made in my hearing which is pregnant with a whole play: for instance, "The Doctor's Dilemma" grew from a remark made by Sir Almroth Wright to an assistant in his laboratory at St. Mary's Hospital when he was demonstrating his technical methods for me.

HENDERSON.

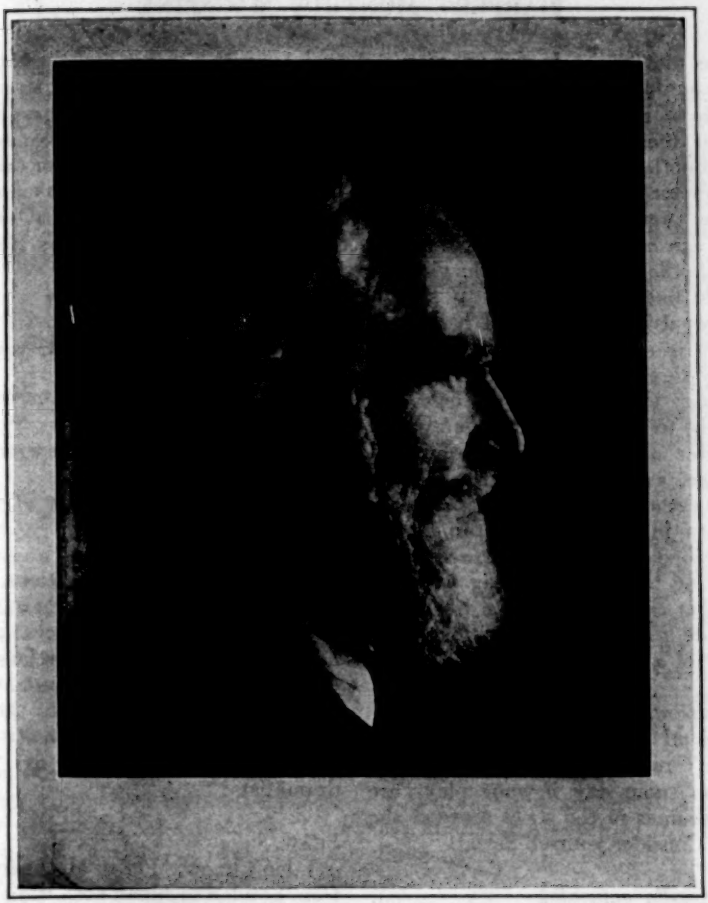
The most fascinating literary research I ever made was a close, detective study of the genesis of Ibsen's dramas, on the basis of the "Vorwerke" preserved in the Royal Library at Christiania. I mean to make such a study of your plays some day. I wonder if you ever create a set of characters and let the plot develop from their mutual interactions.

SHAW (*authoritatively*).

I avoid plots like the plague. I have warned young playwrights again and again that a plot is like a jigsaw puzzle, enthralling to the man who is putting it together, but maddeningly dull to the looker-on. Stories are interesting, the exhibition of character in action is very much more interesting and, for stage purposes, is the source of the story's interest; but plots are the deadest of dead wood. My procedure is to imagine characters and let them rip, as you suggest; but I must warn you that the real process is very obscure; for the result always shows that there has been *something behind* all the time, of which I was not conscious, though it turns out to be the real motive of the whole creation.

HENDERSON.

You have there a wonderfully fascinating story to tell—if your publishers can drag it out of you. Might it not throw light on the art of playwriting and



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A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

the craft of dramaturgy if you gave an account of the way you write your plays?

SHAW (*with a disillusioned smile*).

It might possibly kill the superstition that real plays are constructed. They are no more constructed than a carrot is constructed. They grow naturally. But the property master in any theater can construct a carrot good enough for a stage donkey, and any literary craftsman can construct a sham play good enough for the donkeys in the front of the house.

HENDERSON.

Since we are on the subject of your dramatic technic, may I remind you that you are frequently charged by the critics with writing plays which consist only of conversation, dialectic, debate?

SHAW (*not angry, yet not quite calm*).

What the devil else can a classical play consist of? I am, and have always been, a classical dramatist; and in saying this I am not pleading guilty to an accusation: I am making the highest claim possible in my profession. You may ask me why I don't write scenarios

for the movies, or knock up plots to enable our fascinating leading ladies and matinée idols to come on the stage and enchant the spectators into imagining all the depths of thought and importance of character that don't exist in the plot, and the twaddle by which it is carried on. I can only say that it is easier for me to do the classic work. The plot and twaddle business would be to me the most repulsive drudgery: I had much rather write essays on economics, politics, and so forth. The movies are more tempting: there is a new art there, and I may be tempted to try my hand at it; but after all, if one has the gift of language, asking me to write a dumb show is rather like asking Titian to paint portraits in black and white. Still, there is one sort of dumb show which is something more than a play with the words left out, and that is a dream. If I ever do a movie show it will have the quality of a dream.

HENDERSON.

A friend of mine, relying upon my "nerve," requested me to be sure to ask you some day if your plays are really dramas in the strict sense of the term. Consider yourself asked!

SHAW (*vastly amused*).

You remind me of a friend of mine who has written some successful plays. In his youth he made his way, trembling, to the presence of Barry Sullivan, then supreme as what the *Times* called the leading legitimate actor of the British stage. "I have written a drama—" he was beginning, when Barry Sullivan, much hurt, interrupted him with, "Sir, I do not play drama: I am a tragedian." Behind the scenes drama means melodrama, a second-class entertainment, not to be confused with comedy and tragedy. It has no muse and no mask in pictorial symbolism. Mrs. Siddons was painted between Comedy and Tragedy: if a third figure had been introduced by the painter to symbolize Drama, Sarah would have withered the painter with a glance and then stamped on him. So much for your strict sense of the term. My plays are *sui generis*; and to say that they are comedies or tragedies or tragi-comedies or dramas is like saying that I am a Caucasian: it says nothing about them that does not apply to thousands of plays not a bit like them.

HENDERSON (*mischievously*).

Just for fun then—why do you write the kind of plays you do?

SHAW (*quite seriously*).

Why shouldn't I? What's wrong with them?

HENDERSON.

My dear Shaw, if you answer my questions with other questions, I am afraid we'll never get anywhere. Some Freytag of the twentieth century will have to answer your questions some day. You are a "world dramatist"—that is a sufficient answer to the questions just now. What dramatists now living would you class as "world dramatists?"

SHAW.

I don't know. I cross all the frontiers from London to Japan both ways round. So does Mr. Chaplin. But when we are inclined to feel conceited about it, we are pulled up by the fact that a good many popular entertainers, whose claims to be at the bottom of their profession are as strong as ours to be at the top of it, get round the world as easily as we.

HENDERSON.

As a matter of fact, are not the "world dramatists" passing off the scene, with few or no others in sight to take their place?

SHAW.

You cannot tell. The greatness of a dramatist is not a space dimension but a time dimension. How do you know where I shall stand as a dramatist when

I have been as long dead as Euripides? Yet that is the only test. There is certainly no sign of falling off at present, if that is what you are afraid of.

HENDERSON.
Would you then, may I ask, rank yourself as a "world dramatist?"

SHAW.
No. But I *am* a world dramatist.

HENDERSON.
Why?

SHAW.
Simply because they play me, with or without my leave, everywhere from London to Japan, both ways round, and at all the intermediate stations. It is a question not of merit but of raw fact. My currency is as universal as that of Sherlock Holmes or Charlie's Aunt or Mary Pickford or Bill Hart or Charlie Chaplin.

HENDERSON.
Everyone dabbles in prophecy nowadays—from Wells to Haldane, from Flammarion to Shaw. Take a shot at vaticination—just once more—and tell us what is destined to be the immediate future of the drama!

SHAW (*refusing the bait*).
How the deuce do I know? Have you any reason to suppose that its future will differ from its past? I suppose it will go on dishing up the police and divorce news more or less elegantly for popular consumption, and put up as best it can with the dramatic poets that Providence sends it from time to time.

HENDERSON.
I see you intend that it shall put up with you a while longer. And yet—didn't you announce a while ago that in "Back to Methuselah" you had written your last play?

SHAW (*gaily*).
Of course. Until I began "Saint Joan," "Methuselah" *was* my last play. Every play I write is my last play until I begin another. But the play in which the playwright reaches his farthest point is really his last play, even though he may write others that are later in the calendar.

HENDERSON.
As always, you are incalculable—even to a mathematician! Will you write any more plays?

SHAW.
Will a duck swim? How can I help it?

THE PATHETICS

BY FLORENCE KEADY

WHO are just touched with dreams
And never are forgetting;
Who are entombed through all their glamorous days
Amid dead things,
And seek the dusk for freedom
At the end?
These are the pathetics—
Who have no dreams worth telling
And yet would dream.

LOUTRÉ

A Story

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

(This story by a comparatively new writer was awarded Second Prize by the Judges, in the first competition of the HARPER'S MAGAZINE *Short Story Contest.*—Editor's Note.)

ARISTIDE TRITOU stood at the window of his gray and cheerless room and looked out into the dreary dullness of a dark November day. The weather was truly unfortunate: not exactly cold but—ever so much worse—damp and chilly; the rain which hung all ready in the skies would presently fall down, blur the window-panes, run in dirty streaks down the sills, and add to the general misery of the scene.

"Oh, hang it all," muttered Aristide, "hang it all." And throwing himself on his rather rickety couch-bed, he began to ruminate about the weather. Poor people, he decided, ought to live in a land of eternal summer. Tahiti. Vailima. Anywhere, where the earth is kindly and the sun gives you warmth and cheer, fills your veins with a sweet fire, and permits you to dream away idly and languorously long and golden hours. To live in such an infernal climate as ours one must at least have money. Then one can sit by a blazing fire and enjoy an artificial summer; one can light one's room and have a splendid lamp like a personal sun at the table, and some old wine, sipped slowly and dreamily, would provide sweet fire for the veins. Substitutes, of course, but oh, what charming ones! Only one had to be able to pay for them. Well, he was not able to do so. He had not a sou.

"Damn it!" he shouted, while he jumped up from his bed, "damn it, where can I get some money?"

He ran in his mind over the list of his friends, but the outlook was poor; most of them had nothing themselves, and to those who had even a little bit he was already a debtor. Then he thought of Pierre de Kersac, the editor of *La Revue Illustrée*. If he could get a few francs out of him! Just the price of a good meal and an evening in a café. It would be difficult—Kersac had been rather cool lately—twice he had refused him a loan. But then, there was nobody else. Evidently he would have to try Kersac.

Aristide began to lace his shoes, preliminary to his venturing forth to capture the golden fleece, and while he did so he thought of a thousand things which he meant to tell Kersac in justification of the demand for a loan. They were all splendid inventions, some beautifully simple, some highly ornate and elaborate, but Aristide had to discard one after the other. No, they would not do; Kersac was already wise to the game; he would not fall for any of these gabs. Well, he had to trust to the inspiration of the moment. He straightened his back, stretched his long limbs, and took a somewhat faded hat from a shelf in the closet.

"At least," he sneered, "I have not painfully to decide whether or not I shall put on my rubbers. I have no

ARISTIDE STOOD AT THE WINDOW OF HIS GRAY AND CHEERLESS ROOM

rubbers to put on. Life is full of delightful compensations."

When Aristide reached the office of *La Revue Illustrée* he had first to face an impudent office boy, who requested him to fill out a card stating whom he wanted to see and for what purpose, and who asked him, furthermore, many unnecessary and highly annoying questions. But Aristide's inventive genius was equal to the emergency of the moment. He filled out the card, demanding to see some sub-editor and, while the office boy sauntered away, Aristide strode boldly into the sanctuary of the chief, Monsieur de Kersac. Kersac looked ill pleased when Aristide appeared in the door.

"Tritou," he actually snarled, "who the devil let you in? That boy out there ought to be fired. I am swamped with work—I can't see anybody."

But Aristide, who was already seated in one of the deep and soft *fauteuils*, stretching his long legs in front of him, said amiably:

"Put your work aside. I came, my dear Kersac, to bestow a favor upon you."

Kersac muttered something of *Timeo Danaos*, but Aristide did not permit him to finish the quotation.

"We all know your classical erudition, my dear fellow," he smiled, "but what I bring is not the doubtful present of wily Greeks. I bring you the gift of the Magi. Even more than that: something more precious than gold, myrrh, and frankincense. I bring you a marvelous, perfect, delightful *conte*. Something exquisite for your exquisite magazine."

But Kersac was only a little mollified.

"I'll tell you, Tritou," he said, "your *contes* are all right, but we have already run a lot of them. And, frankly, in the end they are all the same. Again and again you give us fools who think they fool one another and only fool themselves; again and again you show us the futility, the utter uselessness, the ironic emptiness of life and fate. Now mind you, I don't say that your stuff isn't good. It's clever. Damnably clever. But one gets easily fed up on

it. That cynical pessimism is all right now and then, but the public doesn't want too much of it. We have to give them more constructive stuff, a saner outlook, a—what shall I say? . . ."

Aristide smiled mockingly. "My dear fellow," he interrupted, "if you were not an editor but a writer you might have told me in two words what you want to say. You do not want cleverness in your magazine, you want wisdom. Well, it's just what I'm going to offer you. My *conte* is not merely clever, it's in addition deep, profound, powerful, startlingly unusual and surprisingly human—in one word: a gem. I'm going to tell you my plot and you will see."

Kersac saw that he could not escape, so he relaxed in his chair, yawned deeply and sleepily, and said:

"Well, go ahead, go ahead. I'm listening."

Aristide shook his hair back from his forehead, took a cigarette from Kersac's desk without waiting for an invitation and, when he had lighted it, began in his most deep and sonorous voice:

"Permit me to introduce to you Loutré. Loutré is a criminal; not a romantic criminal but a sordid one. He preys on the weak and helpless; he lives on his women. Now and then he does a little blackmail. Anything, in short, that pays well and is safe. Because Loutré is a coward. Despite his splendid physique—you must imagine him over six feet tall and decidedly handsome—despite his splendid physique, I say, he is as yellow as they make them. Never takes a risk. Always out to save his skin. Would betray anything and anybody unscrupulously if he sees his advantage in it, and is consequently despised by the police as well as by his fellow criminals. Only women fall for him. As I told you, he is a handsome devil.

"One day the *Matin*, having nothing else to do, runs a series of articles about the crime wave, and in consequence the police get busy. The usual thing, you know. Raids, arrests, investigations, and so forth. Crime becomes less profitable and more dangerous than ever. And Loutré hates every danger. He decides, therefore, to leave his old haunts and his chosen associates and to disappear for a while. To do something else. But what? Suddenly he remembers a certain girl who had been arrested for shoplifting and sentenced to the Reformatory. Somebody had told him only lately that this girl had gone into the movies and was making a lot of money. He determines to find out with what company she is working, and so he does. One fair morning he accosts that poor girl on her way to the studio, and in his best blackmailing manner he puts the proposition before her! 'Either you get me a position with your company, or I'll tell what I know.' I'll spare you all the details of the dickering—sufficient to say, he gets what he demands. He is introduced as a relative of the girl and the director gives him a tryout. And by a queer chance Loutré does well. He screens quite wonderfully, and his gestures have a savage, natural effectiveness which is most astounding. Loutré becomes thus at once a full-fledged screen actor, and as he is really good-looking they make him play the heroes.

"Every day now he rescues Innocence out of the clutches of Vice; every day he succors the Poor; every day he withers the Villain with his proud silence; every day, in short, he is more virtuous than Sir Galahad in person. And since this virtue pays, he enjoys it. His salary becomes ever more fantastic, his contracts ever more favorable, his name more and more a household word in this movie-mad world of ours. And that goes on for years. And then suddenly comes a crash. He is involved in some scandal. A hotel affair. Too much wine, too much drugs, too much everything, and a girl dies. And Loutré, the idol of the public, becomes an outcast. His con-

tracts are not renewed, his pictures are no longer booked, he is done for. He drops out. From one day to another he is forgotten. Nothing is left for him but to return to his former life!"

Aristide paused, and reached for another cigarette. Kersac shoved the box over to him, and even gave him a light. "Well," he asked, "and what then?"

"Then," explained Aristide, "begins the real tragedy. Loutré finds out that one cannot be virtuous for years without paying for it in the end. One cannot constantly parade as a hero and be afterward successful as a villain. Poor Loutré cannot bully his women any more—for too long a time his cue was to protect and to defend them. Even at blackmail he is now a failure. Why, he is constantly tempted to take himself by the scruff of the neck and to hand himself over to the police! He has done it over and over again with his partners who were cast for this thankless role. Thus he deteriorates and goes to pieces—a helpless victim of stern and pitiless virtue."

Kersac smiled a bit. "Musset says: '*On ne badine pas avec l'amour*'—'One must not toy with love'; your opinion evidently is: '*On ne badine pas avec la vertu*'."

Aristide nodded. "One must not toy idly with, or for that matter at, any emotion without paying some price for it. In the end you feel what you pretend to feel, you become what you play at being. At this point, you see, my little *conte* gains breadth, depth, perspective. I refer, then, not only to the results of modern psychology—Coué, you know, autosuggestion, the subconscious self, and so on—but also bring in ancient occult beliefs, significant hints out of the childhood of mankind. Have you ever read Frazer's monumental work, *The Golden Bough*? Just look up the chapter on Imitative Magic—how the Imitator becomes the Very Thing he imitates. That's something stupendous, some-

"I CAME, MY DEAR KERSAC, TO BESTOW A FAVOR UPON YOU"

thing thrilling. And all this is worked in somehow. Just as background, you know. Atmosphere. I'll tell you, Kersac, that Loutré thing will go big. It will make some hit. And now say that I'm not good to you."

"Well," retorted Kersac, "to write for *La Revue Illustrée* is, after all, not such a sacrifice. But anyway, don't let's scrap about it. Just give me the story and I'll write you a check."

"Why no," said Aristide with a rather engaging smile, "just give me a check and I'll write you the story."

Kersac stared blankly at the impudent visitor.

"You mean to say," he asked, "that the story isn't done at all?"

Aristide became at once voluble. "Done? What do you mean by done? Have I shown you Loutré? Have I created him? Does he live? You were ready to accept him—that's proof enough. All that remains to be done is the mere mechanical work of writing the thing down. But to do that I need a warm room, a meal, some cigarettes, even paper and a typewriter ribbon. And I happen to be out of all these commodities. So for your sake, simply to be able to provide your magazine with a splendid success, I am willing to accept an advance. That Loutré stuff is worth five hundred francs, isn't it? Well, give me two hundred francs now and you'll get the manuscript to-morrow."

Kersac was furious. "I won't give you a red sou until I have the story," he shouted. "I know you too well."

Aristide shrugged his shoulders. "Suit yourself," he said nonchalantly. "I am not so fond of life that I should care if I prolong it for a while or not. For my part I can starve. It was for your sake that I wished to keep alive and to write you a howling success. But it's up to you, of course."

Kersac looked utterly disgusted.

"I'll give you twenty francs," he growled, "not a sou more."

Aristide shook his head. "It has to be two hundred or nothing," he insisted.

"Then it will be nothing," said Kersac in a tone of utter finality.

Aristide got up and went to the door; he went very slowly, to give Kersac a chance to change his mind, and his heart sank when the editor busied himself among his papers without making any move. Aristide had already turned the handle and his hopes were at their lowest ebb when Kersac called him back. "Here," he said, "take a hundred francs and go to the devil."

And while Aristide pocketed the money, he added sternly:

"And mind you, I want this manuscript to-morrow. I might run it in the New Year's number."

Aristide was nearly dancing with delight when he left the offices of *La Revue Illustrée*. Oh, what luck, what luck, what splendid, unheard-of, spectacular luck! He would have been happy with ten francs, well satisfied with five, and now he had a hundred. The whole world seemed to him suddenly golden; the sky was diffused with a mellow light; Paris was again the most delectable city, and he felt the mad desire to laugh idiotically into the face of every passer-by. Well, he assured himself after a few steps, this stroke of fortune was not quite undeserved. *Loutré* was really not a half-bad invention. One could do something effective with that plot; he was almost tempted to write the story down. But then, who wants to work with a hundred francs in his pocket, who wants to write when he can live? And he would live now—he would enjoy himself gorgeously and forget the lean weeks. Aristide, who usually slouched a bit, stretched himself to his full height and looked the world triumphantly in the face. And in this somewhat operatic attitude of a conquering hero, he met Monsieur Fabian Felix, the great illustrator, who was evidently bound for *La Revue Illustrée*.

Aristide had not much love for Fabian Felix, who was small, slim, dark, very oriental, and unbearably successful.

TO-DAY HE HAD A HUNDRED FRANCS IN HIS POCKET

There was not an editor who would not congratulate himself when he could display in his magazine one of Felix's distinctive drawings, and to be illustrated one day by F. F. was something every aspiring young author dreamed of. All this irritated Aristide, and whenever he met Felix he showed clearly that he despised some one who earned so outrageously much money. But to-day he felt no grudge against Felix. To-day he himself had a hundred francs in his pocket. To-day he was a fellow-capitalist. He waved a friendly greeting to the little man and strode on into the flickering lights of the darkening November day.

Felix went really to *La Revue Illustrée* and was at once respectfully ushered into the office of Monsieur de Kersac. And while the two looked over the proofs of some illustrations, Felix said casually:

"I met young Tritou downstairs. He seemed in a very genial mood. He was almost polite to me, and usually he treats me with marked displeasure."

Kersac laughed. "Oh well," he declared, "Tritou is a fool, and yet I'll tell you, Felix, that boy has some talent. If he only were not so damnably lazy, I could make something out of him. He's doing a fine story for us now. *Loutré's* the name of it. Tells of some apache who becomes an actor and plays the virtuous hero so long that he is utterly spoiled for the life of vice. The thing sounded great when he told it to me—it has atmosphere, background. It's deep, profound. He works in modern psychology, Coué and so on; and in addition to it ancient beliefs, imitative magic, childhood of mankind, and so forth. It's popular and scientific at the same time, and usually that goes big. If it turns out all right I might ask you to illustrate it, and we'll feature it in the New Year's number. Perhaps we can stretch it through two issues. I'll see how the thing looks. No harm in giving that fellow a show."

"Certainly, why certainly," agreed Felix, who was a kind-hearted little man,

"I'll be glad to help along. And I am really pleased that that young chap has found himself. We need young talent, Kersac. The old masters are all well and good for To-day, but To-morrow belongs to Youth." And very delighted with this epigram, which he fondly believed to be first rate, he trotted on.

It was foggy but the threatening rain hung still in the skies, and as Felix felt that he needed some exercise he sent away his car, which had called for him, and walked to his apartment near the Parc Monceau. On his way he met Berthe Morissey, who once had been a sharp-witted, slim young girl, and who was now a sharp-tongued, thin young wife of a most unsuccessful Neo-Catholic playwright. She greeted Felix very effusively—she adored and envied successes—and at once began to tell him her woes. The managers were all unjust, the actors all unreasonable, and Charles deplorably lacking in ambition. Always writing mystical things that did not go or were not accepted, always sitting in the cafés instead of visiting the right kind of people, always wasting his time instead of working and making connections. Felix listened sympathetically but he felt decidedly bored and, after a while, just to get away, he petted her hand and said:

"Never mind, Berthe, never mind. Charles will find himself. They all do in the end. Now, there is that Aristide Tritou; you know him, he is a friend of your husband, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Berthe acidly. "A lazy good-for-nothing. He owes us five francs."

"Well," said Felix smiling, "he's making his way now. He's doing a fine thing for *La Revue Illustrée*. The name of it is *Loutré*, and Kersac was most impressed by it. He tells me that it is a combination of a very effective popular story and a very profound treatise on modern and ancient psychology. Coué, you know, and so on, and then imitative magic, primitive beliefs out of the childhood of mankind. Utterly interesting. Something like the things Lafitte publishes. Kersac wants me to illustrate it, and perhaps he'll run it through several issues. So you see, Berthe, if Tritou made the grade, Charles surely will. Don't worry."

Felix meant well, but he did not understand women. Berthe was neither heartened nor encouraged by Tritou's success: she was utterly enraged by it. And while she hurried home her inflamed imagination magnified this success, and the more she magnified it, the greater became her rage. She was absolutely burning with indignation when she opened the door of her little apartment, and as soon as she found Charles she emptied over his head the vials of her wrath.

"Here you're sitting and smoking and doing nothing, and everybody else makes a success," she scolded. "Even that Aristide Tritou, that fool, that nobody, gets somewhere, becomes something; only you are a failure."

Charles was so accustomed to her reproaches that usually he hardly answered, but when she mentioned Tritou he became interested.

"Aristide," he asked, "what happened to him?"

"Happened," sneered Berthe, "nothing happened. Things never happen. He did something. He wrote a most wonderful book. I met Fabian Felix on the street and he told me all about it. He illustrated it, *La Revue Illustrée* ran it serially, and Lafitte published it. The name of it is *Loutré*, and it is something stupendous. Not only popular but scientific. Full of psychology, and Coué, and imitative magic, and primitive beliefs, and all such things. He is bound to get the Prix Goncourt for it."

"Well, well," said Charles, "that's fine. I am surprised and I am glad too. So old Aristide is a made man. A book illustrated by Felix, that means something. And Lafitte as a publisher is not so bad either. And did you say it was mentioned for the Prix Goncourt? If I

had his address I'd write the old boy a word of congratulation. Well, don't be so furious about it, Berthe. His luck does not make us any poorer."

But Berthe was not in a mood to reason. She banged the door, crashed her dishes into the kitchen sink, and cried bitter tears of envy and resentment in her disappointment and loneliness.

Aristide could have lived quietly for a month on his hundred francs; comfortably for two weeks; luxuriously for a few days. But he preferred to spend them gloriously in one night. So that the next morning he was almost as poor as ever before, only that now there was no more Kersac out of whom one could get some money. With Kersac, Aristide was done. He would not dare to show his face to the editor for at least six months. In the meantime winter would come and his needs would increase. There was to-day already a sharp tang in the air and Aristide shivered in his threadbare clothes. With infinite disgust he decided that he would have to look out for some work.

Fate was merciful to Aristide and the work was found. A small, old-fashioned publisher—an Alsatian by birth, Monsieur Frederic Mondell, whose specialty was textbooks for primary schools, books on domestic science, needlework, applied arts, home decoration, and, as a hobby, books of poetry—needed a reader and office assistant, and Aristide secured the position. His happiness was not unalloyed: the salary was small, the hours rather long, and Monsieur Mondell insisted annoyingly on punctual attendance. But the income was secure, and Aristide felt that now he could face the chill blasts of the coming frost with a certain degree of comfort and confidence.

Thus, Aristide tramped every morning to the office, wrote business letters in which the subtle excellencies of his style were utterly wasted, read manuscripts which bored him beyond measure, and corrected proofs whose main mistake in his eyes were that they were printed at all. Sometimes he discussed literature with Monsieur Mondell, both smoking like chimneys, both declaiming

ARISTIDE SHIVERED IN HIS THREADBARE CLOTHES

their own poetry, both quarreling violently and being, in consequence, infinitely pleased with each other. Supper the two usually had together in a little Alsatian restaurant where the cooking was so good that the waitress could be unattractive, and after supper Aristide trudged home and read. He had always been a voracious reader, the fellowship of books meaning more to him than any other relation, and this winter, having just enough for the immediate necessities of life and no extra money to spend in cafés and cabarets, he read more than ever before. His former haunts knew him no more. Sometimes he thought sleepily and lazily of going to the Trois Couronnes, the special rendezvous of all the budding literati, but he had to be at the office so very early in the morning and his purse was so damnably lean. It was better to postpone the visit. So the weeks went by.

At the Trois Couronnes the regular guests were usually so taken up with their own interests that they did not give much thought to those who, for one reason or another, dropped out. But Aristide had been quite popular; his facile wit and his amusing cynicism combined with a certain personal charm had won him many friends, and when one week after the other passed and no Tritou was to be seen, his comrades began to wonder.

"What the devil happened to that Aristide?" they said. "Is he ill? One does not see him any more."

One evening Charles Morissey was present when that question was asked again, and he laughed, half amused, half bitterly.

"Of course one does not see him any more. We'll probably never see him again. Aristide is lost to us—he made a success."

Everyone was surprised and interested.

"Aristide a success? Who would have ever believed it. Who told you, Charles?"

"My wife told me," sighed Morissey. "In fact she tells me about it every day. She rubs it in as much as she can. She is quite jaundiced from envy, and if she hates anyone more than me, then it's surely Aristide."

"But what did he do that enrages her so?" was asked.

"Well, he wrote a book," reported Charles. "I haven't seen it; he forgot to send me a presentation copy and I have, God knows, no money for an edition de luxe with illustrations by Fabian Felix. But so much I can tell you, it's some grand thing he did. You know how we always laughed at him when he lugged those big Frazer books around, the *Golden Bough* series? Now it seems that he did his reading to some advantage. His book—the title of it is *Loutré*—is scientific fiction or fictionized science, whatever you will. He has worked in Coué—autosuggestion, subconscious personality; and then primitive beliefs, imitative magic, and so on. Very up-to-date and very effective. F. F. illustrated it, he told my wife all about it, it ran some time ago serially in *La Revue Illustrée*, and Lafitte has published it. And to make the measure full, it was mentioned for the Prix Goncourt. Do you wonder we don't see him any more?"

The tidings were received with sympathy, regret, and envy. They rejoiced that a comrade had succeeded, but at the same time they knew only too well that, once famous, he was not a comrade any longer. They had lost him, not through death but through life, and this loss is much more final and depressing. And then there was a little envy blended into the complex of their emotions. Why just Aristide and not they? Why had luck just chosen that one and not another? Only Charles said hotly and honestly:

"I don't begrudge Aristide his success. Really I don't. What makes me mad is that he has dropped us all so promptly. He might have come round now and then to shake hands and talk over old times. He might have let us take part in his glory. He meant very

"ARISTIDE IS LOST TO US—HE MADE A SUCCESS"

much to me, that old Aristide, and I feel like breaking his neck for being so mean now. But well, I suppose that's the way they all get. Success spoils the character."

And then the guests of the Trois Couronnes settled down to their usual routine, and nobody spoke any more of Aristide.

Monsieur Frederic Mondell was a funny, rotund little man, with a bald head, myopic eyes, pudgy hands, and a waddling walk. His accent was ridiculous, his verses execrable, yet there lived no truer knight of the Nine Muses than this little impossible Alsatian. He loved and understood poetry and, what is rarer, he loved and understood poets. The most disreputable-looking young man who came to him with a manuscript of verses under his arm was certain to receive a hearing, and whenever Monsieur Mondell seemed to detect any talent he published without thinking of his personal advantage. All the profit he made out of his textbooks, and cookbooks, and books on domestic science went into these little volumes of contemporary poetry which he issued with a pride and delight never accorded to his more profitable ventures. His friends sometimes argued with him over the folly of so costly a hobby, but Mondell did not heed them. He was a bachelor and his personal needs were almost negligible, and, in the end, silencing every argument, he always declaimed his well-beloved Heine's warning:

"Verletze nicht durch kalten Ton
Den Juengling, welcher duerftig, fremd,
Um Hilfe bittend zu Dir koemmt—
Er ist vielleicht ein Goettersohn.
Siehst Du ihn wieder einst, sodann
Die Gloria sein Haupt umflammt;
Den strengen Blick, der Dich verdammt,
Dein Auge nicht ertragen kann."

On a fine morning in February, a genius of the Trois Couronnes accosted Monsieur Mondell on the street, offering him an epic poem in three volumes. Monsieur Mondell trembled; he knew

he would never say no, but he knew also that just at present the luxury of another unsalable book would be fatal to him. Very humanly he tried to escape the embarrassing situation without seeming really to do so, and he said encouragingly:

"Just send me your manuscript. My reader, Monsieur Tritou, shall at once report about it."

The epic poet looked at Monsieur Mondell with wide eyes.

"Tritou," he asked, "do you mean Aristide Tritou? Is he your reader?"

"Yes," answered Monsieur Mondell, "do you know him?"

The other sighed.

"Ah, no, I don't know him. I don't know celebrities—as yet. But of course I know all about him. Who doesn't know the author of *Loutré*? It's really the book of the year. Lafitte was lucky to get it. Everyone says that the book itself is splendid and would sell even without the illustrations by Felix."

Mondell was dumfounded. Why had that devil of a Tritou never mentioned his book? So much modesty was really too much of a virtue. But he hid his surprise and said only:

"Oh, was it Felix who did the illustrations?"

"Yes, yes," the poet assured him, "it ran serially in Kersac's *Revue Illustrée*, you know, and Felix and Kersac are intimate friends. And then the book is quite in Felix's line. Rather weird, you know, and very profound and interesting. Full of psychology—Coué, autosuggestion, subconscious-self; and folklore, imitative magic, primitive beliefs of mankind, and all such things. Quite up to date. No wonder it almost got the Prix Goncourt."

Mondell nodded sagely. "No wonder," he agreed. And shaking hands with his poet and promising everything and anything, he hurried post-haste to his office.

Monsieur Mondell hated "*les silences*"—silences that estranged and parted and that, once entered into, gained constantly in sinister power. It was well enough to be silent when you had said everything you had to say; then silence was comforting, sweet, uniting. But to be silent with an unsaid thing rankling in the mind was absolutely against his nature, and while he now made his way to his office, he decided to have it out at once with Aristide. Why had that boy been so reticent? Why, above all, if he had written a splendid book—why had he given it to another publisher? Was Pierre Lafitte really so much better an imprint than Frederic Mondell? Poor Monsieur Mondell felt slighted and was puzzled, and as he liked Aristide—liked him well enough, in fact, to quarrel violently with him—he felt, in addition, hurt. He had given his young reader full confidence and he had expected confidence in return. Well, he would hear what Aristide had to say.

He found Aristide in a cloud of tobacco smoke, leaning back in his chair, his feet on his desk, reading the galley proofs of a new Mondell publication. When Mondell entered Aristide looked up and yawned.

"Heavens, what rot," he said, "what miserable, insufferable, unendurable rot! How could you ever accept such a thing? *Building a Home*—if anyone were ever building me a home according to this book I'd kill him outright."

But Monsieur Mondell disdained to defend his new publication. He hung up his hat, seated himself in his swivel chair and, turning to Aristide, said bluntly:

"Tell me, Tritou, why did you never speak to me of *Loutré*?"

Aristide sat up in his chair and stared. Loutré? *Loutré*? What did Mondell mean? Then Aristide remembered and he became a bit embarrassed. Monsieur Mondell was of a most scrupulous personal honesty, and Aristide doubted if he would see the fun in cheating Kersac out of a hundred francs. Aristide decided therefore that he would have to

invent some excuse—he dimly thought of a lost letter or something like this—and in order to gain time he asked:

"Why should I have spoken to you of Loutré?"

Monsieur Mondell became heated and excited.

"Well, if I had written a brilliant book, the book of the year in fact, a book illustrated by Felix and run as a serial in *La Revue Illustrée*, a book finally published by Lafitte and mentioned for the Prix Goncourt, then I should have spoken to you about it. Consequently, I should have expected the same of you."

Aristide was utterly bewildered. Did Mondell jest? But no, his round moon-face looked almost childishly hurt and serious. But then, what did it all mean? Had Loutré, whom he had left ignominiously in the borderland of all half-created things, hanging doubtfully between being and not-being—had Loutré, without consulting his maker, decided on a career of his own? Well, in that case he had done himself well, the old boy. Felix, Lafitte, Prix Goncourt—one could hardly better that. A self-made fiction, chuckled Aristide to himself. Well, he would not disturb Loutré in his adventurous undertaking, he would not give the show away. So, while he was highly amused inwardly, he said aloud only:

"Who told you all about Loutré, Mondell?"

"That ass of a poet did," growled Mondell, "that Lucien Dupré. Wants me to publish his epic, and when I mentioned you as my reader he started to rave. The whole literary Paris, he says, is wild about your book. The occult science in it, the folklore, primitive beliefs, imitative magic, and so on made a tremendous hit. Why you haven't offered the book to me, Tritou, I can't understand. I always thought we were real friends."

Aristide stood up, towered over the little publisher, and said very earnestly and impressively:

"Look here, Mondell, I don't know what Dupré said; quite likely he exaggerated. I confess Loutré was an unexpected success, but I never thought for a moment that he would stir the literary Paris. But so much you can take from me—I give you my word for it: Loutré was conceived and (he winced a bit) created before I ever knew you. I assure you most solemnly I could never have offered this work to you. There was no possibility of doing so. I should be damned sorry if you thought anything else."

Mondell, whose heart although covered by layers and layers of fat was innately generous, accepted at once his friend's explanation.

"That's quite all right, Aristide," he said. "There's no ill feeling in me now. Only I'm sorry. I should have liked to bring out this book. Well, we'll see what we can do in the future."

And having thus restored peace and harmony in the office, the two went at their daily task, Aristide still smiling to himself at Loutré and Loutré's extravagant claims.

The next morning Mondell said to Aristide:

"I'll tell you what, Tritou. We are going to get a new assistant. Some young chap to write letters, and read proofs, and to do all the odds and ends of the office routine. And to you I'm going to give a little private office here and you are going to write a book for me. Of course, you can't duplicate *Loutré*—one does not write a masterwork every few months—but you'll do something fine and I'm going to bring it out in style. I'd ask F. F. to illustrate it, only he is on his way to Japan, but we'll get Zip or Pierre Crachée to do us head and tail-pieces and perhaps even full-page drawings. Everyone will be pleased to collaborate with the author of *Loutré*."

Aristide shrugged his shoulders and said, "Suit yourself," and while Mondell bustled round in preparation for the new arrangement, Aristide cleared his

old desk and wondered dimly if he had done right to let Loutré have his way.

The new reader was soon found and Aristide began his book. It was a little extravaganza—he called it *Fairy Tales for Worldy-Wise*—and in it he told the True Story of the Loss of Paradise, the Last Visit to Eden, The Real Tragedy of Eve, and similar things. All half-gay and half-sad, all more or less queer and fantastic, yet imbued with that inner and deeper truth—*la vraie vérité* as the Goncourts say—which has the brilliant reality of all unreal things. Mondell was not displeased; now and then something appealed to him especially, but even when he said, "Fine, fine," he added invariably:

"Do you think it measures up to *Loutré*?"

Aristide, who was by this time tired and irritable, and therefore quite unreasonable, one day flared up:

"Look here, Mondell," he shouted, "you stop that. I'm fed up with Loutré. I don't want to hear anything more about him. I'm writing you the very best stuff I can—if that isn't sufficient, don't publish it."

Mondell pacified his irate friend.

"You know I like your work," he assured him again and again. "Only, of course, I'm anxious to make something really good out of it. Follow up the first great success, you know. By the way, I haven't yet read *Loutré*. Why don't you give me a copy?"

"Haven't got one," growled Aristide.

"I'll send to Lafitte for a few copies," suggested Mondell, but Tritou again became very angry.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. I'll give you the book as soon as possible. But for the present do me the one favor and forget *Loutré*. I want my new book judged on its own merits. No comparisons, if you please. If you don't accept my conditions I'll stop writing."

"THE VIEW OVER THE ROOFS SUITS ME"

Peace was soon restored. Mondell promised to leave *Loutré* alone, and Aristide wrote another half dozen of his fairy tales. The illustrations by Pierre Crachée were most delightful. Russian in coloring, bold in outline, clever in spacing, they represented quite the best work of the rising young illustrator. Mondell was well satisfied, and when finally the manuscript was all set up and the plates all done, he gave a luncheon to Aristide and Crachée, and the three drank excellent wine to the success of the new venture. At the luncheon Mondell had suddenly an idea.

"You know, Aristide," he said, "I'm going to see Kersac to-morrow and I'll ask him to write us an introduction to your new book. He brought out *Loutré* and he'll be glad to do that for you now."

Aristide had altogether too much wine

to worry about anything or to argue any question.

"Let Loutré take care of himself," he thought sleepily, "I can't bother any more."

Mondell went the next morning to the offices of *La Revue Illustrée* but he did not see Kersac. The editor was ill. A treacherous and neglected spring cold had developed into pneumonia, and though the general public was not yet aware of it, at the office they all knew already that there was no hope of Kersac's recovery. The introduction, therefore, remained unwritten.

The new book appeared and had a pleasant enough success. The reviews were mostly friendly; the somewhat conscious artistry of the charming trifles was praised, but in one *revue* it was said, "We should have expected some sterner stuff from the author of *Loutré*"; whereas another young columnist began "All who have admired *Loutré* will be delighted with this new book written in the very same vein and with the same playful cleverness." Aristide chuckled when he read this. "To each man his own Loutré," he said, yet even while he laughed he felt not quite comfortable, and somehow or other he wished that he had never meddled with Loutré.

Mondell was even more gratified than Aristide with the success of *Fairy Tales for Worldly-Wise*, and began at once to plan another book that Aristide ought to write.

"The author of *Loutré*," he said, "must keep on working."

Aristide, who had rather looked forward to a period of laziness and contemplation, was therefore forced to new labors, labors which he more or less resented and which deepened his antagonism against Loutré, whose outrageous demands for fame kept poor Tritou at the desk while the most superb spring invited every idle soul to loafing and dreaming. More than once Aristide tried to revolt and to escape, but Mondell stood over him, keeping him at his task, appealing to him in the name of *Loutré*, and in the end Aristide always had to give in. Spring ripened into summer, summer mellowed into fall, and the new book was done. In the shop-windows of the bookstores a yellow volume was displayed which bore in red and black letters the inscription: "*Vient de paraître*" "Just issued"—"A new volume by the author of *Loutré*."

On the date of publication Mondell himself came to Aristide with the first bound copy to congratulate the author and himself. And while he climbed the stairs that were leading to Aristide's little garret, he decided that now Tritou would have to look for new quarters. The author of *Loutré* ought to live in other surroundings. And after the first greetings were over, he talked at once of his new plans.

"I'll tell you, Aristide," he began, "you'll have to move. You are not any longer a Bohemian. You have a name and a reputation to keep up. People would wonder if they saw the author of *Loutré* living in such a hole. I know a splendid place for you. Myers, the American, who has a fine studio in Cours La Reine, wants to sublet. He sails for New York. I'll get his apartment and I'll install you there. It will be just the thing for you. Here, you can't receive a dog."

Aristide was not overpleased.

"It's all right here," he declared, "I like it. The view over the roofs suits me, and I never receive anybody anyhow. So what's the use of going to all this trouble?"

But Mondell was implacable.

"You have to move," he persisted. "In fact, you have to change your whole mode of living. You have already learned to work: now you have to learn to enjoy a dignified leisure, when leisure is possible. In short, my friend," he added smilingly, "you have to live up to *Loutré*."

And so again Aristide and his instincts were overruled and the change of the apartment took place.

The new apartment meant really a new life to Aristide. Mondell had arranged the place with touching and infinite care, filled the cupboard with the right kind of wine, the humidor with the right kind of cigarettes, and the numerous vases with charming flowers which were renewed twice a week by a dependable florist. An efficient Japanese manservant kept the place in order and looked after Aristide's needs, and every morning at ten appeared a perfect stenographer to whom Aristide had to dictate until about three, with a short interruption for lunch. But Mondell had done even more. He had looked up old connections, visited long-forgotten friends, renewed relations with the conservative wing of the literary Paris—all in the interest of Aristide, who, consequently, was much invited and hardly ever had a moment to himself. Faultlessly attired, he sipped tea in numerous drawing-rooms, attended and gave intimate readings, was asked to formal dinners, and was everywhere praised and petted as the author of *Loutré* and other very delightful books. In vain did he try to push his new work in the foreground. *Loutré* was ever the center of interest, the dominating note in the symphony of flattery; and once Aristide overheard how one young writer, who also had climbed the social ladder to success, confided to another artist:

"Yes, they sell well, these Tritou-books, but frankly they are not much good. They sell on the strength of the *Loutré* success? I have not read the book myself—science is not quite my line, you know—but I hear from all sides that there is something in it. And the public is like this: if you have done one good thing, they accept afterward even poor stuff and think it's all right."

Now and then Aristide played with the idea really to write *Loutré*, but he soon found that this was utterly impossible. Loutré had grown out of his hand. He had achieved shadowy but gigantic proportions, somewhat like a djinn in a fairy tale who, once escaped out of the bottle of respectable fiction, cannot possibly be forced again into the narrow confines of a circumscribed prison. No, Aristide decided that the question was no longer what he could do with Loutré, but rather what Loutré was going to do with him. It was a queer thought, but Aristide sometimes toyed vaguely with the fancy that Loutré had taken possession of him, body and soul, and was molding him to strange and unknown purposes; that his poor, lazy, happy-go-lucky, carefree Self had become the slave of Loutré, just as Sinbad was the slave of the Old Man of the Sea, and that whatever bodily comfort he may have gained, his spiritual freedom was lost and gone.

Mondell, of course, was quite unaware that Aristide harbored any such weird and disturbing thoughts. He was frankly delighted with the success of his protégé, and if he found the rich and fêted Aristide vastly less cheerful and far more irritable than the poor poet had been, he put it down to the erratic temperament of a genius who, having got all possible things, will still demand of fate the impossible. In fact, he admitted that this touch of disenchantment and melancholy was rather becoming to Aristide and had its market value; the more somber Tritou's little tales were, the better the public seemed to enjoy them, and Aristide's readings of his own new *contes* were always visited by the very best society. Mondell sometimes thought that it was more his manner than his matter that made Aristide so successful a lecturer. He really never read; he sat—preferably at an open fireplace—in a deep chair, or leaned against some wall or column and told his little tales in a very natural, casual, matter-of-fact way which was yet strangely effective. While he was speaking a cigarette dangled between his lean brown fingers, and—if the lights were dim enough—he punctuated his pauses by the glow of his cigarette.

a glow which at certain moments had a decidedly sulphurous tang and tinge. "Is he not more an actor than a poet?" wondered Mondell, and even mentioned one day something of this thought to Aristide. But Tritou glowered quite menacingly at his friend without vouchsafing any answer, and the topic was never more mentioned.

But whatever Aristide's special quality might have been, histrionic or poetic, he certainly had a personal appeal, and even the very exclusive club, Femina, invited him to one of its famous literary teas and gave him the very best place on the program. Mondell gratified and elated, Aristide sulky and ill-tempered, drove on the appointed day to the Avenue des Champs Elysées where the Club was housed in a distinguished little Palais. On the way Mondell commented delightedly on his friend's good fortune.

"I'll tell you, Aristide," he said, "you can be satisfied. If I think of you as you were last year—shabby, threadbare, starved, almost begging me for a position: and now, elegant, fêted, successful, the guest of Femina—it's wonderful. *Loutré* has made you."

"I guess so," granted Aristide, but he did not sound very pleased and his face did not brighten even when he stood before his very select audience and began to speak. He looked gloomily at the silken ladies and the polished gentlemen and, leaning forward in the *fauteuil* provided for him, he said to them:

"Yesterday, when the icy wind was driving frozen snowflakes over desolate-looking streets, I stepped into a little café round the corner just to warm my hands on a steaming glass of tea. And there I found at a table Satan sitting: alone, lonely, forlorn, infinitely bored. Somehow I felt impelled to speak to him, cheer him, show him some human sympathy—he really looked devilishly miserable. So I went over to his table, offered him a cigarette, and began the usual conversation.

"'Awful weather,' I said, 'I am frozen through and through.'

"'Yes,' admitted Satan, 'it's pretty bad; but then, what can you expect. After all, it's winter.'

"'For you it must be especially disagreeable,' I ventured then. 'You are accustomed to quite other temperatures.'

"Satan looked coldly at me. 'How so?' he asked.

"I stammered, embarrassed, 'Well, so far as I know, you have it pretty hot down in your place; the hellish fires, the burning sinners, and so on, that must. . .'

"Satan interrupted me impatiently. 'It's incredible,' he exclaimed, 'the childish superstition of you people. Even you, a literary man, cultivated, enlightened, can repeat such nonsensical nursery fables. Let me assure you that you are greatly mistaken. We enjoy the most perfect climate—a subtle blending of the freshness of spring and the mild mellowness of fall. In our gardens—they are more beautiful than your limited fancy can imagine—blossom and fruit mingle on the very same tree. Our birds have the colors of rainbows and at the same time they sing with most melodious trills. And the perfume of our flowers is simply unsurpassed. Your ideas of my abode are, therefore, vastly incorrect.'

"I blushed under his reproach, but my curiosity was piqued. I wanted to know more. So I persisted. 'And the lost souls?' I asked timidly, 'the damned, what. . .'

"He did not let me continue. He lifted his hand and his face expressed his pained disapproval. 'What words,' he sighed, 'what expressions, what crudity! Lost souls—damned—I am grieved to hear you speak like this. Our guests, as *we* call them, are made perfectly free of the place, and whatever we can do to provide amusement and entertainment for them is done in the most elaborate manner. Concerts, theaters, dinners, art exhibitions, *bals masqués*—all this is

offered in profusion. And for those with more quiet and scholarly tastes, we have libraries of rare books and manuscripts, collections of prints and etchings, anything, in short, you can imagine. We do our best to gratify every possible wish. No expense is too great.'

"I was staring with surprise. 'How wonderful!' I exclaimed; 'why that sounds more like heaven than anything else.'

"Satan seemed pleased. 'Yes, our place is an exact replica of heaven,' he confided. 'Anything you can get there we have too, and even more elegant, more elaborate, more exquisite, more subtle. Our guests get everything, just as in heaven, only—'

"'Only—' I repeated with a vague terror clutching my heart.

"'Only,' said Satan sadly, 'they can never, even not for one moment, forget that they are not in heaven.'

"'And that,' I asked, 'that is—'

"'Yes,' answered Satan wearily, 'that is it. To have everything heaven can grant you and yet not be in heaven—that's hell.'

"And while I was still pondering over these awful words he disappeared from my table."

Aristide, having finished, leaned back in his *fauteuil* and lighted his cigarette. Then he had to get up to acknowledge the applause, which was generous and spontaneous for, slight as his little tale was, his manner of delivery had been very effective, and his hearers were undoubtedly impressed. Next to Monsieur Mondell sat two ladies; the one evidently a *très grande dame*, the other equally evidently her *dame de compagnie*, and the one, the great lady, said quite enthusiastically to Mondell:

"But he is charming, this young man. Very *spirituel* and at the same time delightfully good-looking. You know, I somehow thought all the time what a splendid figure he would make in a cinema play. He is your friend, I understand. Do bring him to me and present him."

Mondell bowed and went to fetch Aristide, and while he was on this errand he inquired discreetly who the great lady was that had been so pleased with Aristide. He was highly elated when he was told that he had spoken to Madame la Comtesse de Ségur, who was known to belong not only to the aristocracy of birth but also to the literary gentry; who, being a descendant of an old family of scholars and writers, assembled in her salon all those who possessed either a *hôtel* on the Boulevard Saint Germain or an abode on the slopes of Parnassus. Aristide was found and duly presented, and the Comtesse graciously asked him to come to tea on the very next Sunday. Then the author had to meet other guests, but Mondell stayed with the Comtesse and sang the praises of his friend.

"It will be a privilege for me, Madame," he said, "to send you those of his books which I have published. But you ought to get also his most important work, *Loutré*. Something very deep and profound. More a treatise, I should say, than a novel. Dealing with modern psychology, autosuggestion, the subliminal self, double-personality; and also with the more occult spheres of the human mind, primitive beliefs of mankind, imitative magic, and other aspects of our subconscious life. All this grouped round the central figure of Loutré, an apache and actor at the same time. I must confess, to my shame, that I haven't read the book as yet. I always promise myself to do so, just as I promise myself to read one day the whole *Froissart*, and the real *Don Quixote*, or Dante in the original—"

The Comtesse interrupted him laughingly:

"How I can feel with you, dear Monsieur Mondell. I am quite in the same boat. Why, I could write a book on books I mean to read. Books we all know, we all quote; books which form our mental background and are, somehow, our intellectual and spiritual property and which, in the end, come to think of it, we have really never read. But to return to your

FAULTLESSLY ATTIRED, HE SIPPED TEA IN NUMEROUS DRAWING-ROOMS

handsome friend. You did not read his book as yet, but—?"

"But I am assured from all sides," continued Mondell, "that it is something very fine. Quite a contribution to that part of our literature which is a combination of *belles lettres* and science. I am certain Madame will be greatly interested in it."

"Of course I shall be," said the Comtesse eagerly. "In fact, I am already now very much interested in book and author. Don't forget to buy *Loutré* for me before Sunday," she added, turning to her *dame de compagnie*. "You'll get it at Brentano's, without doubt."

And then all conversation stopped, because "by request" Aristide had to tell another little tale.

The Comtesse received Aristide on Sunday with a warm cordiality which made him feel at once very much at home.

"I have nobody else for tea but you, Monsieur Tritou," she said, "because I am an intellectual *gourmet*. Cheap wines you mix with mineral water, you soften the bitterness of vermouth and the roughness of gin with *fleur d'orange* and sugar and other ingredients and get a cocktail; but if a rare vintage is offered to you you want it pure, unmixed, by itself, to enjoy the exquisite flavor. So no other guests but you to-day. I had my nephew at dinner but I sent him away. I want to talk to you and of you and of your work. You did get *Loutré* for me, didn't you, Constance?"

The *dame de compagnie*, who was pouring tea, felt terror-stricken. She had forgotten all about that miserable book. But it would never do to confess. The Comtesse would be furious. So, leaving quickly her teacups, she said:

"Why, certainly, madame. I bought it yesterday, and I put it on this little table together with the new *Revue des Deux Mondes*."

Aristide looked at the indicated table with a kind of wondering awe. He would hardly have been surprised if the book had really been there. By now everything seemed possible to him. But the table was conspicuously empty.

"I can't understand it," said Mademoiselle Constance. "I saw the books myself this morning. Three volumes—aren't there three, Monsieur Tritou?—all beautifully bound. I don't know who can have taken it."

"Perhaps my nephew got hold of it," smiled the Comtesse. "He may have looked into it and, reading a few lines, found the temptation too strong, and took it with him. Quite a compliment to you, Monsieur Tritou. But we will not sorrow over the book as long as we have the author. In fact, I think, Monsieur Tritou, you should present a copy to me, perhaps even one with a nice inscription—"

"Madame," interrupted Aristide, and his voice had a ring of sincerity which pleased the Comtesse, "Madame, nothing could give me greater pleasure than to offer you this book if it were only possible. But alas, we authors are negligent people. I do not possess a single copy. And as to buying it—" he shrugged his shoulders eloquently. "Mademoiselle performed a miracle in getting it. I doubt if there is another copy in all Paris."

Constance, who was happy over the turn the affair had taken, corroborated Aristide eagerly.

"Yes, madame," she explained, "I had a very hard time getting that work. Brentano's were all out of it. At last I found it in a little bookshop in the Palais Royale. Evidently it is out of print."

"Yes," continued Aristide, "It is out of print, and if I ever regretted that fact I regret it to-day."

"Why, no," chided the Comtesse, "You should be proud that a work of this type has sold so well. You'll present to me then the first copy of the second edition."

"The second edition," sighed Aristide. "I wish I could see it already. But you know, madame, how publishers are. And then, again, you cannot blame them. Bookmaking is a costly luxury nowadays. Now there is my friend Mondell—"

"Ah, yes, Monsieur Mondell," remembered the Comtesse. "He was good enough to send me your other books, and I am truly grateful to him. I enjoyed immensely your *Fairy Tales for Worldly-Wise*. Do read me "Blue Roses" once more. I think that's my favorite."

The Comtesse, who was not far from fifty, had no illusions about herself. She knew that she was no longer young, and she said sometimes with a wry smile:

"I am the most dismal creature in the world. I am a charming woman who does not charm any more."

But though she had lost the form and features of Youth, all the eagerness, the enthusiasm, the quick perceptions of a young heart and mind were still hers; and however disagreeable she could be as an enemy, just so delightful and helpful she was as a friend. And to Aristide she became at once a very loyal and devoted friend. She liked him unreservedly though she chided him incessantly.

"You see," she explained to him, "there are people who are excellent in every detail. I approve of every trait in them; they have the right opinions, they do the right things, they even have the right manners. Yet, on the whole and taking it all in all, I have no use for them. And then again there are others who constantly irritate me; who in every detail of their personality annoy me and make me angry; who never do what I expect them to do, never say what I wish to hear, never even behave as I think it right to behave. And yet, on the whole and taking it all in all, they are the people I care for, the people I want, the ones I am truly fond of. You, Aristide, belong to this class. You annoy me extremely, yet I like you nevertheless. And because I like you I tell you frankly you waste your time.

You are more than a writer: you are a scholar, a scientist. You know the hidden recesses of the human mind, the dim past of the human race. Instead of cynical, playful little things—be they as charming as they may—you ought to write for us works of abiding value. Monumental things. But you are abominably lazy."

Aristide looked up from his teacup with which he was playing and asked with a queer smile:

"Whoever told you, *chère amie*, that I am a scholar and a scientist? Perhaps you are mistaken in this assumption."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Comtesse sharply. "The author of *Loutré* is a scholar and a scientist. Don't pretend to me. Only, as I say and the more's the pity, you are a negligent creature. But I am going to take care of you; I am going to find for you the right place and the proper career."

Aristide lifted his hands in mock terror.

"Have pity," he groaned, "let me off easy. Whatever you do, don't make me a professor. I'd balk at that."

"But why?" persisted the Comtesse. "You'd make an excellent professor. You look so delightfully pictorial. We could send you as an exchange professor to America and you'd marry an heiress. Wouldn't you like that?"

"No," said Aristide decidedly, "not at all. But then, I am never permitted to do what I like. I lead a life that is utterly distasteful to me. Well, what's the difference?"

"None at all," the Comtesse assured him. "If you were leading the life you dream of, you would abhor it equally. Things look pleasant only from afar. The charm of distance lends them grace and color and beauty. But when we come near we find the same sordidness, the same dullness, the same gray and intolerable boredom. I am going to do what is good for you, and not what you like, for, come to think of it, there is nothing to like in this disenchanted world of ours."

The Comtesse was as good as her word. Without consulting Aristide in the least, she looked round to find something really worth while for him, a position adequate to his great gifts, in which she believed implicitly. And the gods were evidently with her. At a Lenten gathering she met Monsieur Du Fayel, a rich industrialist who, having retired, had become interested in the more abstruse realms of psychology and literature, and whose ambition it was to create in Nancy, his birthplace, a very dignified monthly magazine, which should bear the name *Revue Du Fayel*. He confided his plans to the Comtesse, who listened to him with delighted interest, and when he added:

"You know, madame, I want it to be something very exquisite. Very literary and yet truly scientific. A cross, so to say, between the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Hibbert Journal*."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" she exclaimed enthusiastically, "and by sheer good luck I have just the man who will edit to perfection this particular magazine."

"Really?" said Monsieur Du Fayel, interested, "and who is he?"

"His name," answered the Comtesse, "is Aristide Tritou. He writes, as a hobby, very charming and clever little sketches, and fairy tales and playlets of quite impeccable style. But his real achievement is *Loutré*, a work of three large volumes. I should call it the French equivalent of Frazer's *Golden Bough*. Of course it's out of print. All good things are. To-day I wanted to buy the *Journal des Goncourts*. Impossible. I couldn't get a copy for love nor money. So it is with *Loutré*. You can't buy it, but Mondell, the publisher—you know him, don't you? He is a most conservative man, and *so* careful in his statements—well, Mondell told me it is a masterwork. Grouped around the figure of Loutré, an actor and apache, are all the occult beliefs of primitive mankind: imitative magic, tree-worship, priesthood of kings—or is it kinghood of

THE COMTESSE WOULD SEE NO OTHER GUEST BUT MONSIEUR TRITOU

priests? I am never quite certain—and so on and so forth. And then, developed out of this foundation, the modern psychology in all its intricacies: the subconscious self, metempsychosis, autosuggestion, Coué, of course—Coué is a Nancy man, so that must interest you especially—faith healing, and what not. If you can get Monsieur Tritou to be your editor you will have a find. If you want me to, I can arrange a meeting with him for you."

Monsieur Du Fayel was very well pleased with this idea.

"I shall be truly grateful to you, Comtesse," he said. "If this Monsieur Tritou and I take to each other and he is willing to come to Nancy, the thing can be settled very soon."

The meeting was arranged, the two men liked each other, and the editorship of the *Revue Du Fayel* was offered to Aristide. He was loth to accept and made many excuses.

"My dear man," he said to Du Fayel, "you are foolhardy. You offer me a splendid salary, a responsible position—I understand you want to give me an entire free hand—and yet you do not know the least thing about me. I might be a fraud, or worse. Better look out."

But Du Fayel merely laughed.

"The Comtesse de Ségur vouches for you, and in speaking to you I formed my own impressions. That's enough. I wish you would take the job. Nancy, of course, is not Paris, but you'll be compensated by the standing you will have in the community. So better think it over and let me know in a day or two."

To the Comtesse, Aristide was even more outspoken in his refusal.

"I can't," he said. "There are a thousand reasons why I can't, but above all, I don't want to leave Paris. Paris is my love, my delight, the joy of my heart. I adore the air here, the crowds in the street, the *quais* and the boulevards, the parks and the Bois. Come to think of it, I adore you too, *chère amie*. So why shall I give all this up and bury myself in Nancy?"

"To be worthy of *Loutré*," said the Comtesse. "Anyhow, don't let's dis-

cuss it. You are going to accept. I have decided that and I know what is good for you. This position is a godsend, Aristide. It will absolutely make you. One day you'll be grateful to me. So don't let me hear any more of your nonsense."

But most vehement was Aristide to Mondell.

"Damn it," he shouted at him, "I am not going to be bullied by you and a meddlesome old woman. Nancy, of all places in God's world! Nancy, and to be an editor there! I always hated editors. Insufferable lot, all of them. And in addition to all that, editor of such a magazine! What do I know about the subject?"

Mondell laughed heartily.

"That's good," he said, "you, the author of *Loutré*, you ask what you know about the subject. Well, my dear boy, what you don't know about it isn't worth knowing, and old Du Fayel can't find anyone better for the place. So don't rave any more. Be sensible and thank your stars."

In the end Aristide had to give in. A tentative agreement was arrived at; Monsieur Du Fayel instructed his lawyers to draw up the formal contracts, and the Comtesse arranged that the actual signing of these contracts, which would be ready in about a week's time, should take place in her salon. She intended to have a select gathering for this occasion, and to play for once Mæcenas in real style. Aristide—whom the Comtesse treated quite as a fractious child whom she had made behave—Aristide did not protest at anything any more, but he looked gloomy enough when he left the hotel of the Comtesse, and when Mondell offered to walk home with him he refused curtly. No, not even a good quarrel with Mondell would cheer him. He wandered alone and moodily through the streets, his coat open to the first breezes of spring, the refrain of an old couplet of Désaugiers persistently haunting him, so that he repeated over and over again:

"*Adieu bonheur,*
Ma fortune est faite."

Suddenly Aristide perceived that he had wandered into the neighborhood of the Trois Couronnes.

"God," he exclaimed, "now I know what I want. I want to get drunk. The Trois Couronnes, that's the place for me."

Entering the restaurant, he found it almost empty—the hour was so ridiculously early—but there in one corner was some one sitting. Aristide went over and saw with pleasure that the lonely guest, half asleep over his *petit noir*, was Charles Morissey. He slapped him on the shoulder and said laughingly:

"Charley, Charley old boy, wake up! We both must get drunk to-day."

Charles looked up.

"Aristide," he asked in astonishment. "What brings you here? You, who, since you're famous, have forgotten us, neglected us, cut us dead—what do you want here?"

Aristide sank into a chair.

"Don't preach, Charley," he said. "You're an ass. You know nothing. I can't cut anybody because I am not I any more. I don't belong to myself. Anyhow, what's the difference? Just shut up and drink with me. Is there any champagne in this place? Let's have it. All of it. Twice as much. Get that waiter over there and let him make it snappy."

Charles could not resist such an invitation. The champagne was brought and after the first few glasses all differences, all hurts, all slights were forgotten. Charles and Aristide were the pals of old, and laughed and talked as in former times. The waiter came over with the *carte du jour*, but Aristide waved him away. He did not want to eat, he wanted to drink.

"More champagne," he ordered, and when the bottles were brought he said to Charles:

"Listen, Charley, let's mix it. With absinthe. Tastes fine. Has the right

kick in it. Tell that waiter to bring it. Let him shake a leg. He's as slow as a snail."

The absinthe came and the friends toasted each other. Charles wanted to talk shop, to inquire about Aristide's work, but Aristide bade him to keep quiet.

"No literature," he declared. "I want to have a good time. We'll make a night of it. Go over and play something on that darned old piano. Let's sing something."

Arm in arm they went over to the piano and soon their voices mingled in their favorite song:

"In the castle of Gradesco
By the town of Temesvar
Sat the valiant Prince Bibesco,
Servia's great old Hospodar.

Say, what did the Prince Bibesco,
Servia's great old Hospodar
In the castle of Gradesco
By the town of Temesvar?

Slivovitz drank Prince Bibesco
In the castle of Gradesco
By the town of Temesvar
Till he could not see a star."

"Slivovitz," repeated Aristide, "why shouldn't we have Slivovitz too. Great idea. Tell that waiter to bring Slivovitz."

The order was given, but the waiter came back with regrets.

"We have no Slivovitz, monsieur," he reported. "We have Benedictine, Chartreuse, Dubonnet, Crême de Menthe—"

"All right, all right," interrupted Aristide, "bring it, bring it."

"What, monsieur?" inquired the waiter.

"Everything," decided Aristide.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders. Monsieur was evidently not quite right in his head. But he returned with Benedictine and Chartreuse. Yet at the same time he presented the bill. Aristide paid but he was angry.

"What a place," he groaned, "what a miserable place. I am annoyed. I am excessively annoyed. Let's get out of here, Charley, and go to some decent café. I want a glass of beer. I am very thirsty. A glass of beer will be the best thing for us."

The café was found, the glass of beer was drunk and followed by more and more glasses of beer, and in the end Charles suggested that he had better return home. Berthe would wonder where he stayed so long. But Aristide did not want to hear of it.

"Let Berthe wonder if she wants to," he said. "You come with me. You have never seen my place. I want you to come now. I'll take a *fiacre*. I am not drunk but I am tired. Can't walk well. We'll be there in no time."

Charles was easily persuaded. Berthe would be angry anyway, so he might as well hang for an ox as for a sheep. And he wanted to see Aristide's place. So the *fiacre* was called and the friends were driving through the mild night toward Cours La Reine. On the way Aristide wondered that he was not drunk at all. His legs were heavy, his words did not come quite easily, but his mind was entirely clear. In fact, clearer than ever. He saw all things with a strange lucidity; he understood himself and fate and life ever so much better than ever before. To be sure, he could not talk well, and walking was a nuisance, but the riddle of the universe held no more mysteries for him. He was insight and wisdom personified. He knew all things and, knowing them, he disliked them.

They arrived at the studio, dismissed their *fiacre*, mounted the stairs, and entered the apartment. Charles was deeply impressed.

"Wheew, Aristide," he whistled, "what a place! What a place! You do yourself well."

Aristide had switched on the lights, filled two glasses with liqueur, taken out the cigarettes, and, having thus fulfilled all duties of hospitality, found a big chair in which he settled himself.

"Yes, I guess it's all right," he said,

"only I liked my old place better. That view over the roofs of the big city, that was great. And my old desk just at the window, and from my couch I could see the young moon and the morning star. Here—well, here all is soft and pillowy and artistic. Hate it like hell."

Charles was surprised.

"If you don't like it, Aristide, why do you keep this place?"

Aristide shrugged his shoulders.

"Why? Search me. I don't know. Ask Loutré. Take these cigarettes for instance. Dimitrinos. Don't like them either. They're bitter. Petit Caporal taste ever so much nicer. But Dimitrinos are expensive, they are in style. So I have to have them. Loutré, you know. He makes me do all these things. Damn Loutré!"

Charles took it all as a joke.

"Well," he said laughingly, "you ought not to damn him, even though your tastes disagree. He really made you. Thanks to Loutré, you're famous."

"Yes," admitted Aristide, "it's true. I'm famous and he made me. Funny. Could make a comedy out of it. All the work I did, all the books I wrote did not bring me as much fame as the one thing I never wrote at all."

Charles sat up. The fumes of alcohol were somewhat clearing from his brain and he was staring his surprise.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you did not write *Loutré?*"

"No," Aristide assured him, "not a line of it."

"But then—then—who wrote that book?" demanded Charles excitedly.

Aristide again shrugged his shoulders.

"S'far as I know," he said, "nobody ever did."

Charles was dumfounded.

"Then the whole *Loutré* thing is a fake?"

Aristide grimaced.

"Why fake?" he said, "ugly word, fake. Hate it. No, not fake exactly. Different. Legend perhaps. Yes, that's it. Legend. Loutré's a legend, coming out of some dim beginnings and growing, and growing, and growing."

He sat for a while silently and smoked, and Charles, who did not quite understand and who was too drunk to care greatly, dozed in his chair. Suddenly Aristide looked up and said:

"Tell me, Charley, who told you first of *Loutré?*"

Charles tried to remember.

"Who told me first of *Loutré?*" he

"I WANT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME. LET'S SING SOMETHING," SAID ARISTIDE

repeated. "Let me see. Why, Berthe did. Ever so long ago. She came home one evening, I think it was in November a year ago. Had met F. F. on the street and was raving mad. He had told her about *Loutré* and his illustrations and the *Revue Illustrée* and Lafitte and so on. And she could not forgive me your success."

Aristide thought deeply.

"Well, of course," he decided at last, "I can't make it out in all the details. But it's likely that Kersac told something to Felix—I remember I met Felix when I came from Kersac—and Felix told a little more to Berthe, and Berthe a little more to you, and so on and so on. In this way Loutré was growing—Legend—just as I said."

"But," persisted Charles, "what could Kersac have told to Felix?"

"Loutré, of course," Aristide said impatiently.

"*Loutré?*" asked Charles bewildered. "But you said you did not do *Loutré*."

"Nonsense," growled Aristide, "I said I did not write that damned stuff. For mercy's sake, Charles, don't be such an ass. Try to understand. I was dead broke at that time. I had not a sou. Went to Kersac to get some money. If I had asked him outright he would have kicked me out. So I told him Loutré. He gave me a hundred francs for it. He was the first one to believe in Loutré, to be impressed by him. That was the beginning."

Again he fell into his musing silence, and Charles, who did not know what to make out of all these confessions, did not disturb him; in fact, he almost fell asleep. But just when his eyes became really heavy, Aristide startled him with the question:

"Tell me, Charley, are you superstitious?"

Charles considered the proposition.

"Oh, I don't think so," he yawned. "I pride myself . . ."

"Pride yourself nothing," interrupted Aristide. "Don't talk rot. Of course you're superstitious. We all are. We live by our superstitions and die of them. Fear, sin, conscience—in the end nothing but the superstition of Taboo. Family, country, patriotism—superstition of the Totem. Superstition wherever you look. Racial superstitions ingrained into us from prenatal days and personal superstitions acquired or perhaps remembered from some weird nursery tale or the shadowy corner of an unfamiliar room. You've got it as well as all of us. Counting cobblestones. Looking for odd and even numbers. Touching wood, and what not."

Again he fell silent, but after a while he spoke out of the depth of his chair:

"You know, Charley, I always had, from the days of my childhood, a very personal superstition. Funny kind at that. You know how kids sometimes draw faces—a round circle, two eyes, a nose, a mouth—well, I always had a kind of shudder when I looked at these things. Gave me the creeps. Rubbed them out whenever I could. For somehow I had the dim feeling that in creating a form you created at the same time—"

"A soul?" asked Charles.

"Not exactly a soul, but a spiritual power, or perhaps only an influence; at any rate, something that was there, that could work, could hurt perhaps, could do things. Sounds queer, I know, but I felt that way. Think the old Jews felt like it when they forbade making pictures and statues. They knew something of occult things, got the knowledge from ancient Egypt, and they were afraid—afraid of the spiritual equivalent of the material form. Knew it was dangerous to meddle with such things. And everywhere through the whole history of mankind you will find hints that point in this direction. Interrelation between matter and spirit. One, in fact, expresses the other. If matter becomes articulate it is spirit; if spirit becomes visible it is form. Create then a form and you create power. Well, in a way, that's just what I did with Loutré."

He tossed his cigarette away, lit a new one and wandered through the room.

"In the end," he said, "the thing resolves itself to this: Who is the creature and who the creator? Did I make Loutré or did Loutré make me? I guess, more or less, he made me, is making me constantly. Changing me! I am not I any more. I'm the author of *Loutré*. I have to lead a life that's pleasing to Loutré; I write for the greater fame of Loutré, and now I'll have to renounce Paris, and joy, and the carefree pleasures of youth, just to go to Nancy and edit a magazine for the greater glory of Loutré."

He paused again, stood at the window and looked out. Then, turning round, he said:

"Listen, Charley, sometimes I think that primitive man played once with the idea of an Invisible Being, of God, just as I played with the idea of Loutré. And then this spiritual power thus created grew and grew and became stronger and stronger and made man, who is but little more than an ape, do strange, unheard-of, unpredictable things: things glorious, heroic, and ridiculous; things which are really not in the nature nor in the power of man to do and which he yet accomplishes for the greater glory of a god he created."

Again a deep silence fell. Aristide had regained his chair; he leaned back and looked long and dreamily at the ceiling. "If I had only written down *Loutré*," he began again, "nothing would have happened. Things put into words are harmless, innocuous. The original idea, the inspiration is full of passion, fire, urge, power. But when you put it into words, write it down on paper, it gets chilled, weakened, emasculated. Loutré put into the confines of a story, into the prison of a printed page, couldn't have done anything. But I was too lazy. Had all the money to spend. So I let it go. And he was there, with the original push and urge undiminished in him, starting out on his own hook. And going on, and on, and on."

Charles jumped up.

"Why, that's insane, Aristide," he cried; "what can he do? He does not live."

Aristide showed his impatience.

"Don't be an ass, Charles. He lives as well as you do. Perhaps in a different way, but quite as alive. And he does exactly what you do. If you want some one to lend you money, or to bring you this or that, or to do you a favor—you don't use physical force, do you? You impress the mind of this person—you make him believe in you. Well, that's just what Loutré does. Impresses the mind. People believe in him, do things for him and on account of him. Everything in which one believes is alive. Dead gods are gods in which no one believes any more."

"People believe in the devil," said Charles quite irrelevantly.

"Well, perhaps Loutré is a devil," agreed Aristide. "Not Lucifer in person, but one of the minor devils, with a terrible lust for power and a great appetite for all good things in life—comfort, riches, society, position. And because he likes them, I've got to get them. Yes, that explains Loutré very well. A minor devil."

"Malignant?" asked Charles.

Aristide considered that.

"Malignant? No. Not exactly. Not if he is not thwarted in his purposes. But when something stands in his way, then, I think—ruthless. Yes, ruthless, that's the word. Does not care what he does. Did for poor Kersac."

Charles almost screamed his denial.

"Insane," he shouted, "insane. Kersac died of pneumonia. He had influenza, then a complication set in and he had no strength left to throw off the virus. Perfectly natural."

"Yes," said Aristide, "but why should he have no strength left? Why should complications set in? Other people get well. I tell you Loutré did it. Mondell wanted to talk to Kersac about him. I should have prevented him, but I was tired. And Mondell is such a mule. You have to argue, and argue, and argue

before he gives in. So I thought: Let Loutré take care of himself. Well, he did—in his way. Could not afford, of course, to have it known that he is only the fiction of a fiction—the shadow of a shade. Wonder if he'll ever let F. F. return from Japan."

Charles' head was whirling. All the drinks, and on top of it these revelations, it was too much.

"Aristide," he begged, "tell me that you were just fooling me; that you made simply a rotten joke. A joke I almost believed in. But if you did not jest, if it's true, if you're really in the power of that Thing, that Loutré, why don't you cast him off, denounce him, deny him and get free?"

Aristide shook his head.

"Too late," he said. "If I had spoken at once, then it could have been a hoax; but now—now it's too much of a mess. Then consider, Charley: all I have, all I possess is really Loutré's. Denouncing him means to give it all up. That's not easy. The fleshpots of Egypt, you know. I'm enslaved.

"Of course I have still some spiritual reservations left. I have never really confessed to—I would almost say professed—Loutré. I just let him have his way. Never said directly anything that would strengthen his position. But I know myself that it's only a subterfuge. Matter of time. Sooner or later—he'll drive me more and more into a corner—then the last shred of the old Aristide will be gone."

Charles Morissey almost cried with vexation.

"You make me sick, Aristide," he protested, "saying such awful things. Impious, utterly impious. . . . But of course it's all nonsense. There are no—what did you call them?—spiritual influences. Minor devils. We live in the twentieth century. Who'll believe such things nowadays?"

"All right, all right," answered Aristide. "I'll put it for you in twentieth-century language, if you insist. Then Loutré is not a devil outside of me but in me. Split personality, you know. You remember the case of Miss Beauchamp and Sally B? There is Loutré and I. Part of the same Ego, yet antagonistic to each other, each with a different set of preferences, views, demands upon life, and so on. And he, the Invader, becomes ever stronger and stronger. Crowds me out, in fact. Has things his own way more and more. Why, he invades me even physically. Changes my appearance. People used to say that I looked typically the poet. Now everybody thinks I am or ought to be an actor. Loutré, you see. Playing the master in the house. And soon he'll have me crushed down altogether, and the *I* you knew, the *I* that still tries to persist will be submerged—gone forever. Well, what's the difference? Things are as they are."

Another silence fell. This time it was Charles who broke it.

"Listen, Aristide," he began solemnly, "what you told me this night is sacred to me. I shall never tell anyone a word about it—"

Aristide interrupted him with a mocking laughter.

"Of course not, Charley," he said. "I know you'll keep your mouth shut. Anyhow, you'd better. Loutré might not like it if you told on him, and if I were you I should not care to meddle with him, whatever he may be. Swift vengeance, you know. Well, what did you want to say?"

"I wanted to say," continued Charles disconcertedly, "that I implore you to tell the whole truth, to make a public confession. That I pray you to purge your soul, to get rid of the sinister power which got hold of you. That I abjure you to do penance before it is too late."

"Well, I'll see, I'll see," yawned Aristide. "Anyhow it's too late to discuss anything any more. I'll give you a shakedown on my couch. You can't go home now. Berthe will never let you in. Let's go to sleep, old boy, and I hope that Loutré will not haunt you in your dreams."

HIS INVISIBLE ADVERSARY HAD TRIUMPHED

When Aristide awoke the next day and found Charles Morissey still sleeping on his couch, he wondered what had possessed him to spend such a night with an old friend whom he had decidedly outgrown. He must really have been drunk—much more drunk than he had imagined himself to be, or he would not have told Charley all he did tell. Not that he was afraid Charles would gossip—he knew him too well for that—but it was disagreeable to face him after all the revelations of the night before. Charles would surely not have sense enough to disregard their talk or to treat it as something entirely unrelated to the usual run of things—there were hardly any people in the world who had this spiritual tact. Most of them, all of them in fact, pinned you down to the consequences of a passing mood and, having been intimate with them for one moment, you were committed to be intimate with them for the rest of your life.

What a miserable proposition! Aristide shuddered at the idea of continuing any personal talk. Therefore he dressed quietly, told his Japanese man to make coffee for his guest as soon as he should awake, and went out leaving a note for Charles, excusing himself with an appointment and promising to see him soon again. Well, he would take good care that soon should not be so very soon. He only hoped that Charles would be gone before he returned. On second thought he added a postscript to his note, saying, "Don't wait for me. Might be late."

Charles did not wait. He left, but before he left he penned a line to Aristide which read, "Good-by. I implore you to follow my advice."

Aristide, coming home and seeing this message, was annoyed. What a presuming ass, this Charles! Follow my advice! As if anybody could possibly advise anybody else! In the depths of our being always strangers, misunderstanding one another on all points, and yet offering advice—preposterous! Only human beings could be quite so fatuous and silly. No lion in God's world advises another lion as to his duties in the animal kingdom; no tiger advises another tiger to curb his appetite and let not the lust of blood run away with him. Beasts were satisfied to follow the law of their nature and to rest there. Beasts had dignity. But man, in his sick and swollen vanity, goes and advises. Aristide considered writing an article on this. The first sentence formed itself in his head: "If you want to follow my advice, don't follow anybody's advice." He winced. Awful. Journalese. Cheap. Why, for heaven's sake, was he always tempted to write cheap things, make cheap jokes? Once upon a time he had had other dreams. Well, better not think about once-upon-a-time. He went to bed and slept the dead sleep of utter oblivion.

In the next few days Aristide pondered over his problem and could not find any way out. He was sick of everything, he wanted to tell and to get out of all complications; yet at the same time some part in him—the Loutré-part he thought, remembering his talk with Charles—some part of him decided that it was impossible to speak, that he had to go on and let things shape themselves as they would. And, indeed, it was difficult. What could he tell? The truth? But what exactly was the truth? And to whom could he tell it? Mondell? Reminding him of the day when he had come to the office and stating the facts as they had developed? Impossible. Mondell would never understand. He would see a common fraud in something which was really quite different, something ever so much more complicated. Mondell was a splendid fellow but he lacked imagination. He would never understand the intangible influences that had dominated Aristide. The Comtesse would have more the instinct for these doubtful and difficult things, yet to speak to her was also an appalling task. To explain to somebody else what one could only in an hour of drunkenness, of vanished inhibitions, explain somehow to oneself was almost impossible.

What he would have to say in bald words would amount to this: I have fooled you all. There is no Loutré. Yet again was there really no Loutré? Granted that Loutré was merely an idea—well, but it was his idea, his creation. That he had not made a book out of this idea was a mere accident. Why make so much fuss about that accident? The whole thing was rotten. Awful mess. He wished it had never happened. Yet what could he do now? There was really nothing to do. Confess? Repent? He sneered in his thoughts at Morissey's moral attitude. What a fool Charles was; what a bigger fool he himself for having told Charles! It was bad enough to be bothered by one's own conscience, but to be bothered in addition by the conscience of somebody else was worse. And above all, Charles's. How he had outgrown him and the whole crowd of the Trois Couronnes! He could never return to them and lead the old life any more. Just as little as Loutré could return to his former life. Funny—he had not written *Loutré* but he had lived him. Was Loutré himself. Perhaps one could start a "confession" from this point. Make it the beginning of some kind of explanation. Though, God knows, it would be a tough proposition. Damnably hard. Well, hard or not, he would have to tell Mondell. No, he would rather tell the Comtesse. Tomorrow. Go up quite casually and just tell it as one tells an anecdote. A good joke. A bad joke, rather. Yes, tomorrow. That was decided. Nothing more to think about it.

But, began a small and insinuating voice in him, was it really quite fair to his friends, who had shown him nothing but the most unselfish kindness, to trouble them, hurt them, worry them? If that Loutré affair was a burden, why not carry that burden silently and alone? He hated to go to Nancy. He hated to be an editor. He wanted to live in Paris—gay, carefree, irresponsible, writing little fantastic things and amusing himself in his own solitary way. Well, then he would atone for whatever he had failed by forgoing his preferences and leading the life that was expected of him. When he came so far in his reasoning he got furious. "That's Loutré," he shouted to himself. "Tries to get round me this way. I'll fool him yet. I'm going to tell."

But the days passed and he did not tell. In fact, he kept away from Mondell as well as from the Comtesse till the time arrived when the contract with Monsieur Du Fayel had to be signed. "I'll tell them then and there," decided Aristide while he dressed to go to the Comtesse. "When they are all assembled, I'll tell them. Plain out."

But he felt very miserable and somehow he did not believe in himself any more. He found more guests than he

had expected at the Comtesse's house. Academicians, writers, artists, men of finance and business, and he felt it was impossible for him to make a scene in these surroundings and under these circumstances. Moodily he stood round, answering absent-mindedly flattering remarks addressed to him, wondering what to do, wondering if there was still anything he could do. And suddenly the spirit of the old Aristide awakened in him, the old Aristide who had always found a way out, who had been equal to every emergency of the moment: a gay scoundrel, happy, carefree, and resourceful; infinitely more human than the new, rich, famous Aristide who had everything heaven could grant and yet was not in heaven. And this old Aristide whispered to him, "Why not clear out? Just simply go away without any explanation, without any confession, without any fuss, leaving Loutré and the others to deal with this disappearance as well as they could?" Aristide flushed with pleasure at the idea. God, why had he not sooner thought of this? Why not sooner found this escape? A word came into his mind—Touraine—and he had in a flash the vision of a clear blue sky, the fresh winds of heaven, green young things scenting the air with the breath of spring, the murmurs of running water, and he himself wandering, free and unfettered once more, wherever his fancy led him. Clear out—that was the thing! There lay his salvation. He moved toward the door of the salon, gained the next room, and was reaching the hall when he was confronted by the Comtesse who, following a strange impulse, just as if somebody had warned her of some danger, had left everything and everybody and had hurried after him.

"Aristide," she said anxiously, "what are you doing here? You cannot absent yourself. The contract is going to be signed right now. Don't play the fool. Come back with me. I want to introduce you to a score of people."

Aristide stood still. The light went out of his face. Well, he was trapped, he couldn't do anything. Sullenly he turned round and followed the Comtesse, and while he did so he muttered to an unseen presence:

"All right, all right. I give in. You win, I lose. Game's over."

He bowed right and left in a somewhat mechanical fashion, and went at last obediently to the table at which the lawyers and Monsieur Du Fayel were already seated, and to which the Comtesse was proudly guiding her protégé. When Aristide held the fountain pen in his hand he realized fully that he had been beaten. There was nothing more to do. His invisible adversary had triumphed. He had to surrender, and his surrender was complete, final, irrevocable. With a kind of desperate flourish he signed his contract: Aristide Tritou, Author of *Loutré.*

MAGELLAN

The Romance of a Great Adventurer

BY ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND

(Magellan's name is one of the most famous in the annals of discovery. Yet the actual details of his romantic career are little known, and history hardly recognizes the fact that he was the greatest adventurer of the world's most adventurous age. Born in Portugal about the year 1480, with the Portuguese name of Fernão Magalhães, he went to the East in 1504 in the service of Portugal's first Viceroy of India. He was in the fight off Cannanore and at the capture of the mighty city of Malacca. He reached the Moluccas and saw the Pacific before Balboa had crossed the Isthmus of Panama. And finally he evolved a project of circumnavigation which he successfully effected three hundred and eighty-seven years before any ship made the long-sought Northwest Passage.

That last voyage of his is one of the most dramatic and stirring stories of all time. Magellan fought indifference and treachery and mutiny, savage weather, starvation, discouragement, and the vast and empty distances of the Great South Sea. Mr. Hildebrand will tell the story in three articles. In this, the first of the series, he writes of the struggle which Magellan (or, as he was then called, Magalhães) underwent after his return from fighting and exploring in the East, in getting royal support for his perilous undertaking; of the intrigues which beset his path, and of his final departure.—*Editor's Note.*)

WHEN Fernão Magalhães returned to Lisboa after his seven years of service in the East, he found it unchanged, in the sense that it was still the same old city where life had begun for him. But a certain difference in tone was evident; more than ever, Lisboa had become the commercial capital of the world. There was a new air of magnificence in the streets, the churches had an air of opulence, and in the fine houses of the rich and great the hoarded treasures shone through the façades and reflected an atmosphere of luxury and splendor. In the wealth of the merchant princes Magalhães had no part. But he had had a part in creating that Empire of the East. Every vestige of affluence which met his eyes in Portugal was a reminder of Calicut or Goa, Malacca or Timor.

He set about the great project of his life: to get back to the East by crossing the South Sea—this was what he wanted—and he undertook it in all the lightheartedness of a man with a dominating desire. He studied longitude. Longitude was the essence of his scheme, since all conception of the size of the earth depended upon this measure of it. As to what lay between East and West, over there on the other side of the Moluccas, he could only guess; but his guess would be helped if he could know how much space there was—how much space between the farthest East and the farthest West that men had reached.

Magalhães took his project to Dom Manoel, the King of Portugal.

Dom Manoel, however, did not seem disposed to grant his favor. Magalhães' seven years of service in the East, and his wounds received in action, seemed to count for nothing with the King. He treated him coldly—"he always hated him."

Considering one phase of the matter, it would seem likely that whoever could show King Manoel, or any other monarch, a new road to the East would be sure of a hearing and adequate support. For the road to the East was the chief

PORTRAIT OF MAGELLAN

From a painting made in the year 1682. Reproduced by courtesy of the Yale University Press.

concern of every maritime nation in the world. Spain was exploring the Caribbean; England was seeking the Northwest Passage; Portugal had found her road, indeed, but it was a road twelve thousand miles long. Yet there was another phase which could not be considered so hopeful—so hopeful of acceptance by Dom Manoel, that is—although the King of Spain might be disposed to regard it differently: Magalhães was sure, from his study and observations, that the Moluccas lay on Spain's side of the Pope's Line of Demarcation. Considering this point of view, it would surely be well to have Dom Manoel's complete good will before the project was suggested. And Dom Manoel had no good will for Magalhães.

It happened that in August, 1513, an armada was sent against the Moors at Azamor in Morocco to punish them for the violation of a treaty. This expedition Magalhães joined. The force accomplished its end with the greatest ease: the Moors were immediately de-

feated, and in addition a relief expedition, sent out to help the rebels, was captured almost in its entirety. Because he had been wounded in the original battle and was therefore temporarily unfit for active service, Magalhães was put in charge of the captured material. It was alleged against him that he was selling cattle back to the Moors.

Such a situation would be infuriating to a man of even the coldest temperament, which Magalhães emphatically was not. He had no patience with his accusers or their accusation; he was tired of punitive expeditions and foreign conquests; his mind was occupied with more important things and he had imperative business with his sovereign. On his own responsibility he returned forthwith to Portugal.

It had once been the custom for noblemen in the King's service to live as actual members of the Royal Household, but of recent years the numbers of these had so greatly increased that it was more practical to pay them a monthly living allowance. The amount of this was too small to be considered as pay; it was an honorary allotment, valued as such, and esteemed a measure of the King's favor. Magalhães requested that his stipend be increased. The sum involved was insignificant; but as an indication of patronage—a vote of confidence, so to speak—it was naturally predisposed for rejectment. And Manoel did reject it. And just then there came a report from Africa that Magalhães was absent from his regiment without leave, and stood accused of trading with the enemy. He was ordered back to Azamor for trial.

There was no trial. There was no indictment and no accusers could be found. With documents which cleared him of all charges, Magalhães returned again to Lisboa. The King was not interested.

But during the progress of these events something had happened in the New World. It was important, indeed, in itself. But to Magalhães it was like a roll of thunder. Vasco Nuñez de Balboa had crossed the Isthmus of Panama and had seen the ocean that lay on the other side.

It was a sea that lay between East and West.

"I shall be with you soon," Magalhães wrote to Francisco Serrão at Ternate, "if not by way of Portugal, then by way of Spain, for to that issue my affairs seem to be tending."

If Portugal did not care to know of a new route, then Spain could settle the question of longitude once for all time and claim the Moluccas with all new lands east of them. It depended now on one last interview with the King.

He asked once more if his *moradia* might be increased. It would not be increased. Might he hope for some command that would give him an opportunity to serve his sovereign? He might not. Was he to understand that his country had no further use for him? That was the fact. Did His Majesty realize that he was then forced to offer his loyalty to some one who would be disposed to make use of it? He might do as he pleased. The audience was concluded.

Magalhães turned again to his study of longitude, for on this rested his claim to Spain's attention, and he must be sure of his facts. In the course of his long investigations he met a scholar named Ruy Faleiro, and so eager was Magalhães to make some definite step at once that he confided his plan to this somber and erratic little man who had never in his life done more than turn the pages of books in libraries. Faleiro was very well informed in matters of navigation and astronomy, and he pronounced the project feasible. Although Magalhães' enthusiasm and eagerness, his simple ability to be actuated by a great idea were beyond Faleiro's grasp, he became very zealous, after his own manner, and prepared a learned exposition of the subject suited to refute possible objections.

King Manoel had within his grasp just then the most adventurous project

that this terrestrial world has ever seen —almost, it might be said, the greatest possible project. But he was listening to the prompting of some secret grudge —so secret, indeed, that no one has ever discovered it. He might have listened to this plan and made it his own. He might have gone on to execute it and he would have gained; for Magalhães, and all the world, was in error in the matter of longitude, and the Moluccas did lie on the Portuguese side of the line. But Dom Manoel did not understand that old idea of devoting oneself, in some manner peculiarly one's own, to the service of mankind.

Magalhães had spent more than five years in perfecting his project, in organizing his first vague ideas into a definite program. Now the plan was ready and he took action. In 1517, the thirty-seventh year of his age, he renounced his Portuguese citizenship and went to Spain; he became a subject of Don Carlos, altered his name to its Spanish form, Hernando Magallanes, and took up his residence in Sevilla.

In Sevilla there was a considerable group of men who were bound together by the fact that they had once been Portuguese and had now come to try for better fortune here in Spain. Of these the most conspicuous was Diogo Barbosa, Alcalde of the Arsenal. His son, Duarte, had voyaged extensively in the Far East, and in the previous year he had completed his book of travels. Moreover, Señor Barbosa had been a close friend of Magallanes' father in the old days at Sabrosa. Magallanes went to him and was welcomed, and at his house he stayed as a guest as long as he remained at Sevilla.

These three talked often of navigation and astronomy, of the handling of ships at sea, and of exploring. Señor Barbosa had equipped many fleets; Duarte knew the East; Magallanes had traveled as much and had seen vastly more fighting. And in that fierce quick way of his, so simple and direct, he told them something of his adventures and battles and fortunes of sea: twice round the Cape, twice to the Moluccas, four times across the Indian Ocean, and up and down the coast of Malabar in seven years of restless soldier's life, with three wounds in action, courage that leaped up like a flame, memories of old ships and lost companions, and that constant moving mood of longing for the enchanted East. Señor Barbosa had a daughter, Beatriz, who often listened to this conversation.

The three men gained friendship and mutual trust, and out of this there grew a program of action. To go to the King, unknown and unassisted, would be folly. There must be found some one whose name would open a door, whose reputation would gain respect, whose recommendation would be predisposed for acceptance. Señor Barbosa suggested Don Sancho Matienzo and Juan de Aranda, chiefs of India House. He knew them; and their support, if they gave it, would lead toward the throne.

Magallanes' first step, then, was to present his plan to India House, the Casa de Contraccion. India House, rather overburdened, and occupied to the extent of its capacity with the matters and men now pending, somewhat impatiently dismissed his project. But after this official and formal pronouncement was issued, Juan de Aranda wanted to hear more. He was the first authoritative listener whom Magallanes had met, and to him he told his story with such earnestness and enthusiasm, such evidence of definite purpose, and so sure a faith in the outcome that Aranda was completely convinced, and promised every assistance which his resources and influence could command. He took the trouble to investigate the references which had been given him, and the answers which he got from Lisboa told him a great deal in favor of Magallanes and nothing against Ruy Faleiro. He then said that he would arrange an interview with Don Carlos at Valladolid.

Here the affair was begun. The pro-

ject was on its way straight to Don Carlos. Magallanes could hardly believe his good fortune.

Yet he felt a vague sense of danger. Portugal was now hostile; that far-reaching network of Dom Manoel's men would do all that was possible to thwart his plans. And Dom Manoel's men had heard the news.

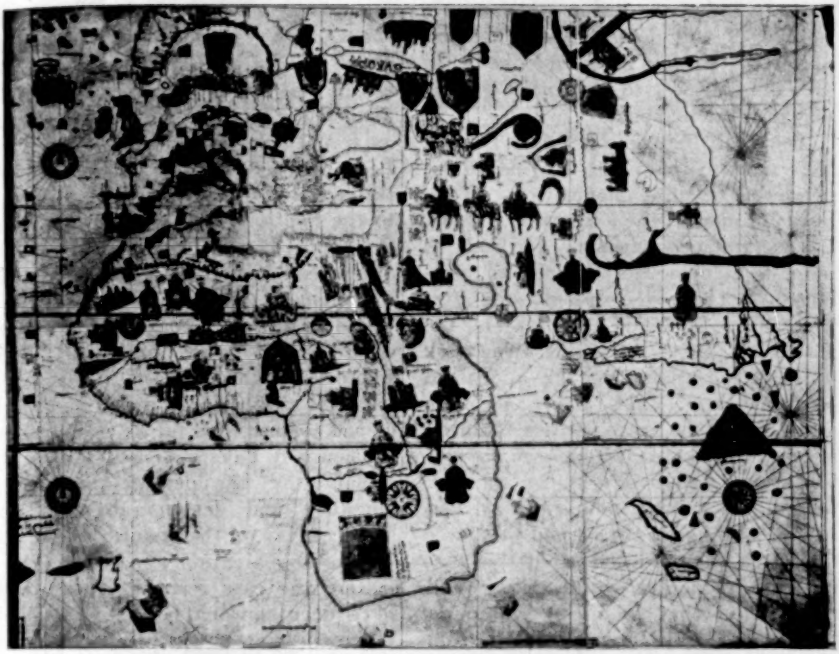
Señorita Beatriz learned of the triumphal beginning and added it in her mind to the other story of adventure. Very soon she heard the whole narrative of Magallanes' life in the past and found it wonderful; she learned of the project inevitably growing out of and continuing the past, and she found it deeply moving. They had lost all these years; they were to lose the years that were to come. But they had the present. There was nothing in her life from which she was trying to escape or anything that she could hope to gain; for him there could be no thought of a home or of seclusion with her. Together they saw life real. Simply, romance flamed up round them. It is very certain that they loved each other.

Nothing in Magallanes' whole life is more indicative than this of his straight unswerving purpose toward the thing which chance and his own inclination had given him for accomplishment. Just here, by an unconscious relaxing of his efforts, he might have lost the world and been content that he could turn to her. But it was his life that she loved, the life which was himself, which he had created round him and which was leading him away along the same sure and simple path of his destiny. She had no thought of changing destiny for her own needs; she accepted what life had placed in her hands. As for his view of it—she was simply Beatriz Barbosa. They were married almost at once, and she was with him when he went to Valladolid.

Just before they set out, Ruy Faleiro arrived from Lisboa. His presence was not helpful. His attitude was not in keeping with the spirit of events. He was very angry when he was told that Señor Aranda now knew of the project and asked why he had not been consulted. It did not matter that Magallanes' action had resulted in their now being on their way to Court; Faleiro's own feelings had been hurt. He went to Valladolid by a different road and joined the others only at Medina del Campo. It flashed through Magallanes' mind that Faleiro had lately come from Portugal, and that if he were to return there in his present mood of indignation he could easily undo all that had been done or might be done.

The Court at Valladolid was in a confusion of hostility and distrust toward Don Carlos, who had but recently arrived from the Netherlands. The King was surrounded by Flemings, who dominated him; they saw in Spain only an opportunity for the amassing of wealth, and they set about it with vigor at once to get as much as they could before the situation should change. A steady stream of gold was flowing out of Spain; more than ten thousand ducats went north each month. Don Carlos himself was no less eager. The brilliance and opulence of Spain had dazzled him and he was but slowly recovering his vision.

Queen Juana, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, was recognized by Spain as its rightful ruler, though she was submerged in a deep and abiding melancholy that amounted to insanity. Her son, Don Carlos, in Spain's view of it was little more than a stranger. His kingship of Spain was hardly more than an incident; he spoke Spanish with difficulty; he was only eighteen years old. One of his few direct contacts with Spain was through Juan Rodrigez de Fonseca, Bishop of Burgos; through him Don Carlos could gain some intimation of what it was that Spain was expecting of him; ventures overseas, exploration and discovery were important phases of Spain, and the Bishop of Burgos was head of the Department of Affairs in the Indies and President of India House.



CHARACTERISTIC MAP OF THE WORLD IN MAGELLAN'S TIME

Made by Juan de la Cosa in 1500, this map reproduces fairly accurately the contours of Europe and Africa, but is covered with symbolic figures reminiscent of medieval map-making. In this age much of the earth's surface was of course as yet uncharted.

Señor Aranda lost no time in setting to work. He arranged an interview at which Magallanes might present his plan to the most important ministers of the King. At that moment Magallanes stood on a narrow path; before him was a hidden future of ruin, behind him a burned bridge. He could not stop where he was; he could not turn back; he could not fight his way ahead for there was nothing tangible for him to fight. And before him sat these ponderous and very reverend gentlemen, involved in the manipulation of the intricacies of the Court, waiting idly to hear what he was going to say.

Magallanes had the honor to lay before their Lordships a project of discovery quite without precedent, promising wealth for everyone concerned, honor for His Majesty Don Carlos, and glory for Spain. It was a project peculiarly Spain's, as would appear; so sensible was he of this that he had renounced his nationality, abandoned his loyalty to Dom Manoel, his former King, and had come to put his sword and his service at the disposition of Spain.

Their Lordships were well aware of the failure of Admiral Cristobal Colon to discover the Indies across the Western Ocean. This was because a whole continent, nearly as large as Africa, lay between Hispaneola and the Indies, as well as the vast and newly found South Sea. The wealth that had been brought back was also disappointing. This was because the peoples of these regions were savages: they lived, no more; their culture had produced nothing that could form a basis for trade, and their civilization, such as it was, was unworthy the attention of the greatest nation on earth. Spain's demarcation stretched

halfway round the world. The greater portion of this domain Spain had left neglected; she had not even looked at it. It was in respect to this other greater portion that he spoke.

The real Indies, the Spice Islands, were a source of wealth beyond all experience, beyond imagination. They were untouched; the Eastern merchants, trading among themselves, had done no more than open the channels of commerce for those who should come after them. The accounts of Varthema, the Italian, left no doubt of this. The book of Duarte Barbosa was an additional confirmation. That these accounts understated the truth, rather than exaggerated it, was a fact at once obvious to anyone who had seen the country. Magallanes himself, now speaking, had seen it. Francisco Serrão had written—the letter was produced—that this was, in truth "another world, larger and richer than that found by Vasco da Gama." The letter was dated from Ternate; Serrão then lived there. Two slaves, one from the great city of Malacca, one from the island of Sumatra, were brought forward and exhibited. These were the people. A cultured and noble race whose language and ancient traditions dominated the island world, whose temples had stood for a thousand years, who used gunpowder and bronze cannon and rode to war on the backs of elephants, whose arts and crafts were like nothing else on earth, whose harbors had been visited, through unremembered generations, by the ships of Cathay. This world was waiting, untouched.

After fifty years of constant effort the fleets of Portugal had rounded the Cape of Good Hope and had reached the coasts of India—and found them more than ten thousand miles away. Portugal had gone east to the limit of her Demarcation. Why should not Spain go west? If there were a way round Africa, why not round America as well? It was only three thousand miles across the Atlantic to Hispaneola; farther south it was less. Juan de Solis, coasting down South America, had found that the land always tended to the westward. Vasco Nuñez de Balboa had seen the Ocean that lay on the other side. This planisphere, my Lords, copied in Portugal from the terrestrial globe of the great Pedro Reynell, showed a strait that led through and joined the Western Ocean to the South Sea. No man had sailed that sea. But it could be crossed, as other seas had been. He, Hernando Magallanes, proposed to cross it; he would go down the coast of America as de Solis had done; past thirty-four, where de Solis had stopped, and he would find that strait, if God willed it, though he had to search as far as seventy-five.

Then Ruy Faleiro stepped forward to explain the bewildering question of longitude and demonstrate that the Moluccas lay on the Spanish side of the Line of Demarcation.

Here the case rested. Their Lordships' decision would be eagerly awaited. While the matter was being considered Magallanes withdrew with Aranda and Faleiro to discuss the probable impression which their plan had made and its chances of success. The ministers, with one exception, knew nothing of the subject and cared nothing, their attention being occupied by other matters. The exception was the Bishop of Burgos. But the Bishop was not favorably disposed to the projects of explorers. He had bitterly hated Cristobal Colon and had been largely responsible for his degradation and the disgrace which had ended in his death; he had obstinately opposed Las Casas in his attempt to improve the condition of the Indians; it was in spite of his utmost efforts that Balboa and Cortez had achieved the successes of their enterprises. A sudden new interest in a project of discovery was hardly likely. As an advocate of their cause, the Bishop had but one real qualification—the King would listen to him. His advocacy would assure success; his disapproval, however, would make failure inevitable. The cards were on the table.

Recalled to the presence of the ministers, Magallanes was informed that it was the sense of the meeting that his project for sailing to the Spice Islands by way of a western passage to the South Sea should be recommended to the favorable consideration of Don Carlos. The Bishop of Burgos had been convinced.

If Magallanes had had his own way in the matter he would have been at sea within the week. But Señor Aranda had learned from long experience that a large share of the business of exploring was the securing of very definite and specific contracts with the patrons of the enterprise. And this was also the main interest of Faleiro. So Magallanes set himself to the laborious preparation of a contract. This accomplished, there was committed to writing a former verbal agreement with Señor Aranda, by which he was to receive one eighth of the explorers' share. The proposals were forwarded to Court and the three associates retired to await, each in his own way, the hoped-for result.

Doña Beatriz heard the news and was only partly happy.

Alvaro da Costa, Dom Manoel's Ambassador to the Court of Spain, also heard the news.

At the earliest opportunity the Bishop of Burgos obtained an audience with Don Carlos. In her overseas adventures Spain had been unfortunate in the men whom she had chosen to command her fleets; the existence of a continent which extended like a bar across her pathway to the East had been discovered; but there was no one who had had the vision to see that Spain's logical exploration should be beyond this continent rather than within it. That it was possible to go round it there could be little doubt. And now there had been found a man who was willing to make the attempt. He had had an interview with Captain Hernando Magallanes, a Portuguese . . . A Portuguese? Yes, your Majesty, but he had renounced his allegiance to Portugal; he was now resident in Spain and had married a Spanish lady. This man had brought forward certain proposals for an expedition of discovery across the South Sea to the Isles of Spice, a domain richer than any other in the world, lying within the limits of Spanish Demarcation. Spain should have gone there long ago. The proposal had been discussed by a congress of his Majesty's ministers, who forwarded it to his Majesty with their unanimous approval. The Bishop was of the opinion that his Majesty should undertake this venture for the continuance of his reputation among the cities of Spain, and should himself finance it for the greater wealth which would thus accrue.

Don Carlos wished to be assured that there was no danger of any conflict with the interests of the King of Portugal. The Bishop was able to offer this assurance. It was perfectly clear to the King that some such enterprise as this was exactly what was needed to further his own interests with the nation. Moreover, no one who viewed Spain from the standpoint of a foreigner could think for a moment that Spanish exploration need not be favored and advanced. Though Don Carlos expressed himself with difficulty, his perception was very clear and quick. A *capitulation* was prepared, duly signed, and delivered.

Dom Manoel's men saw that the situation was very serious and tried to make it more so.

Magellan saw the King but seldom, but his meetings with the Bishop of Burgos were frequent. He could depend on the Bishop's attitude, he knew, but how could he be assured that the King would not be influenced by the unending propaganda of da Costa, the Portuguese ambassador? The Bishop said that Don Carlos emphatically would not alter his determination, and that there was nothing to be feared if only Magallanes himself held firmly to his purpose.

Immediately after this interview the Bishop went to the King. The consequences were these: the rank of Comen-

dador of the Order of Santiago was conferred upon Magallanes, and the King ordered him to go at once to Sevilla and demand in the King's name whatever he considered necessary. It was the King's will and purpose that the fleet should sail. There need be no further apprehension of a change of policy.

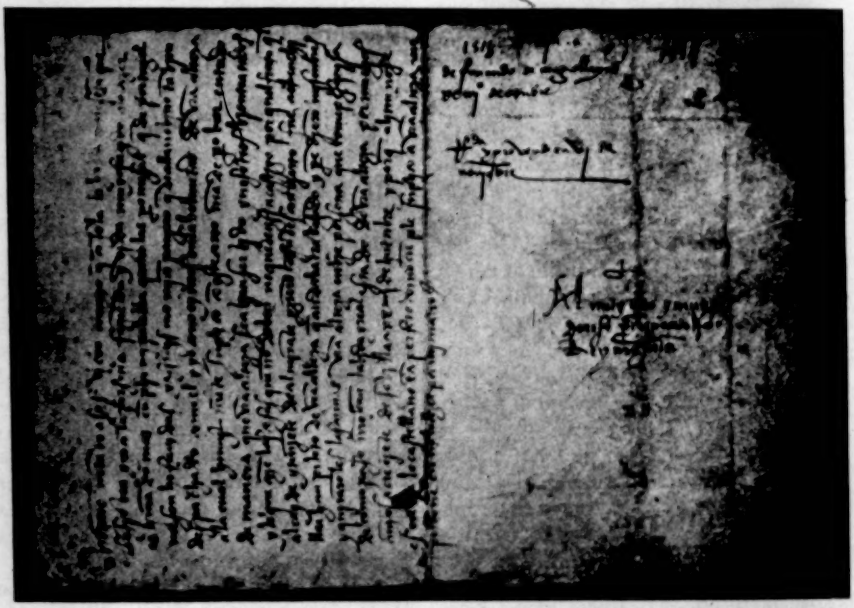
Accordingly, Magallanes returned to Sevilla. Señor Aranda was sent at once to Cadiz to purchase ships. He brought back the five vessels which had been authorized by the King's capitulation. Magallanes stood on the quay and watched them come up the river, in charge of the pilots from San Lucar, and anchor off the city. These were his ships. They meant more to him than anything else in life. There they were.

He went aboard at once. The largest of the fleet was the *San Antonio* of one hundred and twenty tons. The *Trinidad*, of one hundred and ten tons, was the most capable vessel of the five, and he chose her at once for his flagship. The *Concepcion* was of ninety tons, the *Victoria* of eighty-five, the *Santiago* of seventy-five.

Dom Manoel had an agent in Sevilla—Sebastian Alvarez, the King's Factor. Alvarez being a Portuguese, and so, of course, a friend of the Captain General's, asked if he might come aboard to see the ships. He was allowed to do so. He thought them utterly unseaworthy and ready to fall apart, and their ribs, he said, were butter. But he did not say this to Magallanes. Such an opinion would be more effectual if announced elsewhere; and before long, indeed, it was heard quoted with great frequency and assurance in waterside taverns and other places where sailors and shipwrights were wont to congregate.

Magallanes prepared lists of necessities—elaborate lists which were being constantly amended and always enlarged, for it was impossible to think of everything—and Diogo Barbosa and Anton Semeño were sent to Bilbao to purchase supplies and equipment.

A trench was dug in the beach at a



MAGELLAN'S SIGNATURE

As it appears on an original manuscript in the Archivo General de Indias at Seville

convenient point and the ships, one after another, were warped in and careened for scrubbing and recaulking. Here and there a new plank was put in or a knee ripped out and replaced. The spars were scraped and greased, and new chafing gear of fresh-tanned leather was put on wherever there was wear and friction. The splices were opened, inspected, and reserved, and shrouds and backstays were newly tarred from truck to rail. The sails were unbent and sent ashore to be patched or remade. The days rushed by and nothing seemed to be finished; the ships were a mess of chips and bits of rope and tar pots and scattered tools; the fleet was not nearly as ready as when it came from Cadiz. The complexity, the amount of detail of this business was simply terrifying. And the Captain General tried to see to everything.

Faleiro was not helpful. He also was a Captain General of the fleet but he knew nothing about ships or work on ships, and he had had no experience in managing men. He knew navigation, however, and all this part of the preparations was intrusted to him. He was very busy with compasses and charts and astrolabes and sailing directions and his Rules for Observations—busy, indeed, almost to the extent of panic. He fairly flew about, starting a dozen things at once and having time to finish none of them; in the intervals he met Dom Manoel's propaganda and wrung his hands in anguish; he was induced to quarrel with Magallanes and was put in his place with instant finality; he returned home and found a half-finished quadrant which he had been making; he worked on it for half an hour, and rushed off to see Nuño Garcia, who was making the charts. There were rumors of other expeditions which were to be sent out afterward; he wanted to wait and go in command of one of them. He could never be ready in time for this. The Court had moved to Barcelona in January, 1519, and da Costa's propaganda had been continued with such vigor and success that even the Bishop of Burgos himself was made uneasy by it and urged His Majesty to make haste. But, indeed, the King's impatience was growing with his interest. He saw the importance of the undertaking—the more so, perhaps, since Portugal was so obstinately opposed to it—and it was true that he was planning other expeditions to follow. He no longer found himself entirely in accord with the Bishop's opinion that exploration and conquest should be confined to the territory which lay on the other side of the American continent, for Francisco Hernando de Cordoba had talked with men in gold armor in Yucatan, and the towers of temples with a very Oriental air about them had at last been sighted in the swamps and jungles that had hitherto yielded nothing but savages and fever. But Don Carlos saw no reason for neglecting either opportunity. Now, if ever, was the time for big projects.

On the thirtieth, the King appointed Luiz de Mendoza Treasurer of the armada, and Juan de Cartegena, Fleet Captain. Captain Mendoza was sent with a chartered caravel to the Canaries to purchase certain supplies and have them in readiness for the fleet at Teneriffe; thus beyond the reach of corruption, he did not see Sebastian Alvarez until his return. But Captain Cartegena remained in Sevilla.

On the sixth of April, Gaspar de Quesada was commissioned captain of one of the ships, and Antonio de Coca was appointed Accountant.

Supplies began to come from Bilbao. The Captain General was always on deck, trying to think of items that should be added to the inventory, trying to dispose the cargo suitably among the five ships, trying to foresee the exact conditions under which everything would be needed and to stow each article so that it would be on top. The sparto cordage had not been delivered; instead, here were forty-five empty barrels; and where should they be put? Señor Nuño Garcia's compliments, and might he have an order for another dozen parchments? The muleteer from Tarfia wanted his

money. Here was the large caldron, Señor Captain General; it was the best that could be found, but the man who had not brought the chain—send him back after it. Would it not be well to change the lead of the *Concepcion's* spritsail braces so that the yard would set properly when on the wind? Only ninety-six pieces of canvas had been delivered; was the rest to come later or had the order been changed? Captain Quesada thought that his starboard anchor was too light. Were both the grindstones to go in the *San Antonio*? . . . And home at night to tell Doña Beatriz that things were going very well, only slowly, and to watch his son Rodrigo sleeping in his cradle.

On the eighteenth of April the King sent orders that the fleet should sail before the end of May at all costs, ready or not.

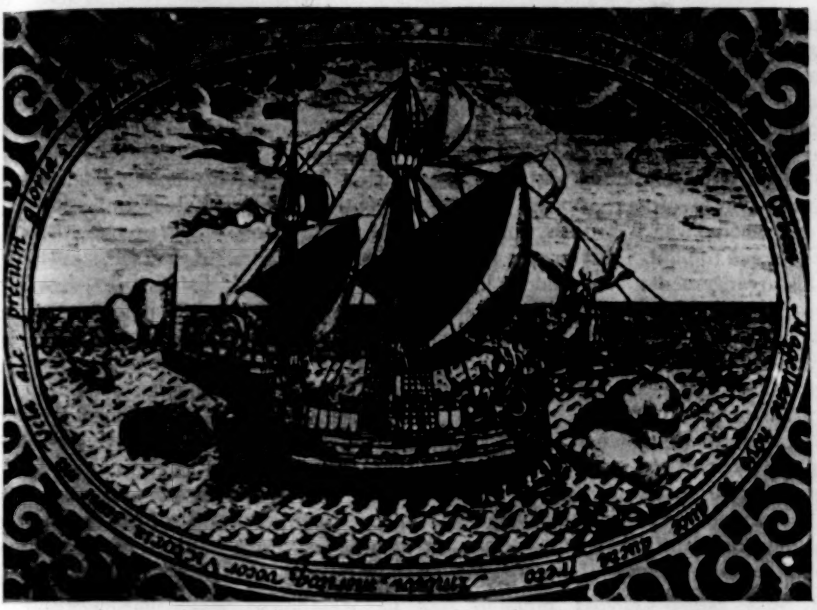
On the nineteenth he wrote that the fleet was to proceed direct and with all possible speed to the Spice Islands, deferring any incidental exploring until this had been accomplished. "Moreover, I command you all and each one of you that in the navigation of the said voyage you follow the opinions and determination of the said Hernando de Magallanes."

On the fifth of May he ordered that the number of the crew should not exceed two hundred and thirty-five, and that this should be still further reduced if possible. Magallanes was to choose his men.

The tallymen were constantly on the quay now, checking their lists as supplies arrived: 50 culverins, 7 falconets, 3 large bombards, 3 passamuros, and 50 arquebuses; 6197 pounds of lead for bullets, leaden and stone cannon balls, and 5,000 pounds of powder; 60 crossbows and 360 dozen arrows, 95 dozen bits and braces, pitch-brushes, 80 painted flags, and a Royal standard of taffeta; nails, bolts, sail thread and needles, spare spars, an extra boat for the *Trinidad*—and very useful it was, too—mats and baskets, casks and barrels, 2 seines, 6 chain hooks, harpoons and fish spears, lines, floats, 10,500 hooks, 40 cartloads of wood, and two complete furnitures for Mass.

Then there was the cargo, as distinguished from supplies and equipment for the ships themselves—the articles of trade: 2,000 pounds of quicksilver, 3,000 pounds of vermilion, 10,000 pounds of alum, 30 pieces of colored cloth, 20 pounds of saffron, 3 pieces of very fine fabric, 1 piece of Valencia stuff, 2 pieces of colored velvet, 40 pieces of colored buckram, 1,000 pounds of ivory, 20,000 pounds of lump copper, 10,000 pounds of lead, 200 common red caps, 200 colored handkerchiefs, 4,000 brass and copper bracelets, 224 basins, 10,000 fishhooks, 400 dozen knives "of the cheapest kind, made in Germany," 50 dozen pair of scissors, 1,000 mirrors, 500 pounds of crystals, 1,000 *maravedis* worth of combs, 20,000 small bells. In a sense the articles came all at once, yet they did not come in order or with any arrangement of type or use or bulk or importance. They came in carts and boats and pack baskets and by hand; they were ordered and not delivered; they were delivered without orders; they were delivered in installments, or too soon, so that they must wait in a warehouse to be stowed; or too late, so that other imperative things had gone ahead of them; some things were forgotten and ordered after their turn, and some remembered before the time came to order them; some items could be bought at any time, and yet must none the less be included, and some took months to prepare or search for. And everything, from first to last, represented a final and definite decision, for there were along the route no ports of call that would be of the slightest use and there could be no possible remedy for neglect or carelessness.

On the eighth of May there arrived from Don Carlos a set of exhaustive final instructions which amounted almost to a treatise on exploration. The document comprised seventy-five chapters, and provided for every contingency of accident or circumstance at sea or ashore: storms, harbors, seamanship, and courses;



AN EARLY PRINT OF THE *VITORIA*

One of the smaller vessels of Magellan's fleet and the only one to complete the circuit of the globe.

fights, camps, settlements, and trade; orders, rations, and the handling of men. A "general order" became specific.

The hostile propaganda had by this time withdrawn to secret and silent channels. Sebastian Alvarez gave up, for the most part, his attempts at direct dissuasion, and sought by acutal obstruction the end which he had hitherto failed to gain by argument and protest. He had long before learned and transmitted to Dom Manoel the fleet's sailing directions, and the courses and landfalls which Magallanes expected to make. As time went on and Dom Manoel learned more of the project, its entire feasibility became plain to him, as well as its threat to his own supremacy in the East. He ordered a fleet to Santa Maria at the Mouth of the River Platte—thought to be the "land's end" of South America; he sent orders to Juan Lopez de Sequira—an ironical choice—to proceed from Malacca to protest the Moluccas with the Spanish armada; and when he heard that Magallanes was planning to go by way of the Cape if he found no strait where he thought to find it, he sent an intercepting fleet to South Africa. Alvarez, meanwhile, without leaving Sevilla organized his own plot to operate by less frank and more congenial methods.

Magellanes had been going his own way, taking his chances of disaster, hoping only—worn as he was by his endless planning and preparation—to get to sea, where the dangers would be his own to meet and overcome. Luiz de Mendoza on his return from the Canaries had been obstinate and insolent, and had been ignominiously reprimanded by the Captain General and by the King. Ruy Faleiro had disputed Magallanes' opinion as to the best course across the South Atlantic, and the result had been a bitter argument. Two other under-officers had been discharged for insubordination. Alvarez had provoked these quarrels where it had been possible for him to do so, and he had not failed to add what he

could to the resulting resentment. This much was fairly evident. But he had accomplished something else of which Magallanes knew nothing.

Mutiny and piracy are always delicate matters to arrange. By what bribery and corruption and work of spies and falsification of orders Alvarez had arranged them, was a process which has never come to light. But so sure was he of his arrangements, so confident in the constancy of the captains whom he had induced to treachery, that he played his last card. The utter impudence in the face of Fate, the brass effrontery of that play is amazing.

He went to Magallanes' house. The Captain General was on his knees, packing preserved quince in a chest.

"You think," Alvarez said, "that you are going as Admiral, whereas I know that others are being sent in opposition to you, of whom you know nothing, except at a time when it will be too late."

He had revealed his own plot. To him who had worked so hard for its accomplishment it seemed a thing of devastating and final importance. Mutiny means death, if not for one side then for the other; to him who had thought so deeply of its consequences it seemed a reason adequate to make Magallanes give up.

Certainly he had understood the path of his plot, straight through to the end. But he did not understand his man. It was not possible to frighten Magallanes—in any manner, by anything. His courage rose up at one gesture to meet this new danger. Courage simply terrifying, indeed, in its reckless daring; to go to sea, to set out round the world in the face of this knowledge, with these very men. . . . He took it all on his own shoulders and went ahead.

The King gave him increased authority, and told him to sail as soon as possible—which, of course, was just what he wanted. And Alvarez sat back.

On the street corners and in the markets the town crier beat his drum and read the proclamation: Volunteers in the armada bound for the Spice Islands. The response was disheartening. The pay was too small, the risks too great, the chances of failure—foreordained in the minds of men who knew what the sailors of Sevilla knew—were too great; it would be better to seek glory and a whole skin with Gil Gonsalvez in Panama. Only seventeen men enlisted from Sevilla. The town crier read the proclamation in Cadiz, in Malaga. Men came, signed on, deserted, argued, listened to dreadful tales, ran away again, signed on again. Besides the Spanish and the Portuguese there were finally Basques and French and English and Sicilians; Flemings, Neapolitans, Greeks, Germans, Genoese, Corfiotes, men of the Canaries and Madeira, Negroes, and Malays. All told, there were two hundred and sixty-eight men. They piled aboard, put their dunnage below, came on deck again and set to work.

There was still equipment to be thought of—things that had been late in delivery or were to be stowed last.

Ruy Faleiro became insane, and on the twenty-sixth of July Don Carlos dismissed him.

There arrived a gentleman from Barcelona bearing letters of introduction for the Captain General. Signor Antonio Pigafetta, a Knight of Rhodes, assistant to the Roman Ambassador to the Court of Don Carlos. He had heard of the expedition and asked if he might go; he knew something of navigation; he would be worth his salt. He wanted no pay, only a chance to see the world and some of its wonders, and he would write the story of the voyage for his friend and patron, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Grand Master of the Knights of Rhodes. Could the Captain General sign him on in some capacity? The Captain General did so.

The officers were assigned to their several ships. In the *Trinidad* Estaban Gomez was King's Pilot, and Juan de Punzarol the Master; Fleet Captain Juan de Cartegena was made Captain in the *San Antonio*, and Juan de Elorriga, Master; in the *Concepcion*, Gaspar de Quesada was Captain, and Juan Sebas-

tian el Cano, Master; in the *Vitoria* Luiz de Mendoza, the Treasurer, was Captain and Anton Salomon, Master; in the *Santiago* Juan Serrano was Captain, Ballasar Ginoves, Master.

These were the men on whom everything depended. There were traitors among them, or among the crew—somewhere. It would come to the surface; it would creep up on him at some moment when he was not on guard against it. When? Off what coast or in what lonely roadstead? What would happen before he came again to Sevilla? And Doña Beatriz . . . she was expecting another child. Well. See about those extra charts.

On the tenth of August the pilots were summoned and the ships went down the river to San Lucar.

The King wrote that there was need for haste. Magallanes could offer nothing but excuses. It could not be long now.

The Captains were summoned to Santa Maria de Vitoria to hear Mass. The Captain General and his officers dropped what they were doing and, impatiently, went. The Oath of Allegiance—for Spain, and for the King. Yes, yes. He must get that book on navigation from Faleiro's brother. The candles burned bright on the altar; the priests kneeled, rose, moved about. *Te Deum laudamus.* Four-months' advance pay for the men. The crowd was hushed. Don Sancho Martinez de Layra, Corregidor of Sevilla, presented the Royal standard. Carts passed in the street; what was that? This banner . . . round the world . . . And to this I swear, God helping me. Back to India House. A letter to the King. Down the river. The cows might be brought aboard. Back to Sevilla.

They brought him his will to sign. One-tenth share of his profits in the expedition to be divided. . . . His rights in all discovered lands to descend to his son Rodrigo, or the child to be born, or if neither was living, to his brother Diogo or his sister Isabella. Yes, he had said that. Doña Beatriz . . . pension from India House . . . Beatriz . . . Diogo Barbosa and Don Sancho Matienzo to be executors. That was correct. "Upon the said day of my burial three poor men may be clothed, and to each of them be given a cloak of gray stuff, a cap, a shirt, and a pair of shoes, that they may pray to God for my soul . . . Hernando de Magallanes, Comendador, His Majesty's Captain General of the Armada bound for the Spice Islands. . . ."

More equipment arrived. There was no time. Let it go; they could do without it. Señor Barbosa would credit the account of the expedition. A bill from Bernadino del Castillo in Cadiz: 16 compass needles and 6 hourglasses, bought by order. That was correct. A planisphere in a leather case and a special compass in a gilt box, to be sent at once to his Majesty the King. Beatriz . . . God keep you, Beatriz. . . .

The Captain General went down the Guadalquivir for the last time. The ships were waiting.

There was a special Mass at Nossa Señora de Barremeda, and all went to confession. The Captains swore loyalty. They prayed together for God's blessing on them, for protection in peril, for steady purpose and courage. *Ora pro nobis.* Amen. The flag, the flag!

On Tuesday, September 20, 1519, they sailed.

(*What transpired on that momentous voyage will be told in Mr. Hildebrand's next article*)

NIAGARA MILKS THE COWS

How Hundreds of Cities Have Made Hydraulic Power a Public Servant

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

THE chimney-swifts were beginning to fly low as we approached the farm that was our final objective for the day. The children and the collie were driving in the cows from pasture. The farmer's wife came toward the gate to apologize for her husband, whom the doctor had put to bed with an absurd attack of the mumps! We found the barn in charge of the hired man, an athletic youth of eighteen who went about his job like a machine-shop foreman. While he greeted us he pulled a lever that dropped grain from the bin above into a hopper. Then he turned a button, a motor began to purr, and the grain to crack in the grinder. He went to the spring house and fetched the milking tubes, he shifted the belt from the grinder to the suction gear which ran along the head of the stalls, attached one end of the tubes to the suction pipe and other to the teats of the animals, and then went about his further chores while Niagara, some seventy miles distant, milked the cows.

If Niagara were the Ganges and the people of Ontario were Hindus, the Falls would be a place of pilgrimage like Allahabad, and each year thousands of devout souls would plunge into its torrents in superstitious ecstasy. For the Ganges never served its worshipers as Niagara serves the people of Ontario. But these Westerners are Modernists; for them the forces of Nature, like the Sabbath, are made for the lordship and enjoyment of Man.

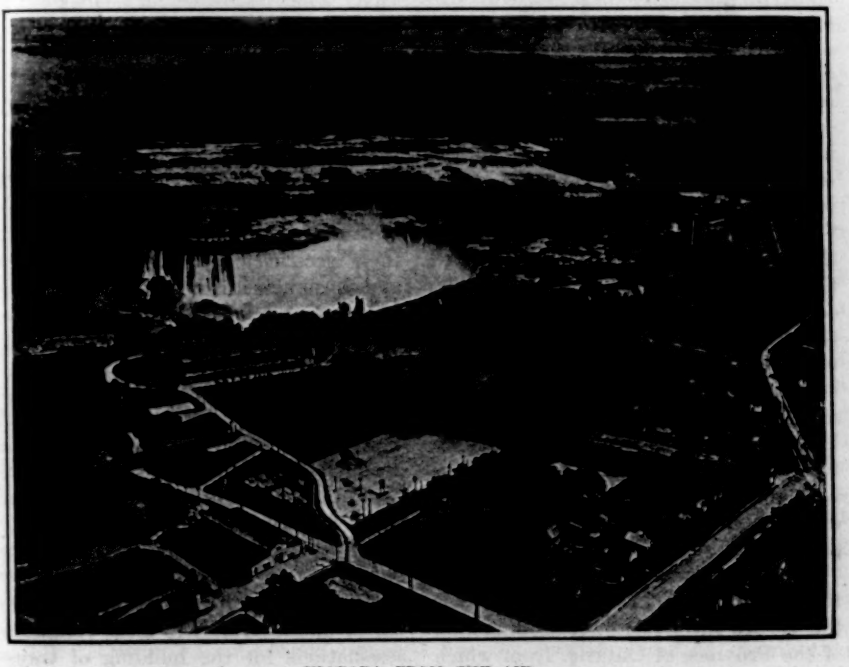
Readers who have explored the Hydro country will understand why, as I watched the rhythmic spurt of the milk, fragments of William James's essay on "The Moral Equivalent of War" should have flashed through my brain. One need not go to Canada to see impressive examples of mechanical-engineering genius: as an engineering achievement the hydro-electric system of Ontario, popularly called Hydro, has its peers in California, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York. The magnificent hydro-electric turbine generators in the Queenston-Chippawa power house on the Canadian side of Niagara were designed and built in American workshops. What distinguishes the Hydro country from any similar community I happen to know is the pervasive "pride of the collectivity," as James calls it, in the triumphant war which the people of almost four hundred municipalities have waged upon a major force of Nature.

For us in America the prime source of mechanical energy is coal. The coal reserves of the entire Dominion of Canada are sixty per cent greater than the total estimated reserves of all Europe; but the great central provinces of Quebec and Ontario are barren of coal. For its coal Ontario depends principally upon the United States. The hazards of this dependence were made vivid to its people by the strikes in American coal fields in the early years of this century, when Ontarians had to import coal from Wales to keep the frost out of their bones. Even in normal times Ontario business men were at a competitive disadvantage with their rivals across the border because of heavy transportation charges on fuel, and the price of anthracite for domestic use was abnormally high.

Nature's hostility toward them became a challenge to their patriotism and ingenuity.

For more than fifty years engineers had been attempting to harness Niagara. The Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company was incorporated as early as 1853. In 1881 this company succeeded in converting water power into electrical energy. By 1896 a turbine of 6,850 horse power was installed. In 1900 the Canadian General Electric Company built a dynamo of 200 horse power, which was soon followed by others of many times greater capacity. But the long-distance transmission of electricity was still an experimental problem. Then in April, 1901, the Bay Counties Power Company of California sent electricity from Colgate on the Yuba River to Oakland, and in November to San Francisco, a distance of 222 miles. From Niagara Falls to Windsor, on the westernmost edge of Ontario, the distance is about two hundred and fifty miles. The news from California was to the people of Ontario a signal to mobilize. They had visions of emancipation from the niggardliness of Nature.

Except for those communities that were situated close to the Falls, this emancipation depended upon something more than an appreciation of the revolutionary character of the technical developments in electrical invention. It depended upon the ability to achieve a mental break with the industrial tradition of a century. The peculiar characteristic of the steam engine, as Mr. Philip P. Wells has pointed out, is that the range of its operation is limited by the shafting or belt through which its mechanical energy is transmitted to the workman's machine. For this reason the history of the Industrial Revolution was the



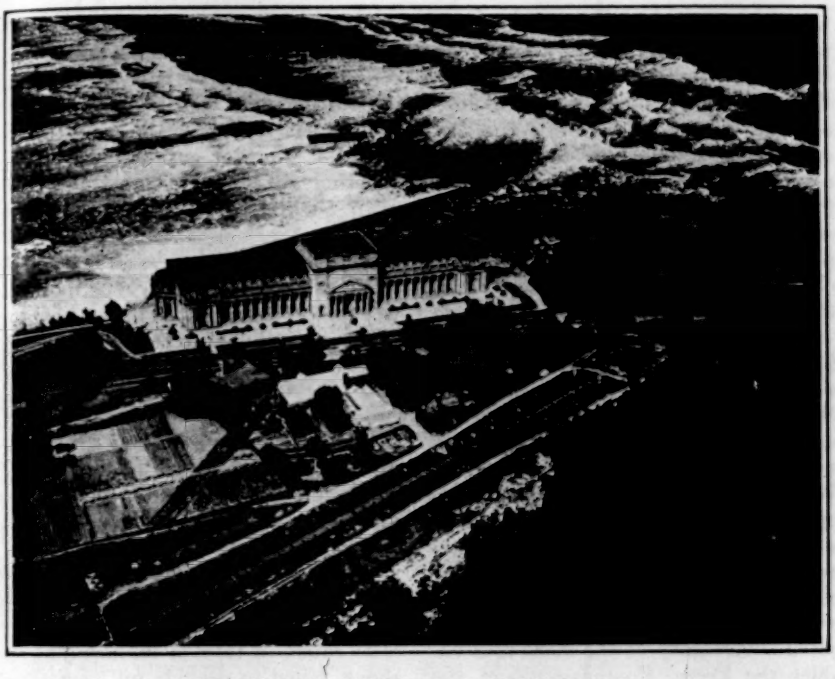
NIAGARA FROM THE AIR

The Horseshoe Falls from the Canadian side, with Goat Island at the left. The older power plants located here obtain a relatively low drop or waterhead when compared with the new Chippawa-Queenston development. Two of the three power houses are along the rapids above, and one just below the Falls.

history of the massing of population about steam-driven factories and the concentration of factories near cheap coal, as in the cases of Manchester and Pittsburgh. By that curious process of self-deception which seems instinctive in the human animal, the western world made a virtue of evil and came to worship mere bigness in its cities as a superlative good. Every town wanted to be a boom town in spite of the invariable trail of slums, disease, and spiritual devastation that followed in the wake of the boom. Even the beggar gloried in plying his trade in the biggest town in the county, or state, or nation. To starve in the biggest city in the world was supposed to have a fillip of compensating ecstasy.

This was the dominant tradition when the progress of invention made the harnessing of Niagara a practical possibility. It would have been the natural thing for the people of Ontario to succumb to the prevailing fashion as we on the American side, for the most part, did succumb. For some mysterious reason which should in due course become the subject of special academic inquiry, the people who lived in the scores of small cities, towns, and hamlets scattered westward from Niagara to the St. Clair loved their homes more than they loved bigness. They marshaled their forces in defense of these homes, conquered Niagara, and made its might the servant of one hundred and fifty municipal areas with an aggregate population of less than one-and-a-quarter million souls. And with Niagara they harnessed other streams, until to-day three hundred and eighty municipalities are associated in what, so far as I can discover, is a unique co-operative enterprise.

Acting as trustee or general staff for these militant partner municipalities is the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of the Province of Ontario, from which the name Hydro comes. The political history of the creation of this commission involves details that are not immediately relevant. The fact of present importance is the plan of campaign which from the beginning these small Ontario communities adopted to maintain their economic integrity and to enrich their local life by winning those drudgery-banishing facilities which had hitherto been the exclusive prerogatives of the gargantuan markets offered by densely populated areas. To attain their objective they had the shrewdness to see that they would have to overcome their competitive disadvantage as buyers of electricity by combining their purchasing strength. When the Hydro-Electric Power Commission was created in 1906 all the power plants at Niagara were owned by private corporations. The business was still regarded by many of the best engineering and financial minds as extremely speculative. It was reasonable that these pioneering corporations should want to cover their risk by selling their power in as large blocks as possible and with a minimum transmission cost. Their first obligation to their stockholders was to make the business pay. They naturally sought to attract large manufacturers to their neighborhood and to develop as potential customers the railroads and other utilities which normally inhere in industrial development. If they could sell their electricity to Buffalo and Toronto and consumers in the interlying territory it was sound business to sell it there, whatever the effect upon the small communities a hundred and more miles away. Obviously, if the merchants and manufacturers in these remote jurisdictions were not to suffer pernicious economic anæmia, if they were not to be forced to shut up shop and home and move to the font of cheap mechanical power, they needed to bestir themselves to make Niagara come to them. In 1903 they secured legislation permitting any number of municipalities to form voluntary associations for the building of transmission systems and the purchase of electricity. It soon became clear to them that they could not win their objective



THE OLD POWER PLANT AT NIAGARA

This handsome structure was built by the Electrical Development Company and is now owned by the co-operating municipalities and operated by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario. Situated at the rapids above Horseshoe Falls, it has a waterhead of 135 feet, eleven generators, and 125,000 horse-power capacity.

by dividing their forces. If they were to conquer Niagara they needed a united army and a unified command. Accordingly, in 1906 and 1907 they secured further legislation from the Provincial Government under which their purchasing power was concentrated in the single Hydro-Electric Power Commission which acts as their trustee and general staff.

The administration and financial structure of Hydro is very simple. The generation and transmission of power at wholesale is dealt with by the Commission, which, although appointed by the Provincial Government, acts independently as trustee and agent for the partnership of municipalities.

The "Trustee" Commission supplies power to municipalities at actual cost of production and distribution. The capital required for these purposes is provided by the Provincial Government upon formal requisition by the Commission. Contracts are entered into between the Commission and the municipalities under the terms of which the municipalities undertake to repay in thirty years the moneys thus loaned by the government. The distribution of electricity within the borders of a municipality is generally under the administration of a Public Utilities Commission and is financed by the issue of municipal bonds. Each municipality sells electricity to local consumers at rates and under conditions approved by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission. These rates are sufficient to cover the cost of power supplied by the Commission and the cost of distribution within the municipality. Provision is also made in the rates charged to the ultimate consumer for revenue with

which to retire the municipal bonds, usually in twenty years. Under the Power Commission Act the Hydro-Electric Power Commission is required annually to determine the actual cost of services supplied to the municipal corporations by the local commissions for such strictly municipal purposes as street lighting and the operation of pumps in waterworks, and if the rate charged produces a surplus above cost, this is returned to the municipal system.

From this compact technical outline it appears that there are certain general similarities between the organization of Hydro and the familiar Rochdale co-operatives. The Provincial Commission functions as does the Co-operative Wholesale; the Municipal Commissions operate like the managers of local consumers' co-operative societies. But there are fundamental differences. The financial structure of Hydro rests upon the credit of the state, and it is the delegated sovereignty of the state that enables the Power Commission and the partner municipalities to function as a voluntary association for the supply of a basic commodity to themselves. And the method by which the individual consumer shares in the profits of the enterprise is strikingly different in the two cases. Under the Rochdale system the price which the consumer pays is the going market price; at given intervals he receives his share of the profits, if any, in proportion to the amount of his purchases. Under Hydro there are no profits in the ordinary sense. At the beginning of the year the experts of the Commission calculate a schedule of rates estimated to cover the full cost of the service to the municipalities. The rates vary with the amount of electricity which the municipalities buy and with their distance from the generating stations. On the basis of this calculation the Commission renders monthly bills to the municipal Hydro authorities. At the end of the year it renders a thirteenth bill or credit memorandum on the basis of known cost. In 1922, for example, the gross income to the commission from the municipalities was $7,893,979; the gross cost of purchasing, generating and distributing electricity was $8,049,799. That is, the estimated cost fell short of actual cost. "After meeting all obligations in accordance with Section 23 of the Power Commission Act," says the Commission's annual report, "the expenditures and reserves exceeded the revenue by $155,819 or 1.97 per cent. This (thirteenth) amount was billed to the municipalities so that the Commission's balance sheet with the municipalities shows neither profit nor loss."

The financial relations of the municipal Hydro authorities with the local consumers parallels those of the Provincial Commission with them. Of the 214 municipalities included in the commission's report for 1922, a total of 24 failed to meet their actual cost of operation from revenue on the estimated retail rates. A total of 42, including the above, failed to provide full theoretical depreciation in addition to all operating and maintenance expenses. These 42 municipalities showed a total theoretical loss of $135,004, while the remaining 172 municipalities collected a surplus of $830,341. That is, the experts of 42 municipalities underestimated the local rate required to meet all costs, while the experts of 172 municipalities made overestimates. In the first case, rates would be raised to cover the deficit, while in the second rates might be lowered. In some cases where the rates are already exceptionally low, the municipalities will use their surplus to improve the service, to build a local Hydro administration building, or to retire to the Provincial Government their debentures and their share in debt of the Commission in advance of the stipulated maximum period. Eighteen municipalities have already accumulated surpluses equal to their capital obligations and are free of debt. Thirty-two others were prepared to enter the debt-free group during 1923.

By combining their forces these

hundreds of small communities—ranging from police villages of five hundred population to Toronto with its slightly more than five hundred thousand—have attained their objective; they have saved their local integrity through complete mastery of Niagara and its ancillary powers. They have done more than they set out to do. Their original purpose was not ownership but purchase of electrical energy and its co-operative distribution. In 1906, thirteen Ontario municipalities authorized their Councils to make contracts with the Hydro-Electric Power Commission for a supply of electricity from Niagara Falls. The Commission built transmission lines and transformer stations, and on behalf of the thirteen and such others as might thereafter elect to join the partnership, entered into a contract with the privately owned Ontario Power Company for an ultimate supply of 100,000 horse power of electrical energy. By 1910 the Commission was prepared to distribute 1,000 horse power to ten urban municipalities. As the fame of the service spread, applications rapidly multiplied. By 1914 the Commission was distributing 77,000 horse power and the next year it reached the limit of its initial 100,000-horse-power contract. It made additional contracts with other private companies. Then to insure command of the situation, it not only bought outright the plants of the Ontario Power Company and the Toronto Power Company with their combined capacity of 285,000 horse power, but also built the great Queenston-Chippawa generating plant with its ultimate capacity of 600,000 horse power, all of which is already in demand. Since 1906, the Commission has purchased 20 water powers, 30 hydraulic generating plants, and 60 electric distributing systems. To-day it is distributing 700,000 horse power of electrical energy and operating 21 undertakings that will ultimately yield 1,000,000 horse power. When the negotiations between the Dominion of Canada and the United States are consummated, it will become the custodian of an additional million on the St. Lawrence. It has woven a network of transmission lines over the province, its high-tension lines alone aggregating 3,000 miles. No merchant or manufacturer in the three hundred and eighty partner municipalities has had to close up shop or leave home for want of abundant and cheap power. St. Catherines with its 21,000 inhabitants, nine miles from Niagara, pays an inclusive average net charge of 1.3 cents per kilowatt hour for domestic purposes, 1.4 cents in its commercial establishments; the corresponding rates in Galt, with its 13,400 inhabitants, ninety-three miles from Niagara, are 1.8 and 2.0 cents; in Windsor with its 38,500 inhabitants, two hundred and forty-eight miles from Niagara, 2.6 and 2.7 cents. To most of us in the United States, with our vastly greater population and vastly greater energy resources, these rates seem utopian. By an odd seeming paradox, these small municipalities of Ontario, aiming to preserve the neighborly charm of their smallness, have become the possessors of the greatest municipally owned electrical enterprise in the world.

Not the least interesting circumstance in the history of Hydro is that from the beginning its leading organizers and builders have been old-fashioned merchants, manufacturers, and conservatives in politics. The idea of the municipal partnership was first expressed by Mr. E. W. B. Snider, a business man in the little village of St. Jacobs, which to this day is listed among the municipal jurisdictions having a population of not more than five hundred. A speech which he made at the annual meeting of the Board of Trade of Waterloo in February, 1902, is reported in the Waterloo *Chronicle-Telegraph* of the time. "One of the most timely and interesting addresses of the evening," runs the report, "was that delivered by Mr. Snider of St. Jacobs in responding

THE QUEENSTON-CHIPPAWA CANAL UNDER CONSTRUCTION

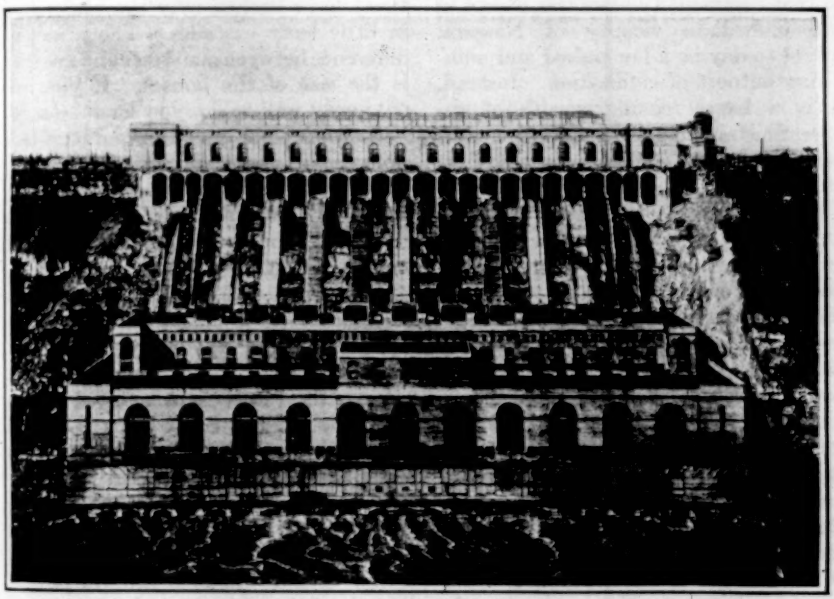
From Chippawa to Montrose the Welland River serves as a link of 4½ miles in the new power development. The canal begins at Montrose and extends 8½ miles to the power house at Queenston on the lower Niagara River. Lined with concrete, it makes a perfect channel for Niagara's strength.

to the toast of 'The Manufacturing Interests.' He thought more variety in our manufacturing interest was required, and he suggested that young men should branch out for themselves. He was of the opinion that as Toronto was discussing the utilization of power from Niagara Falls, Waterloo should seek the co-operation of the Boards of Berlin, Galt, and Guelph, and the mayors of Preston and Hespeler, to investigate the matter. If Waterloo could offer cheap power to manufacturers, it would greatly assist in its future progress."

The suggestion awakened some interest but it also met with a healthy measure of opposition and skepticism. In May, 1902, the Council of the Berlin Board of Trade held a meeting to consider the subject. The President of the Council, Mr. S. J. Williams, "did not think the proposition would receive the support that it deserved. Toronto had tried to secure just what was under consideration, and they had been fired

from the Legislature. Then the Toronto Street Railway had asked for it and got it. If the towns interested put up $5,000 for an expense fund, it would not be a drop in the bucket when they ran up against the lobbyists of such corporations as the Toronto Street Railway and the electric light companies." A committee was proposed to prepare a resolution. "Several gentlemen refused to go on such a committee." But the Vice-President of the Council, Mr. D. B. Detweiler, having more faith than the rest, succeeded in having himself appointed to act with Mr. Snider of St. Jacobs as a resolutions committee. "Mr. Detweiler believed that figures could be secured to convince manufacturers that it is a good thing, and that by the municipalities working together something could be accomplished." (From the contemporary report of the Berlin *News-Record*.) These two men of vision carried on a campaign of education and prepared a report which led to a convention of municipal representatives in February, 1903. As a result of this convention, a delegation assembled in the Provincial Parliament Buildings in Toronto later in the same month and secured from the Premier a pledge that a bill would be introduced to create a commission instructed to survey the situation and to formulate a program for the purchase and distribution of Niagara power. Such a bill was passed in June, 1903. Mr. Snider was made chairman of the commission that prepared a technical report on the basis of which the conservative Whitney government in 1906 created the present Hydro-Electric Power Commission of which Sir Adam Beck, a wealthy box manufacturer of London, Ontario, and himself a conservative in politics, has uninterruptedly been chairman.

The moral of this abstract and brief epitome of Hydro's history is that the



THE GREAT POWER HOUSE AT QUEENSTON

A composite view of the power house when completed, showing the screen house atop the cliff and the steel-concrete pipe lines feeding the turbine generators in the power house below. This plant has a waterhead of 305 feet and an ultimate capacity of 600,000 horse power. It is the largest single hydro-electric development in the world.

civic passion is neither the unique possession of any class or political party, nor uniquely evoked by military enterprise. Hitherto, as William James pointed out, it has been almost exclusively associated with the war-function; it is still so associated in Ontario, except that the war which has there united men of all stations in life in a continuing incandescence of patriotic pride and ambition is a war against Nature. Ontario, in spite of its temperate climate, its abundant rainfall, its fertile soil, and rich metalliferous deposits, seemed foredoomed to a subnormal and stagnant economic life by its total lack of coal. Its one chance of general economic well-being lay in the conquest of Niagara and and the democratization of access to that unique source of mechanical energy. The conditions were such that, if the strong men of the community had yielded to their selfish predatory instincts, if they had failed patriotically to identify their interest with the interest of that commonalty—Ontario, except in the immediate vicinity of Niagara, would to-day be a slow-pulsed and uninviting outpost of civilization. Instead, it is a happy commonwealth of co-operating municipalities in which civic pride, due to a common consciousness of belonging to a conquering people, is a pervasively energizing force.

Not that they have dropped anchor on the shores of Utopia or entered into possession of an earthly paradise, but that, seemingly predestined to an excessive exiguity, they have won the possibilities of a good life to an exceptional degree. "We were upon Woodstock before we knew it," wrote my wife, who had been inspired by my experience to follow me into the Hydro country. "There had been no warning of a sky grayed by smoke, no slum district where the poor hang to the fringe of industrial centers, no feeble gardens where scraggy vegetables are desperately grown to piece out the food supply, no refuse heaps, no unsavory soapy open drains, not even one tethered goat! The smooth concrete road led us past several small houses each set in its green lawn. Upon the right was a high, clean milk-separating and condensing plant, upon the left a manufactory of toy wagons; then a little bridge to cross, and at a sharp turn we swung down upon the main street—a wide, clean street, glistening after the rain. The little shops began to nudge the larger ones and these merged into the business blocks which led to an open triangle where stood the chief hotel and the local Hydro building. There was a good deal of red brick on the main street—pressed brick they call it—and one of the merchants spoke with pride of how much more of it there was since Hydro had made them prosperous.

"But on most of the residence streets the houses were built of the soft-yellow-gray brick which is native to this part of Ontario. It has a rough surface that invites the tendrils of vines, so that tiny green rivulets have flowed up the walls of these Woodstock homes and sometimes have broken over the roof edges in little leafy cascades. The principal difference between one street and another is the size of the houses. If you are obviously well to do, you have a larger house with more ground round it; if less prosperous, you have a smaller house. But you seem never to be poor in any case, for I saw no untended lawn, no dilapidated house, no uncleaned street in the whole town—not one! There may be thrift and frugality but there is no sign of want. Why?

"I kept asking why of everyone I met. Chiefly because there is no lack of work, though they have kept anxious watch on the backwash of the War. Our old American ideal of a job for everyone is a reality here. Twentieth-century industry spins to the tune of twenty-eight factories all cleanly and cheaply driven by Niagara, almost a hundred miles away. The average net rate for power, both in their homes and their commercial places, is just two cents a kilowatt. Think of the fourteen cents we pay at home! And the labor supply is as stable

ONE OF ONTARIO'S TRANSMISSION LINES

The Hydro-Electric Power Commission has 3500 miles of transmission lines, distributing about 700,000 horse power to three hundred and eighty municipalities. It operates twenty-two water powers which when fully developed will have a potentiality of over 1,000,000 horse power.

as the 'firm flow' of Niagara. They like to live in Woodstock. I talked to all manner of people—merchants, manufacturers, women in their homes, men in overalls—they all smile when you talk about Woodstock. For most of them own their own pretty brick homes on their pretty clean streets; and since one in every four of the inhabitants is a customer, and by virtue of citizenship an owner of Hydro, practically every household, like every factory, has electricity which cooks for it and does the washing and irons and sweeps and refrigerates and fans and, where the town merges into the country, saws the wood and grinds the grain and fills the silos and milks the cows. Why shouldn't they think of Niagara as the noblest work of God and of Sir Adam as His prophet?"

This expresses a woman's impression of the effect which Ontario's co-operative electrical development has had upon living conditions, and that effect is probably the ultimate test of the enterprise. But there is one other phase of the matter with which, as a student of democratic processes, I was particularly concerned. Democracies notoriously undervalue the expert, so that more often than not they fail to capture and hold the loyalty of the ablest executives and engineers. We in the United States have had distinguished exceptions to this rule, as in the case of the Panama Canal, the drainage canal in Chicago, and New York's marvelous water system. But the issue of capacity in government enterprise is constantly raised. It was especially raised with respect to Hydro's technical staff in a report prepared by two American engineers for the National Electric Light Association, an unincorporated mutual organization of American private utilities.

The greatest single engineering project undertaken by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission is the Queenston-Chippawa canal and power-generating station. Built under war pressure, this project became the object of so much hostile criticism on the part of a minority in Ontario itself that the Provincial Government set up a commission of inquiry to review the entire record of Sir Adam Beck and his engineering staff. In its report, a summary of which was published in March, a special section is devoted to the Queenston-Chippawa development.

The older power plants at Niagara Falls, where the "head" is about 150 feet, develop approximately 15 horse power from one cubic foot of water per second. It had long been known that if the waters of the Niagara River were carried thirteen miles by canal from Chippawa to the top of the escarpment above Queenston, a head of 305 feet could be secured, together with a theoretical increase of energy derivable from each cubic foot of water per second to 30 horse power. This was an alluring prospect, but the technical difficulties were so great that before the advent of Hydro no one had dared to put the theory to practical test. The canal and generating plant have been built. Of the engineering and executive capacity that went into the work, the hostile commission of inquiry bears the following testimony:

> The design of the Queenston-Chippawa development was based upon the most intricate calculations known in the theory of hydraulics, but, even so, there was some doubt as to whether or not the results sought for would be obtained. It now appears clear that the engineers of the Hydro-Electric Commission, as designers of this great work, surpassed even their own expectations. The canal was designed to pass 15,000 cubic feet of water per second, but we are advised by our Consulting Engineer that it is capable of passing 18,000 cubic feet of water per second or more. The engineers stated that they hoped to get thirty horse power per second-foot, but the test which we have made indicates that the amount will be exceeded. It was originally estimated that it would develop 500,000 horse power, but it seems clear that it will, on completion, develop 550,000 electrical horse power—a most substantial increase. The plant now has an efficiency of over 90 per cent,—an unusually high figure and one which indicates a fineness of design seldom, if ever before, attained in a work of this character. As an engineering work, it reflects great credit upon the Chief Engineer, Mr. F. A. Gaby, who was directly responsible for it to the Hydro-Electric Power Commission.

I visited Hydro's power plants in the company of American engineers who were there to make a critical inspection. We felt the civic pride and enthusiasm of the members of the technical staff who acted as our guides.

As a technical achievement Hydro has its peers, indeed its superiors among us. Probably nowhere in the world are there agricultural communities so well supplied with electricity as those in the two central valleys of California, the San Joaquin and the Sacramento. The inter-connected transmission system that stretches from Oregon to the Mexican border is the longest in the world. The publicly and privately owned power plants of California generate more hydro-electricity than all the plants of Ontario's Hydro-Electric Commission combined. The striking difference is that in California the entire population is almost equally divided into hostile camps, fighting each other for the right to possess the water powers of the state, and hydro there is a major source of civic discord and political corruption; whereas in Ontario, Hydro has given the entire population a common patriotic purpose and has come to symbolize political purity and disinterested public service.

Looking back upon my days in Ontario, I realize that it was the stimulation of this fact that made fragments of William James's essay flash through my brain as I stood in that barn west of Guelph watching Niagara milk the cows.

ROME

I.
THE SPANISH STEPS
FRONTISPIECE

II.
PIAZZA OF SAINT PETER'S

III.
INTERIOR OF SAINT PETER'S

IV.
THE PANTHEON

V.
VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT

©

DRAWINGS
BY
George Wharton Edwards

1924

Drawn by George Wharton Edwards

PIAZZA OF SAINT PETER'S

The greatest ecclesiastical edifice in the world. The dome was designed by Michael Angelo, the colonnades by Bernini. In the center of the Piazza is the obelisk from Heliopolis.

Drawn by George Wharton Edwards

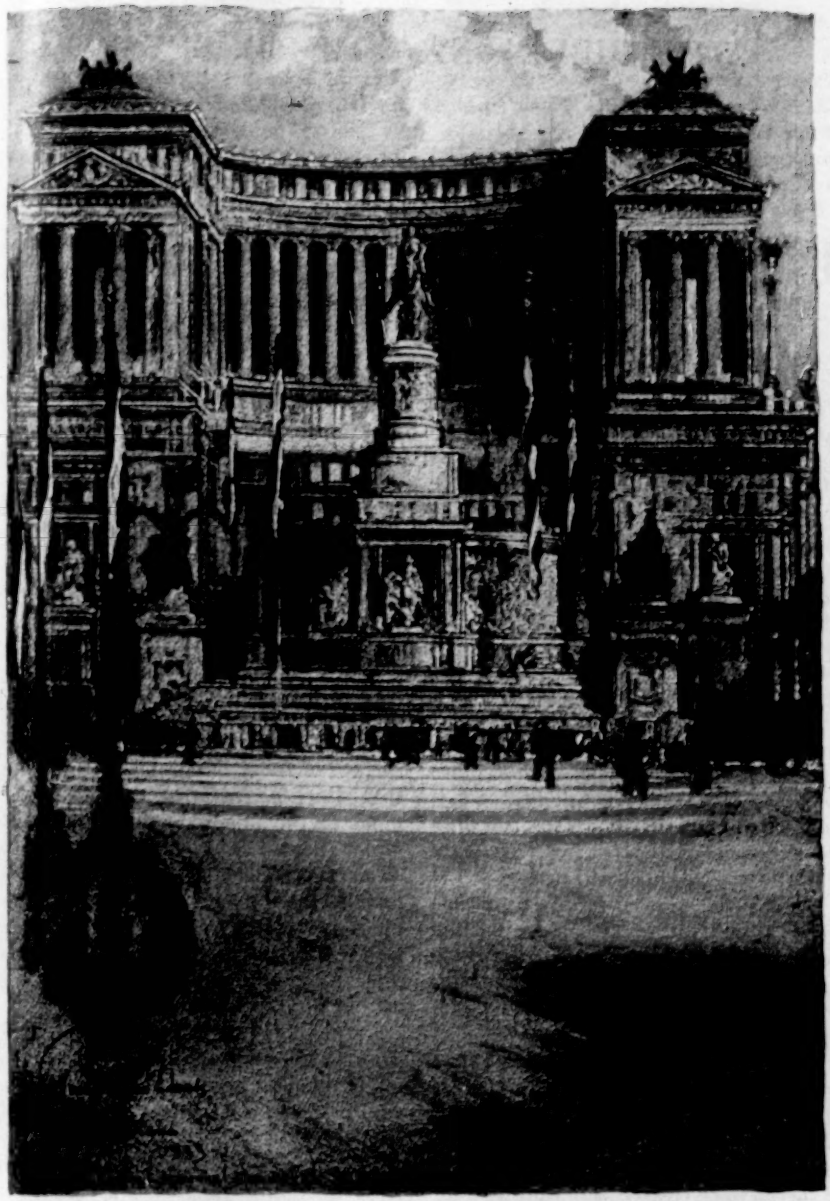
INTERIOR OF SAINT PETER'S

Directly under the dome stands the great bronze Canopy of Bernini, which covers the high altar. To the right is the statue of Saint Peter seated on a marble throne.

Drawn by George Wharton Edwards

THE PANTHEON

The best preserved of the buildings of Ancient Rome. The foundation was laid in 27 B. C. by Marcus Agrippa, and the present structure built in the time of Hadrian. It is now the principal memorial edifice of Rome.



Drawn by George Wharton Edwards

VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT

This vast new monument in the Piazza Venezia is one of the landmarks of present-day Rome. The immense platform is surmounted by a colossal equestrian statue of united Italy's first King.

THE BIBLE AND COMMON SENSE

3. The Bible as the Word of God

BY BASIL KING

IT is a pity that some of the most significant phrases which the Christian religion has brought into our language should have been so conventionalized by overwork as to have lost much of their freshness of meaning. Repentance! Forgiveness! Redemption! Revelation! Atonement! Salvation! By our peculiar Anglo-Saxon use of words like these, often pietistic, oftener still sanctimonious, we have infused them with suggestions of cant which make common-sense people shy of them. Our habit of indiscriminate and vulgar evangelism heightens this distaste. Where the custom of the country permits any tinker or peddler who thinks himself a messenger from God to stand at a street corner and pelt his audience with great words distorted out of their true meaning, the spiritual language soon becomes debased. To a considerable degree it is debased in English. It has lost not only the sharpness of its point but some of its claim to have a point at all.

Among the phrases which have suffered most is that which forms the heading of the present article, the Bible as the Word of God. Most Christians, nominal or actual, are willing to admit that the Bible is the Word of God, but when they have done so they are vague as to what it is they have admitted. It is probable that to the majority of English-speaking Christians the Bible as the Word of God is a venerable figure of speech to be treated with that pseudo-pietism which passes among us for reverence, but not a term with a definite, practical application, such as we find in "radio," "carburetor," or "stock exchange."

This is the more to be regretted since the words bring down to us one of the most ancient traditions in the world. It is more than a tradition in that it is the unfolding of man's deepest spiritual experiences till they culminate in a marvelous fulfillment. Of the several great ideas whose development throughout the Old Testament and into the New is persistent, this of the Word of God is perhaps the oldest, and certainly one of the most powerful. It begins at the beginning of the Scriptures, growing larger and more comprehensive until the great event to which it has strained forward justifies all its forecasts.

If we seek a strong and simple meaning for the phrase we shall find that the strongest and simplest lies right on the surface of the syllables. For a word is that which conveys the thought in one mind to the understanding of another mind. Search as we will, be as scholarly or as theological as we like, we shall find no more natural or exhaustive explanation of the Word of God to man. God's thought is conveyed to man's understanding, and conveyed in the way in which, as we have already seen, His thoughts are always conveyed—through the struggles of individuals to reach higher levels, deeper insights, and a more advanced knowledge of Himself.

I suppose that the most decisive of all steps in human progress was made on that far-off, prehistoric day when between two human beings a word was pronounced, was understood, and was repeated. The minute the thought in one mind was conveyed to another

mind in terms which could be modified or enlarged, man truly became a living soul. All the potentialities latent in his nature were then opened up to an apparently endless development.

A word implies self-expression, and self-expression implies self-revelation. Here we have the essentials of what we mean by the Word of God. God's Expression of Himself; God's Revelation of Himself. They come through the story of human progress, through the drama of human experience, through the bold advances into truth made here by a poet and there by a prophet who return with their spiritual spoils; but the main fact is that they come. If a ruling purpose of the Bible is to help us to know God, it is also a ruling purpose to show us that we can know God only because God reveals Himself. God being God, He cannot do other than reveal Himself.

At the same time we do well to remember that God's Self-Expression is wider than can be contained in any book. It is part of the erroneous use of the great Christian terms that God's Revelation of Himself is so often understood narrowly. By nine religionists out of ten, perhaps by more, it is presented in terms of a "scheme" by which we can be kept from committing sins, or relieved of their consequences if we have committed them. Undoubtedly some such purpose must lie within the scope of Revelation; but God's Self-Expression cannot be limited to a single strain, even if that strain be Redemption.

For the only confines we can put to God's Manifestation of Himself are those which we put to the Universe. The Universe expresses Him in general; the details of the Universe express Him in particular. While this may seem a platitude, it is one of those platitudes so persistently ignored that it needs persistent repetition. From my point of view it is our tendency to see God as expressed only in a book, and not in everything that is; which is at the back of all the wranglings between religion and science, between Modernist and Fundamentalist, between one sect and another.

The immensity transcending all our grasp of measurement which we understand as the Universe is the immensity of God; the infinite detail by which the Universe brings its dynamic power down to us is the detail of God. This God is always visible. We talk of a world in which God is not seen, and of another world in which He will be seen. I know only of a world in which we see Him. As I write I look out on a windy May day when the maples, elms, and chestnuts are tossing their branches in unimaginable beauty. In the gardens and on the lawns the irises are following on the tulips, as the tulips followed on the hyacinths, while lilacs, white and purple, line the street. Within a few hundred yards stands a great university in whose laboratories men are investigating the force of gases and the power of animalculæ. A walk of five minutes would take me to an observatory in which some of the most important discoveries in the heavens have been made. Everywhere there are factories turning the resources of nature to account for man's benefit. Everywhere there are homes with at least the average of love, kindness, and neighborly good-will.

This, in the myriad forms of its application, stands to me for the broad outlines of God's Revelation of Himself. Wherever there is beauty, power, good, or love, there must be His manifestation. One age develops it in one way, another in another way; but each is the complement to each. Abraham, Moses, Isaiah make certain discoveries; and Galileo, Newton, and Thomas Edison certain others; but they co-operate to one end. The epoch of Moses built a Tabernacle and an Ark; that of Pericles the Parthenon; that of Europe and America in the twentieth century an airplane, a motor car, or a tower of giant beauty which, as we say in our picturesque lingo, "scrapes the sky"; but all are expressions of the power which is God. We never travel by a steamboat or speak

through a telephone without making use of some part of His Self-Revelation.

We may use it clumsily as yet, we may even use it injuriously; but our hope is some day to use it advantageously. Just as there are cutworms in our gardens, mosquitoes in our swamps, shrikes in our woods, lions in our jungles, and a vast system of apparent cruelty by which one creature preys on another and man on them all—so man preys on his fellow-man and turns God's forces against him. But that all conscious life is still unreconciled to God was seen as long ago as by Isaiah. Man is not the only being who misunderstands His will. Wherever there is a spark of intelligence there is also a spark of aggression. To all the lower orders of mind, life is the enemy of life. To kill is instinctive. It was so with man in his earlier stages, and in large measure is so to-day. But man's progress beyond killing is now a topic for all the magazines and newspapers. It was the contention of Isaiah, nearly three thousand years ago, that as man advanced in his knowledge of the God who is Life, he would draw the humbler orders after him. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. . . . They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." That not merely man but all Creation is subject to the law of progress is to my mind a large part of the right understanding of God.

Revelation being a universal process, in which all history, all science, all philosophy, all art, all religion are co-operative agencies, the written Word of God would be a single strand in it. The mission of that Word must be definite and particular. The Universe is general; but it is of the very nature of a Word that it should be specific. It is uttered to convey the thought in one mind to the understanding of another mind. It proceeds from intelligence to intelligence. It has purpose and significance. It has limitations. In as far as it can express the Infinite it must be by details, an aspect at a time, a phase in the course of generations. But when we have grouped these phases, these aspects, as recorded in the Bible, there emerges a Being who transcends both time and space.

In other words, God's Self-Expression as revealed through Creation would probably have remained vague had not some definite message told us what to look for and where to look. Natural religion, as it is called, always tends toward the fantastic or the grotesque. A glance at the religions of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, or at the nobler philosophies of the Far East, will, for most Europeans and Americans, be a sufficient proof of that. The Bible, on the other hand, is sane. The essence of the Word it brings from God to man is simple, sound, and free from the fanciful. Natural religion suggests readily enough that the Universe expresses Him; but the Bible goes a long step farther in telling us *how* it expresses Him. It is the *how* that makes the difference. Through the three thousand years of the Bible's development it keeps this objective steadily, if not consciously, in mind. How God becomes God; why we may reasonably accept and trust Him as God—this is the theme at which the pioneers of Truth worked without digression. Their line begins in what to us is the fabulous prehistoric; it goes on without a break; and it never ends. Even when Jesus of Nazareth, in His presentation of God as Father, lifts us to what is perhaps the highest pinnacle of spiritual knowledge which in this stage of existence we shall ever reach, new pioneers are needed to make the meaning clear.

For it has to be admitted that the books which we call the Bible puzzle us by their complexity. If they bring the Word of God to man, the thought in one

mind to the understanding of another, then the scroll is enclosed in a casket which provokes amazement even before we put in the key. In one place its workmanship is exquisite, in another barbaric, in another crude, in another distorted, in another alien to all our conceptions of Truth and natural law. We are often so astounded at these strange external patterns that we forget to look within.

There, I think, is the secret of most of the difficulties which beset the reader. He does not remember, or is unaware, that this Word of God is a sword in a scabbard, a jewel in a shrine. The sword, not the scabbard, is the weapon; the jewel, not the shrine, is the thing of great price. And yet the shrine, the scabbard, the casket so dominate the eye that one thinks of little else. Scholars, preachers, private readers spend most of their efforts on that. We look for the Bible's infallibility not in its spiritual message but in its outside husk. If the outside husk can be shown to have a crack in it, the essential truth is supposed to have a crack in it. For to the vast majority of Christians, and possibly of Jews, the outside husk is everything.

The main part of the conflict being waged so bitterly to-day between the schools known as Modernist and Fundamentalist is a conflict over the husk. It rarely if ever gets further than the letter of the Word. Regardless of the Master's saying that "the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life," it spends all its attention on the wrappings in which the spirit is conveyed. Both contestants might easily give the impression that exactitude of temporal statement is all there is to the Bible. Its fallibility and infallibility are made to turn on such questions as whether or not there ever was a deluge, a Noah, and an Ark of gopher wood; whether or not the Red Sea divided for the passage of the Israelites; whether or not the Ten Commandments were actually engraved on stone by the Finger of God—a digit like that on a human hand—as a man might write on a slab of dough, or given in some simpler way.

That these are interesting questions is not to be denied. Nor can it be denied that the work done by critics, scholars, and excavators within the last hundred years is of value beyond estimation. My point is merely that to form schools for and against their conclusions can only be misleading to simple folk looking for common-sense guidance. When a reverend divine thunders from his pulpit that he doesn't believe the story of the Tower of Babel; when an equally reverend divine thunders back that you must believe the story of the Tower of Babel or be damned; when the newspapers make capital of this difference of opinion, with headlines even more sensational than the sermons they report, the man in the street can hardly be other than bewildered. If he cares at all he is disgusted rather than profited by these disputes. If he doesn't care he is as likely as not to brush the whole Bible aside as a collection of old wives' tales.

Peace would come to many minds, it seems to me, if we understood that there are two readings of the Bible, a literal and a spiritual. The literal is difficult, requiring many kinds of knowledge, open to widely differing interpretations. The spiritual, on the other hand, is relatively easy, and when seen it commends itself to our common sense with an almost unanimous acceptance.

It could hardly be otherwise with what we understand to be the Word of God. In conveying the thought in His Mind to our minds it cannot be His purpose to perplex us. Simplicity and clarity are qualities which on His part we are entitled to expect. I think it will be found that most of the doctrines which create schisms between churches are drawn from the Biblical externals and not from the truths that lie within. Much that is ecclesiastical goes no deeper than that which is Modernist or Fundamentalist. It roams on the sur-

face among the divergencies raised by changes in age, in taste, in nationality, in racial development. The whole history of the rise of sects can be read in the lifting to the rank of eternal truth some bit of belief or some ritual act which had only a temporal significance. Where there is such wide disagreement as there is between the many Christian schools, it seems to me extremely doubtful that the spiritual Word of God enters as a factor. Where God truly speaks there cannot be much room for human disagreement. The battles of the schools, like those of the Modernist and the Fundamentalist, are fought about the husk.

And if there is this difference between the literal and spiritual reading of the Bible, perhaps it will make it clearer if I take a concrete example. It will be only an example, a specimen of what can be applied from one end to the other of the Scriptures. My object will be, with a certain short book of the Old Testament, to make obvious, first, the simple and straightforward spiritual import of the book, and then the comparative unimportance of the vehicle in which the great truth is conveyed.

For this purpose I choose the Book of Jonah. I choose it partly on the ground that a cheap sense of humor has made this book, even to careful readers of the Bible, a serio-comic thing, hard to approach reverently. But I choose it chiefly because to my mind, and to many other minds, it stands for the spiritual high-water mark of the Old Testament. I have no hesitation in saying that, spiritually read, it is one of the most tender, most noble, and most enlightened bits of writing ever set down with a pen. Even in the New Testament there is nothing which, in the special truth being placed before us, can be taken as its parallel. There is nothing in the accumulated literature of the Christian Church which gives this truth its due consideration. Not till we come to our own time do we find it entertained at all, and then for the most part only with a trembling, half-apologetic hope that these things might be so. Only one group of Christians, so far as I know, openly stresses the advanced and beautiful teaching of the Book of Jonah, though I should be glad to learn that there was another.

It will help me if before going any farther I say a word as to its literary form. Here I fall back on my reading of the best modern scholars—I have no scholarship of my own—but in doing that of course I can be justified. It is a well-known Hebrew literary form, and is called the *Midrash*. A *Midrash* was, according to Professor Driver, the English scholar, "an imaginative development of a thought or theme suggested by Scripture." It could also be "an edifying religious story." It was not precisely fictional in that it was founded on something already written, on something that had happened, or at least on some holy legend or tradition. It was an extension, an embellishment. It took what had perhaps been only hinted at elsewhere and gave to the idea the first rank in importance.

Though the purpose of the *Midrash* was instructive, the form was very free. So long as the author was true to his main intention he could invent, adorn, invoke wonders, or keep to the prosaic as best served his turn. Two other *Midrashim* more or less well known to us, the stories of Susanna and of Tobit, both among the Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament, are examples of this latitude. The story of Susanna is a matter-of-fact narrative not unlike the episodic tale of our modern magazines. In the story of Tobit there is a wider appeal to the supernatural. In that of Jonah the touch is more distinctly Oriental, suggesting the same kind of imaginative freedom which we see in the *Arabian Nights*. Frankly a vehicle for truths and not for everyday facts, it is at no more pains to keep close to the incidents of life as it is lived than is *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Now let me try to tell the tale of Jonah with the spiritual meaning uppermost. It is the story of a man who did his best to escape the will of God, but found that what a modern poet calls the "hound of heaven" followed after him and would not let him go. More than that, it is the story of a man who had shut his heart within a narrow sectarian view of God, in which only he and his kind were favored by divine protection, yet lived to see that not only were the heathen the objects of God's care but that children and even animals had their own place in the universal love. He was not to suppose that religion was to be found only in Israel. The Phœnician sailors with their prayers and their good-will would teach him better than that. In his stringent orthodoxy he learned slowly. Indeed, we are left in doubt as to whether he learned at all. But we have no doubt of the Father's patience with this fanatical, headstrong son, nor of the Divine Heart's yearning over everything It has created.

There was a man named Jonah the son of Amittai to whom the word of the Lord came, saying, "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me."

To the true believer this opportunity given to the heathen to turn from their sin and be saved was extremely displeasing. Jonah rejected the mission, rising up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord. In Italy and Spain he would be out of the Lord's jurisdiction, which was confined to Israel.

"Jonah rose up . . . and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish."

Yet he found that the Lord's jurisdiction extended farther than he had thought. "But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken. Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his god, and cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea, to lighten it of these. But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship; and he lay, and was fast asleep. So the shipmaster came to him and said unto him, What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

With sailors' superstition, they saw the storm as punishment for some one's crime, and drew lots for the detection of the criminal. The lot fell on Jonah.

"Then said they unto him, Tell us, we pray thee, for whose cause this evil is upon us? What is thine occupation? Whence comest thou? . . .

"And he said unto them, I am an Hebrew; and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land. . . .

"Then said they unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us? . . .

"And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you!"

The kindly sailors refused at first to take him at his word. "Nevertheless the men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not." Even when they seemed to have no choice but to act on Jonah's advice, they were torn between justice to themselves and duty by their passenger. "Wherefore they cried unto the Lord, and said, We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life, and lay not upon us innocent blood." When they had taken up Jonah and cast him into the sea, and the sea had ceased from her raging, "Then the men feared the Lord exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice unto the Lord, and made vows."

Humanity and piety are ascribed to Phœnicians, who were not only far from the true faith but worshipers of other gods. The inference seems to be that when every man cries unto his god, the cry must of necessity reach the Infinite and Universal, however little the indi-

vidual knows about Him. It could not be that the rough good will and sincere, if mistaken, religion even of these sailors should be thrown away.

Then the author, in the free, inventive spirit of the *Midrash*, invokes the marvelous. And yet it is not the marvelous, since his point is simply that, however hard we may try to escape Him, God has all the means of His Almightiness to outwit us and bring us back.

"Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights."

It is important to notice here that there is no question of a whale or of any other natural species. God prepared the great fish. In other words, in God there are wonders of safety for those who trust in Him, or for those whose work is not yet done. In the spiritual history of men and women there are thousands of instances of deliverance from peril, not without their parallel with this one, and to which we apply the word "miraculous" for want of something more adequate. The "great fish" had its origin in the inventive resources of a writer who had not the same sense of humor which we have to-day; but it is a pity to let the outward form stand in the way of a great truth. The principle of God's protective care extended to the uttermost is one which the spiritually minded have as yet tested only partially; but it is at least a challenging thought to keep before the world.

It was perhaps to show protective care extended to the uttermost that the "great fish" was imagined. The message is to those whose circumstances are desperate. Desperate as they are, the Lord has His resources. The question as to how the individual is to bring those resources into play on his own behalf is too large to deal with here; but this Book of Jonah raises it.

Out of his living pit Jonah prays to the Lord. "And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land." That is to say, in the fulfillment of the divine purposes the most unlikely things can happen, and do happen frequently.

The active career of Jonah is again taken up, with a view to bringing out God's love of all His creatures in contrast with man's contempt for them.

"And the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the second time, saying, Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee."

At the time of this writing Nineveh had long been in ruins, and the common knowledge of it was traditional. The Book of Jonah is one of the latest in time of all those in the Old Testament, perhaps the latest of all with the exception of that of Daniel, which also has certain *Midrash* qualities. Nineveh must therefore be explained.

"Now Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three days' journey." That is, it would take a man three days to cross it on foot. "And Jonah began to enter the city a day's journey, and he cried, and said, Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

What happened next would strike us as improbable if historical accuracy were the aim of the *Midrash*. But it was not. It sweeps probability aside in order to get swiftly to its spiritual point.

After one day's preaching by this unknown foreigner the whole population of the city, estimated as something like twelve hundred thousand, believed and repented. The king came off his throne and proclaimed a fast. In this fast the animals as well as men were to share, and they as well as men were exhorted to put up, in their dumb, undeveloped way, their prayer for mercy. It is significant that the name of the king is not given, nor is anything mentioned that could fix a date for so remarkable an occurrence. There is no reference to the splendor of the city—a wonder in the world—or to its commerce or its conquests. The author ignores all this because he sees nothing

but God's relation to his creatures—men, women, children, animals—specially dear to Him because they have His gift of Life.

To get the force of the *Midrash* it must also be pointed out that the people of Nineveh, like the sailors of Joppa, had a religion which was not that of Israel. To the Hebrew they were cursed of Jehovah, and therefore of Jehovah's followers. The terms of the true Word of God are all the more, then, a rebuke to sectarian intolerance.

"So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even unto the least of them. For word came unto the king of Nineveh, and he arose from his throne, and he laid his robe from him, and covered him with sackcloth, and sat in ashes. And he caused it to be proclaimed . . . saying, Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste any thing: let them not feed, nor drink water: But let man and beast be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God. . . ."

That the heathen should pray and receive grace was as incredible to the Hebrew as that the dim-hearted beasts should join in with them. Furthermore, that those outside the one true fold should be the recipients of mercy was distasteful to the orthodox monopoly of God.

"And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that he had said he would do unto them; and he did it not. But it displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry."

He had hoped to see the threatened evil come, and the city overthrown. Though he knew that its people were fasting and praying, he was sure that a heathen repentance could not do any good. But here was the city spared and an enemy of the true faith allowed to go on flourishing. His prayer of protest will be familiar to all devotees of any religion obliged to look on and see other religions blessed and prosperous.

"And he prayed unto the Lord, and said, I pray Thee, O Lord, was not this my saying, when I was yet in my country? Therefore I fled before unto Tarshish:". . . He knew the Lord would be too kind. He would think too much of man as man, and not exclusively enough of Israel. The very fact of His calling a prophet to go to Nineveh suggested an indifference to heresy which the loyal Israelite could not but condemn. "For I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil. Therefore now, O Lord, take, I beseech thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live."

Even then Jonah could not believe that the Jehovah whom he had trusted as the tribal deity of the Hebrew could really mean to befriend those who called God by another name and worshiped Him with other rites. He would retire and look on, waiting to see if his narrow faith would not be justified.

"So Jonah went out of the city . . . and there made him a booth, and sat under it in the shadow, that he might see what would become of the city."

What follows between God and him approaches in compassion and tenderness the parable of the Prodigal Son. The Father does not punish this rebellious child, in whom creedal arrogance has killed genuine humanity, as well as the love that was afterward known as charity. On the contrary, He understands him, He deals with him gently, He gives him a further lesson, He appeals to his sense of fairness. He first *prepared*—the word is the same as that used of the "great fish"—a plant of the gourd family to come up over the booth, and Jonah was "exceeding glad" because of it. Apparently he loved it, doubtless for its shade and possibly for its beauty. But the next day, just as Jonah is rejoicing in his gourd, God *prepared* a worm which smote the plant that it withered. "And it came to pass,

when the sun arose, that God *prepared* a vehement east wind; and the sun beat upon the head of Jonah, that he fainted." Again he requested for himself that he might die, and said, "It is better for me to die than to live."

On Jonah's disappointment over the loss of his plant the Father bases His appeal. It is a genuine appeal, like that of the father to the elder son in our Lord's parable. Jonah is not rebuked for his intolerance toward God and men; he is only asked to use his sense of justice.

"Then said the Lord, Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for that which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night: And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than a hundred and twenty thousand little children and also a great many animals?"

That is all. The tale concludes with striking suddenness. We hear no more of Jonah, since his fate is not the subject of the *Midrash*. In setting forth the broad, un-national, unsectarian nature of the love of God, the essential truth has been expressed. The conclusion, with its emphasis on little children and the lowly beasts—"six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left, and also much cattle" is the version of our English Old Testament—has a beauty of its own.

If I have been prolix over this analysis it is to draw the contrast between the outer vehicle of the Word of God and the Word itself. The vehicle belongs to its time. What was the natural expression of one generation is perplexing to another. The "great fish," and the gourd which sprang in one night and withered on the next, have so puzzled millions of readers that they have never lifted their eyes from the casket to look at the scroll within.

The Word of God, on the other hand, presents no difficulties. Once we have heard it we have no further doubt about it. While there might be, and doubtless have been, thousands of theories as to the gourd and the "great fish," there cannot, I think, be two opinions concerning the all-inclusiveness of God's love, set forth here with such artless picturesqueness. The same thing, I venture to believe, will be found true all through the Bible. It is an infallible Bible, but infallible in that purpose which it is designed to serve. Where the question is of the relations of God to man and of man to God, I am convinced that it never errs. All other questions, historical or scientific, are outside the scope of the Word of God. Their answers are given elsewhere.

This spiritual reading will be found more or less independent of both Modernist and Fundamentalist. I have given an interpretation of the Book of Jonah which might be called Modernist for the reason that it is guided by modern scholarship. But should anyone prefer to read the little work as a narrative of actual experience, the same truth will be there for him. The universality of God's care can be as apparent to the man who sees in the "great fish" a cachalot whale as it is to him who understands it as an invention for the uses of a *Midrash*.

This, I think, is true of all the vexed passages in Scripture. The spiritual meaning, simple and convincing, can be seen as detached from all extraneous circumstance. The extraneous circumstance can be matter of the most intense historic or antiquarian interest; but the Word of God is an eternal quality which frees itself from all that is the mere accident of Time, coming straight from Mind to mind.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. BALDWIN

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

WHAT is called the English School of painting began with Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose portraits of English society have never been equaled for majestic style. But as a point of æsthetic history the manner and method of this artist were foreign; he was not so truly an English painter as Gainsborough. It was pointed out previously that Reynolds longed for and envied the color of the Venetians. His compositions were often suggested by pictures he had seen on the Continent. Poses of figures suggest Van Dyck, Lely, and Kneller—foreigners all, though they did their chief work in England. Elegance, like that of the French portrait painters, Largillière and Nattier, had a prominent place in his conception of art. And as to grace, Giuseppe Marchi, his Italian servant and apprentice, accounted for many of the flowing curves which give an Italian finish to backgrounds and draperies in his master's canvases.

It is significant that toward the end of his life Reynolds turned from these portraits, on which the English School lays its foundation, and began historical or imaginative subjects—a painting of St. Agnes, for instance, and the Infant Hercules, which he undertook for Empress Catherine of Russia. He thus revealed his ideal as an Italian ideal. His "Discourses" emphasize the "grand subject" in the Italian manner as a necessity for adding dignity and nobility to art. In short, the first President of the Royal Academy was as foreign to England in his attitude as any continental painter working under the direct influence of the late Renaissance.

In reality, Sir Joshua's "typically English" work rose out of a familiar situation. England was sending out political and economic doctrines across Europe and was importing "culture." One may catch a hint of the "expansion" taking place as one looks at the affected pose of Mrs. Baldwin, whose picture is reproduced on the cover. She was the wife of the British Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Teheran. Other portraits, like that of the successful defender of Gibraltar, tell other stories of Anglican interests. If Reynolds was England's "first painter," then he was so by virtue of studious contact with other schools of art, just as England herself had developed her claim as "first power" through contact with and vigorous appropriation of what she wanted.

The painter's character was not altogether one from which expressive qualities could flow in a truly Italian fashion. He was indeed English in reserve and persistent effort. His style represents his time. Yet he made no great innovations in art. It was Gainsborough who spoke the final word. "We are all going to Heaven," he said, "and Van Dyck is of the company." Van Dyck, the prince of stylists! The painter of Mrs. Baldwin deserves such company.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

SANCTUARY

A Story

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

AS she sped down the strip of woodland which stretched between the gray house on the hill above and the field-engirdled village below, his face—white, defeated, terrified—went with her step by step. It stared at her from behind the wild azaleas in pink, cloudy bloom here and there along the path; it looked up at her from the small, bright grass at her feet. And yet she felt—if that could be feeling which was like the rush of a fierce, engulfing tide—she felt glad that she had done the thing which she had done. She was free. Back in that house she had been a chained, tortured serf, subject to every transient whim of a drinking brute, but now . . . Straight before her in the pure spaces of the April air rose that haunting face! She ran faster than before. Still she was glad. She knew that spring was in the world and that spring was again in her heart; the old romances of life, dead and dust for five miserable years, were beginning once more in their long-remembered, tumultuous way.

And now she climbed over the worm-eaten fence at the foot of the slope, and into the newly plowed fields beyond. If she followed along the edge she would come at last to Joanna Dalton's house, the one that showed its red bricks above a dark, broken wall, the wall of box-bushes which had been on the place since Joanna's father and mother were boy and girl. Joanna was her cousin and would take her in, and perhaps tell her in her kind, loud fashion that she could stay as long as she pleased and be very welcome.

But first she stood still and looked back at that other house on the top of the hill, that lifted, a small and pinched thing, against the kindling east. She could not have told why she did this. She clenched her hands until the nails bit into the flesh, and then stretched them out pitifully before her—knotted and thin and scarred, the hands of a woman of fifty after years of hard and unceasing work—and she scarcely half so old!

But again that face, this time from the boughs of a wild-cherry tree budding delicately by the fence! She ran, ran faster than she had ever run before in her life—a small, frenzied, defenseless creature in the thick of a hunt with the hunter close at her heels. And still she was not sorry for what she had done, neither did she feel conscious of any fear. It was only the shock of that towering, primal moment of a little while ago which had set her imagination astir and every nerve in her body to quivering as though under a lash.

The whole country lay in a soft, broadening light in which furrow and blossoming bough and snatch of village roof became each a near and intimate thing, and a peach tree, flaming in a bare space of grass, as familiar as one's fire on the hearth. To the woman speeding along the edge of the fields this was all a blur—a white here, a red there, and the gray of the delaying dawn between. She unfastened a gate and, still running, made her way down a long, straight garden path, walled on one side by a row of glossy, immemorial box. The chill air was full of the odor of it and it came to her, even in her dreadful hurry, like

something distinct from everything else in the world, something separate and never to be forgotten.

"Why, Nance!"

She made answer to the large, dark woman who stood in the kitchen doorway.

"I—I've left him, Joanna."

The other woman said the exact words which she had expected her to say. "I knew you'd have to do it, Nancy Brown. I told you so." She put out her strong arms and drew the blanched, panting creature into the house and set her down in a chair.

"You set there and drink a cup of hot coffee, and then I'll take you up to bed."

Nancy, heavy with her secret, looked up pitifully into her face.

"I—I had to do what—what I done," she gasped.

"Hush right up. You ain't fit to talk."

The room began to drift away from Nancy and she went drifting along with it—out upon the edges of a black and broken world where one high and unfathomable voice went shrieking the same word over and over again. She felt herself mounting up into steep and painful spaces, and being tugged and torn at, and then descending all at once into something warm and comforting and vaguely odorous. And suddenly she knew that she was in her cousin Joanna's little chamber under the eaves, and in Joanna's bed. The big pink-and-white woolen gown she wore, now edged on collar and sleeves with coarse lace, was Joanna's, too.

"You drink down every drop of this soup, or I'll have something to say about it," said Joanna from the side of the bed.

Nancy took the steaming bowl from her cousin's hands—how well she remembered the little prickly green vine running along the rim and the row of full red dots underneath—and obediently did what she had been told to do.

"I ain't going to market to-day," said Joanna, "and there's nobody in the house but me. Bob's gone up, early as it is, to Last Acre to see about a cow, and I ain't expecting him back till dark. You needn't think anybody's going to come and worry you, because I won't let 'em. Now, you go to sleep."

Safe! The big-petaled yellow roses, tied in tight bunches, which decorated the wall paper; the strip of rag carpet stretched from the bureau to the door; the cheap bisque peasant girl, a prize for Sunday-school lessons, staring with perpetual wide-eyed prettiness from the chimney shelf—all added to the sense of security which sank into Nancy like a healing balm. They were all so old, so well worn, so associated with the years that were over and gone. She had sat out on the front step on quiet summer afternoons and fashioned the quilt whose zigzag of red and green squares was now covering her. For Joanna's house had once been Nancy's home, when she was a little curly-headed girl scarce able to toddle, and to be here was to be part of the old happenings, of the simple sorceries of an ancient country life. A wagon rumbling by filled her with sleepy delight; it was so familiar a sound. The break which the wheels made farther down the pike was due to the hollow on one side where the blackberry bushes grew, a rather stiff place on a dim or moist night. Safe! The whole of life had thinned itself out into one peace-engirdled room in an old, decaying house; everything else was gone by and lapped in oblivion.

Late in the afternoon, when she awaked from a long sleep, she dressed herself slowly—there was no need of haste now—and slipped downstairs and out into the garden. There was a wind abroad, but so small a thing that it went to and fro without a sound; yet at its touch a myriad plum blossoms came drifting down upon the black mold. The air was one great honeyed breath. The jonquils—a score at least, set each in its stiff, lancelike leaves—stood in clumps between the bloom-loosened trees. Nancy wondered why Joanna had not cut them

down and taken them off to market. Even while the thought was in her mind the back gate clicked and her big, dark cousin came along between the tall box with both hands full of something exquisite and purple.

"Been down long, Nance?"

"No, not long."

Joanna stood still and cast a mercantile eye over the sunny garden.

"I guess I'll pull them Easter flowers for market to-morrow. You know how to do it? You take three or four sprigs of box for the back, and then three or four flowers with their leaves, and tie them into a bunch. I guess you remember."

"Yes."

"Well, there's the cord on the window sill. And I'll make these violets up. I never saw as many as they're up in the woods by the run. The ground looks like purple cloth. I shouldn't wonder if I had a clear dozen bunches, and they'll just sell like hot cakes."

Joanna sat down on the back steps and began to arrange her violets into small handfuls, each of the same height and size, and Nancy went back and forth between the jonquils and hedge of box.

"You had anything to eat, Nancy?"

"No, I ain't hungry."

"You can go to the cupboard and get out anything you want. There's some pie there, and some cold veal, and I'll heat up the coffee for you. You must be starved. But I'm going to have something good and hot for supper, something you like, too—kidney stew with a slice of lemon in it. Bob's crazy over it."

"Well, I'll wait."

Joanna looked up at Nancy from behind her violets.

"You can do just what you want," she said, "eat and drink, or do without. I won't worry you."

"I know," said Nancy. Presently she came across the garden with her half dozen humble posies.

"They're all I could get, Joanna."

"My, ain't you quick! But you always were, Nance. My fingers is thumbs."

"I'll help you pack the wagon for market," said the younger woman.

"It's most all done and setting back of the stable, all except for the parsley. You can go and bunch some up if you want to, and I'll get out the dish pan and put these flowers in water. You wouldn't believe how soon they wither."

Somewhat to the side of the garden lay the parsley bed in a part of a level space devoted to succulent green things growing under nets and frames, and here again Nancy came under that spell of yesterdays under which she had walked as in a dream the whole afternoon. How many hundreds of the savory sprigs had she not pulled when a child! She could hear her Aunt Sabilla, Joanna's mother, and dead long since, calling from out some far, far space, "Go pull me some herbs for the wagon, that's a good girl." And as she pulled them out there on that mid-April afternoon, she appeared to herself to be once more that innocent maid of seven. Then dusk came and with it Bob Dalton home from Last Acre.

He was large and dark, like his sister Joanna—all the Daltons were dark—but of a quieter, deeper make. He stared at Nancy a little at first, but said nothing; nor did he speak to her at supper, of which the three partook in the fastidiously clean kitchen by the light of a coal-oil lamp, with the door wide open, and the smell of the box and the plum blossoms coming strangely in. It was a silent meal, for Joanna was never quite so hearty in her ways when her brother was about; as for Nancy, she ate, she drank, she answered the questions which were asked her, all the while conscious of a shrewd brown eye fastened upon her from time to time. When they had finished the meal Joanna motioned with her hand toward the room upstairs.

"Now, you go straight to bed, Nance, and I'll be up there as soon as I've tidied up a bit. No, you shan't help. You

know we start off in the morning at two o'clock, so if you wake up and find me gone, you'll know where. I don't guess you mind being left by yourself all day."

"No," said Nancy.

Joanna hesitated a moment. "If—if you do—why, there's the men at work out in the fields."

"I won't mind, Joanna."

But she knew, as she climbed up to Joanna's little chamber under the eaves, that she *would* mind; she knew that she would be afraid—afraid. For all at once, because of a secret, spiritual reaction, or because of that masculine scrutiny belowstairs, she felt that a change was coming. She would wake up out of that sleep, that dream in which she had been walking all day long, and find, outside of that numb, dumb thing which she was at present, another self, a dark, a different one. She lay down in bed but her eyes would not close; for she could hear again, as she had heard in the early morning, that unfathomable voice which went shrieking out its one word down the vasts of a black and broken world. Upon it came the sound of two people talking together in the kitchen below.

"When'd she come here?"

Joanna's voice rang out hot and high, "This morning. I wish you'd 'a seen her. She'd been running all the way, and she was as white as a ghost. I never see anybody as white except a dead woman."

"What'd he do to her?"

"I don't know. I never asked her." Unconsciously, Joanna's sentences took on the terseness of her brother's. "But I guess you're up to that man's tricks, Bob Dalton. He's been killing her up in that lonesome place for these five years."

"I didn't see him anywhere round to-day."

"Likely he was swilling whisky or sleeping it off, maybe. I know what I'd like to do to him. Huh!"

Nancy sat up in bed. A flood of remembrance rushed upon her, tore at her, engulfed her. Life was no longer only an old, decaying house, a box-bordered garden, and a dim round of yesterdays; it had stiffened and hardened down into one scanty room in a gray shack on the top of a hill, and into a handful of awful moments spent in that room on the edge of sunrise. And straight out of the dark there leaped that face upon her once more—white, defeated, terrified! She could never have believed that anything could be so plain. She lay down again. The night was choked with loud, hammering sounds which beat upon her as though ready to crush her into dust. But that name which the voice flung at her as it still kept calling and calling—No, no, no, she was not that—not that! She stuffed her fingers into her ears, but it called, called, called. Sometimes, floating upon the chaos of her thoughts, there came one in regard to Bob Dalton and his added reticence at the evening meal, and she wondered whether he had made a guess at her secret. Bob's instincts were as sure as a child's. She cowered down in her pillows with a half-uttered shriek. Joanna came up to bed and lay down beside her to the sleep of the innocent and the just, and Nancy kept her body as far away from hers as she could—her stained, sinful body—she said to herself, and was near shrieking again.

The clock struck two, and Joanna clattered down stairs. There was a clamor of gusty doors, Bob's voice ringing keenly across the dark, and then the rumble of wheels along the rutted lane at the side of the house. The cocks crew in the hush which came after.

Then a long day followed, bitten into by a wind from the east which drove the plum bloom before it until the air was thick and white and the dust out in the pike a swaying cloud between the house and the village roofs. Nancy flung herself upon the tasks which were to be done with the fury of a mad creature driven to the wall, and fighting a foe that would sooner or later strike the last and fatal blow. To clean in Joanna's domains was a work of supererogation, for cleanliness

to her was a kind of religion, but Nancy swept, dusted, scrubbed; she polished windows until their brightness reached the staring point; she rubbed the candlesticks in the gay little front room until their brazen faces gave her back a score of her own. And all the while she knew that it was a losing fight; she knew it because of the deadly terror that was laying a cold hand upon her heart and chilling her to the very bones.

Once, as she drew near a small mahogany-framed glass in the parlor, she caught a glimpse of a wild-eyed, quivering face, and scarcely knew it for her own. Could a woman who looked like that have done the thing which she had done? That other face, lurking in the April grayness about, was the answer. Another time an overmastering desire to be done with things, to run away to some new, far, ignorant place took possession of her and she flung the front door wide open and stood for a moment on the sill. The twisting, dust-choked road stretched before her. Now and then a roof or the pale green rod of a Lombardy poplar could be seen, and nearer at hand the plum trees, whipped by the gusts into a whirl of torn white.

It was Spring, caught in a wanton and staring mood. Nancy looked up the road and down the road, and her fear came upon her stronger than ever. She bolted and locked the door and fell with added vehemence upon her tasks of scrubbing and dusting. She was caught in a trap. Never would her foot stir from this place; for if it did, surely and swiftly would it return, back to the old terror, the old torture, and the endless and despairing hours. She would stay.

A wagon rattling down the pike and halting in front of the house drove her to the garden and a shelter behind the box. From thence she watched the bucolic driver descend clumsily into the dust and examine the loose shoe on one of his horses. All the time she stood tiptoe, ready for flight, waiting for any possible movement which he might make toward the house. She was afraid he might read her secret in her face. After he had gone she waited there for a moment or two in the east wind, clinging to the ancient hedge for support. If she had turned round she would have seen that other house set on the hill, but she kept her back steadily to it—afraid, afraid.

How the gusts lashed the green, slender country, that cowered under it as she under the lash of her dreadful thoughts! She longed to make plain to some one the thing which she had done, to the round world if need be. But those men down on the edge of the field, their shoulders stooped to some homely April task, would never understand; and even Joanna, the loud and kind, would stare at her with round, dense eyes—she knew her so well, and could see her do it—if she were told only the half of what she had to tell. And yet she had had to do it. She had had to do it. She grew riotous again and this, too, made her afraid. So she went dully back to the kitchen and her work of washing the set of willow ware in the cupboard.

The day wore on and Bob and Joanna came rumbling back along the lane, damp and red-cheeked and hungry. Joanna ate and drank and talked the market gossip. People wanted country stuff for nothing, they weren't willing to pay five cents for three bunches of onions; maybe they expected a dozen for that price. But these town folks knew as much about the weather, the frosts, and the drought, the bugs and the like, as she knew about camels. But she, for one, never intended to come down in her prices, no matter what her neighbors in the next stalls did; she'd rather dump the things out at the first turn in the road coming homeward. Bob said nothing, and presently after the meal, which was long and hearty, he disappeared.

"Bob's got lots to do," said Joanna, half in excuse, half because she welcomed any opportunity to say something.

"I know," said Nancy. But she no longer wondered where he had gone, for she was slowly coming to another mood: that of numb indifference. She did not

care what happened. Let what would come, nothing could matter. She sat and waited. Bob came back from his long errand and, without a word, pushed over to a seat by the stove.

"What you been doing?" asked his sister.

"Nothing particular."

"Raining yet?"

"Some."

"I don't believe it's so blowy," said Joanna. She put her head to one side and listened. "You think so, Nance?"

"No," said Nancy.

Joanna tried another topic of conversation.

"I guess you heard that Sallie Quincey's run off with George Alton?" she asked her brother.

"Yes."

"That's an awful wicked thing to do, and she'll suffer; she'll be the one to suffer. It's the woman who gets slapped the hardest, though I can't say I know anything about getting married." She stopped abruptly, conscious of a blunder, and her kind eyes sought Nancy's.

A hush fell upon the room.

"No," said Nancy. "You don't know anything about it." Her voice was still and distinct, and she spoke as to a great throng of listening people. Her hands clasped and unclasped each other. "You get married and you expect things to be kind of—of different, but not's much as to be strange, and you find out that nothing that you thought—and you had a right to think—has come true. You've got to work harder than ever in your life—and things a man ought to do—and you're—nobody. You'd be willing to kill yourself working if you got a kind word. But there ain't anything but drink, and cursing, and laying round, and drink, always drink. That's the only thing you can depend on. And then sometimes a blow, and a word worse'n a blow. You feel as if you'd do anything to rid yourself of things—*anything*." Her voice faded off into silence.

Just then the door blew open and a rush of mad April wind filled the room with the scent of young, torn, blossoming things. Joanna rose and drew the latch. "I guess it's the clearing gust," she said. She came back and took her seat again.

"I wouldn't blame a woman for doing *anything*," said Bob Dalton. There was the sound of a chair being pushed back. He rose up, very dark and very tall. "*Anything*. *I* wouldn't be hard on her." He waited a moment, then stalked out of the room.

A strange new feeling took possession of the woman sitting with clasped hands in the smoky lamplight. She began to care again, but with this difference: that now for the first time a sense of guilt came home to her. She had done wrong, wrong. And yet Bob would not blame her for what she had done. If she were to follow and tell him all from beginning to end, he would understand. And after all, she had not meant to do it. He would understand that, too. The tears forced themselves up under her tired eyelids and she put up a careful hand to wipe away the one or two that rolled down her cheek.

Joanna sat watching her. "You and Bob's most alike in some things. You're too deep for me." She pushed across to Nancy, speaking loudly, "Now, you go to bed quick."

It was a quiet night. First the wind died out and then the scanty, silver tinkle of the spouts. There was a broken sky, with here and there a great star shining in it. Nancy saw it all as she lay with closed eyes alongside her kind Joanna. She saw the box-hedged garden walk, strewn with torn leafage and pale plum bloom, running straight down to the back gate, and the footpath outside on the rim of the fields, and the peach tree still burning in the hollow of the slope. She followed the path to the foot of the hill, where it began to climb, a blurred and forgotten thing, between the pink of the wild azaleas, and under the cloudy young trees. Presently it came out upon an open space, and in full sight of a dull, small, pinched house.

And here again that white, defeated, terrified face!

Nancy opened her eyes. Well she knew that the journey which she had just taken in her imagination was to be indeed a very real one. She knew that she would slip down the steep, crooked stair in the half dark of the early morning and lift the latch—leave the shelter of the roof to which she might never again return. She had come to this resolution at one bound. Suddenly there had entered into her worn spirit a strange fixity of purpose, a sort of calm daring, born both of conscience and despair. She had done wrong, terrible wrong; it was futile to try to escape its just punishment. She would go to meet it. Nothing which they could do to her would be worse than what she had suffered during that one endless, rain-bitten April day. But, after all, she had not meant to do it. She clung to this thought as a drowning creature to a straw, the one thing within the clutch of her deserted, death-chilled soul.

"You crying again?" asked Joanna suddenly, putting out a drowsy hand.

"No, I ain't crying."

After a long while the hour came, and she slipped down the stairs (as she had seen herself do), unlatched the door, and let herself out into the dumb and solitary country. The first thing of which she was conscious was the scent of the box. The whole world seemed full of it—bitter, clean, immemorial. Her sleeve touched the hedge as she passed, and the touch brought down a shower of cold drops upon her head and uncloaked shoulders. The east stared at her. Almost solemnly she moved forward, conscious of herself, of everything. She saw the red of the peach tree in the damp hollow by the fence, the little pools flaring in the furrows; then, as she climbed the slope—a window, flaring like the pools, in a gable of her own house. The woodland came to an end. She began to cross the stretch of drenched grass between the files of trees and the doorstep.

"My God, *Nance!*"

At that cry she stopped.

It came again: "Nance!"

The white panic of her face was the only answer.

"You coming back again, eh?"

And then she forced herself to look at the pale threshold. There stood the dim figure of a man, with his arm in a white bandage.

She drew a long, broken breath. "You're—you're not—"

"You mean a ghost? Well, no, I ain't." He stared at her standing there, still white and stricken, in the moist grass. His voice had a different tone when he next spoke. "That knife you stuck in me didn't do much harm, Nance, only a kind of crooked gash, no account, hardly." He paused. "Bob Dalton's been coming here every day, looking after me."

Nancy drew another long breath and looked and looked at him.

"I guess you're coming back, Nance? Maybe things'll be—be different."

Nancy picked her steps across to the gray sill. She was so glad, so glad that she was not what that voice had kept calling and calling her. No, thank God, she was not a murderess.

THE HEXAGONAL CELL

A Beekeeper's Philosophy

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

NEITHER Hingham nor neighboring Boston could have been laid out by bees. I have heard said that Boston was dragged from the harbor by a yoke of oxen; though others say that the town only followed an incipient ox about the pasture till both the calf and the state of mind were lost. Many an American town between Boston and Santa Barbara shows this same ruminant beginning. Santa Barbara itself, though nothing like so ancient a city as Boston, was surveyed, an early settler tells me, after a classic example with a bull's-hide chain, a measure which was fresh every morning and new every evening (lengthwise) even in California's equable climate; so that now the streets of Santa Barbara are somewhat this way and somewhat that way, though plenty true enough by the compass for living purposes. Cities of the future will be built for business only. It is the village and the open country which we must devote to life and the making of homes.

Quite the reverse, however, would seem to obtain among the bees: they live in the city and do business in the country, like the valley folk of Utah. The Utah settlers took counsel of the bees, sending out repeated swarms which clustered here and there in the valleys, built village-hives and, dividing the outlying lands, planted cherry orchards and fields of beets and peas and alfalfa, and in the very fields set up the sugar mill and cannery, keeping the village-hive a home.

The bees are true village folk in work, but city folk in matter of numbers and government, some of my strongest colonies approaching the hundred-thousand mark. They are rural people concerned with agriculture, field workers, harvesters with ranging wings, nectar-saving sacks, and thighs for carrying pollen—bodies and beings one with the wild flowers. They are children of the air and of the blossoming fields and yet a people of the close-walled hive. They are intensely social insects for whom a single day or hour of enforced separation means almost certain death. There are solitary bees like *bombus* and *prosopis*. There are human bees as solitary, who can wrap the loneliness of ranch and homestead and plantation about them for a mantle to shut out the cold; but most of us would freeze. We are both solitary and social, needing the freedom of the fields, loving the warm close contacts of the hive; dreading nothing so much as darkness and silence and space, the remote unspoken spaces, unpeopled and strange. The Mormons have been our wisest settlers with their village-farms.

The hive bees are dreamers and idealists; but no people on earth are harder headed or harder hearted, more careful, more practical than they. Hingham has no such builders, no such village-planning board as they. The bees are not imaginative. They have as small a place for beauty in either their philosophy or their building plans as the people of Hingham, and make as little of an appropriation to that end as our annual town meeting. Time and nature have touched the streets of Hingham with sweet dignity and an assured serene repose. Hingham is old and gentle and most respectable. And I wonder if anywhere else in America there is a street

more soaringly arched, more softly, sweetly shaded than Main Street of a summer afternoon. There is many a lovely doorway in Hingham, many an old-fashioned garden of sheer delight; but nothing from the hand of man could be uglier than the public library, the post office, the railroad station, the stores, the town hall, and some of the schools.

Defter builders than the bees I know not, or wiser; and there is a serious beauty, intellectual rather than æsthetic, showing in all of their work. Nowhere in nature is there an absence of this beauty of adaptation, the poetry we call fitness, which measures every line from means to end, though seldom is it so purely an intellectual expression as among the bees. Euclid so expressed it, and carried it far beyond the applied science of the hive. But the bees are a small and a hard-pressed people, who have no world of abstract signs and symbols for their dwelling. They dream of an eternal city but they live by the meadow on the edge of short, uncertain seasons, watching the fickle harvests and listening to incessant clamoring needs in the hive, and they must build their mathematics quickly into comb. Plan and purpose in the bee city answer to each other so perfectly that it is hard to say which is cause and which effect.

Here is an empty hive, a white pine box, close to a foot high, a trifle more than a foot wide, and nearly two feet long, raised by an inch from the ground on a cleated bottom board, allowing an entrance across the front of the hive between it and the bottom. Let the walls be thus squared, of clean sweet pine, or columnar and fluted, the classic pillar of some ample village porch, or the hoary rind of some crooked forest tree, and the engineers will create a habitation in either place to challenge the admiration of the world.

The dovetailed hive on the stand before us, the standardized, patented hive of American apiaries, is tenantless. It is ready, however, and completely furnished with ten narrow wooden "frames" hanging on small shelves inside at the front and back—most exact frames, seventeen and five-eighth inches long by nine and one-eighth inches deep, each one holding a thin sheet of wax stamped on both sides with bossed impressions of worker cells for the bees to "draw out" into worker comb. Taking his hints and his measurements from the bees themselves, the maker of this hive, allowing half an inch for "bee space," has proportioned it within—length and breadth and depth and every piece of its furniture—so that all of the room shall be occupied by either bees or comb; quarter-inch passageways where only one bee needs to go, and half-inch ways between the hanging combs where two bees must work and move past each other on opposite walls.

All of this furniture and nice interior decoration is quite gratuitous. It is very good business, however, and wholly in keeping with the theory and practice of the bees themselves. They had worked these proportions out long before Langstroth, the most original of modern beekeepers, observed their plans and applied their measurements to the American hive. It was Father Langstroth who invented the hanging or "movable frame" which fills the hive—a frame with its comb of honey, or eggs and brood, which can be lifted out of the chamber, independent of the other frames and without disturbing the brood nest—a simple detail, but revolutionary, the result of experimentation of all the beekeepers of the world since long before Tut-ankh-amen tasted honey.

I have done to this hive all that I know how to do or that the bees can accept, giving them but little more than the outer walls and the site for their city. They must invest the walls with life and law, must establish their government, create a society, achieve a population of fifty thousand souls by the end of the short summer if they would be safe; they must erect houses, lay out streets, build vats and bins, install sanitary and

ventilation systems, appoint attendants for the queen, nurses for the children, prospectors to go afield, harvesters, water-carriers, masons, pitch-pickers, breeze-makers for tempering and purifying the draughtless air, evaporators for curing the unripe nectar coming from the blooms; they must train scouts and guards to keep the gates and protect the stores—these things and more they must do, for they will have to set up and officer all the machinery which is essential for a great people under a highly organized society dwelling in a walled city incredibly crowded with population and supplies.

Now in front of the hive, hard upon the ground, let me shake a clustered swarm of bees. Here is the place to begin our study. Few things in nature look less organized than this inchoate heap. It lacks all semblance of order. No law would seem to apply to the pile. The fingers of the wind on the drifting sand of the desert are not without design; but what touch of molding hand, or hint of purpose or form or plan or meaning can be detected in this agglomerate insect mass?

Tossed here by the rip-rap of passion, they are not as so much wreckage; nor are they a mob, or even a jostling crowd before the theater doors; but rather like a great company behind the scenes, none out of place, no single bee without her cue, or failing of her part as she hurries toward the stage. It is a breathless moment, one almost of revelation, as suddenly a single mind, a single will, a single purpose animates the insect multitude and covers them with glory like a cloud.

No solitary bee among them, no minute hair upon her velvet corselet but answers like the seven seas to sure design and, like their tides, is true to law; appointed to its place within the infinite scheme, if we would see the scheme complete—the comet's course outlined; how far shall slide the ocean's floor; what pollens may be kneaded by the bee; and just how many of the starry grains she may carry in the hollow of her thigh.

Twice my beekeeping cup is full, the stings of life forgotten when I take off a loaded super, every comb capped snowy white, the last cell sealed; and full to running over when I watch a shaken swarm melt down and creep with all their airy wings, sensibly like reasoning creatures, into the proffered hive!

Creep? They fairly run. But not as living creatures run. They flow more like a stream or more as moves a weaving fabric through the loom. The spilled heap in front of the hive is so much wool before the carder; and thinning out as through invisible reeds, with warp and woof in play, is drawn across the entrance into a pattern—a people, a civilization. The clustered swarm, driven by the passion of its mad escape back the whole length of its social life, returns, and, caught at the threshold by the machinery of the hive, is instantly rewoven into the colony, into a society, the best organized, the most daring in doctrine and practice of all we know.

What takes place when a swarm of bees moves into a new hive is perpetually interesting to me; and, old beekeeper as I am, and trouble enough as I have had with swarming, still I cannot resist the desire to lay my ear to the cover of the hive or to look for just a moment inside to know if the new colony is already at work on the foundations of the new city and has come to stay. Newer than Cleveland or Oklahoma City, the city is to follow lines laid out long before the streets of Babylon were plotted—a replica of the oldest city and yet so modern that the newest boom town in our oily West is ancient by comparison. Slowly, street by street, story by story, from the rude single cell of solitary bee, *prosopis*, this city of the social bees has been evolved across the ages, no doubt to outlast any pile of steel and stone which we are erecting on our rocky coast or lake shore or in the broad bosom of our maternal plains. Not that the bees are stronger or wiser

than men, but that, having firmly grasped the truth at the heart of the social world, they have the logic to build by it and the courage to live by it—in an everlasting city whose true maker and builder is God. The core of this social truth is sacrifice, and the physical expression of it in the building of the bees, the head of the corner of their whole structure, is the six-sided cell.

The first work in the new hive is a cell. Here the bees start from the bottom to build; and here from the bottom our study might start, as here, in wonder and defeat and faith, it shall end—earth and much of heaven compassed within these narrow hexagonal walls. Who shall measure the meaning, the length and breadth, the height and depth of this angled, six-walled, waxen cell? Sweeter than honey is the honeycomb.

From being a drowsy, inert, almost drugged mass sagging heavily from some bent or broken limb, the cluster, when shaken lightly before the hive, dissolves and runs hurriedly into the open gates as if it had been running all the way from the City of Destruction, so suddenly eager to get in! This instant activity, this complete consciousness out of the lethargy of the cluster is almost startling to the beholder, for plainly the creatures are not walking in their sleep. Every bee is awake. The stupefaction following the orgy of the swarm is gone, and the colony is seized with a new madness: to settle now, where an hour before it was to swarm; to build, to store a new city and secure it against want and ever-impending winter.

Should the new home suit the fancy of the bees—"fancy" is the only term—and usually it does, then, if their queen is with them they crowd inside, glad again to feel safe walls about them, and begin at once to work. A few scouts or hangers-on or curious followers from neighboring hives may be seen about the entrance; but the swarm to the last bee is inside, shaping itself into the new colony, receiving anew its orders and sanctions, and already disposing of itself so as to form a living furnace for the puddling and rolling of wax plates out of which to fabricate the comb.

Comb is the pressing need. They must have comb at once for brood and bread and honey, or life cannot go on. Whether for this end or in mischief, as some observers claim, or out of fear for the immediate consequences of their folly, each bee left the old hive with her sack full of honey. It is inside of her—stored, not eaten—and can for days be carried far as subsistence if the swarm wanders a long way without finding a home. If I catch them early with a hive which they like, then out of their distended sacks they pour into the furnace, and the working of the wax begins.

At no moment in its history is the colony so perfectly conscious of its solidarity, so acutely aware that its center and fate is the queen. Like a flash of lightning is the speed of the queen-alarm. Fear can round a herd of cattle on the plains as if a single swinging lariat had roped them; the eye cannot follow the instant alarm in a veering flock of shore larks; but quicker still, as if by galvanic shock, spreads the alarm of the lost queen.

The swarm may be myriads strong but, lacking her—her alone—it is weaker than water. The bees intend not to leave the home hive without her, but she may not be able to follow; and once in the air, so wild, so sweet the madness of the swirl, they forget her for a moment, fail to miss her, when, as if smitten by a bolt, the dance stops and back to the hive swoops the swarm in wild alarm. The queen, poor thing, may be hopping about pathetically with a clipped wing in front of the old hive. (Would a poet clip those royal wings?) The swarm will come to her and stay with her, returning with her into the hive. She is their sun, their author, their projector, the sole hope of their life. Lacking her, no hive could hold them, though I might rub it with hyssop and curtain its clean new walls with snowy honey-oozing comb overflowing from every well.

Many a time I have picked up the distressed queen and slipped her into a tiny cage while her swarm was still whirling, unconscious of her absence, in the humming air. I have watched the ecstatic flight—now shimmering like a gossamer film in the sunlight, now dark as a puff of smoke against the sky, the wild joy of the singing wings filling the garden like the passing of a fleet of airplanes infinitely far in the blue.

Then all was still. Nothing now but the workaday hum in the garden, that busy drone which knows no clock if only the sun will shine and the nectar flow. Then suddenly a rushing wind! The whir of distant wings! And yonder in the air a gathering cloud of storm as, sweeping back upon its course, winding ten thousand horns in shrill alarm, descends the frightened swarm.

Back to the old hive the daughters swirl in a golden smother and, pouring in, find the precious captive where I have pushed her, well within the entrance of the hive. They shout, they sing, they crowd rejoicing round about her, for they are one and whole again. Nor do they care that this is not their old home, but a new hive in its place, which I quickly put here while they were awing! No matter, new or old, they have their queen. All, all is theirs—to-day and for the never-ending to-morrow! Oh, boundless joy! Oh, sweet, sweet life, and sweeter work! Where is it, the-thing-to-be-done? And they pitch upon the new comb with such quenchless zeal that soon the empty hive is hung with sculptured alabaster walls of fragile cells beyond the mother-queen to cover, or all of the working field force, were the daughters of Danaüs helping, to overtake and fill.

The queen, I think, is not less happy for her missing wings. She coasted heaven on them once and could never go or even desire to go again. The close, cradled walls of the hive are her portion now, where there is no space to spread a wing. Yet mine is no brave deed. Trouble and shame assail me at sight of her creeping maimed across the combs. My heart always trembles a little, like my bare hands when, seizing her between my giant thumb and forefinger, I feel with the monstrous scissors after her fine-veined wings. She would escape, but she never stings, nor do her excited children sting, though sometimes they flock upon my bare hands.

Is it the part of a lover to treat her so? Or am I only a honey farmer, a merchant, like Chaucer's "Sowynge alway thencrees of his wynning?" Partly merchant, partly savage perhaps, as if I were Caliban pinching off the crabs' blue legs in petty spite. I clip the queen's wings to punish the truant hive for their wild prank of swarming, so costly to the crop. She suffers no pain and very little fright, and I shall give her more than I deprive her of in this new hive furnished to a queen's taste. So, with gear ready I await the departure of the foolish swarm and, catching her hopping lamely about the grass in front of her old home, I slip her quickly into a tiny cage, set aside the old hive, in its place put the new one, and leave her in the new doorway in her cage. Then I sit down while the bees hold revelry in the sky, and like Caliban hold my sides, thinking with joy of their swift fright and watching with sweetest satisfaction for their headlong plunge down to reality and their queen.

What insects mortals be! But you should hear the clamor, the happy hubbub when they meet, and you should feel the zest with which the throng disperses itself about the frames and walls and sets its house in order! As soon as the excitement subsides I open the little cage and watch the queen pass out and melt into the bosom of her swarm.

We could see better what goes forward now were this a house of glass instead of one with wooden walls; the gain, however, would be offset by loss resulting from the bee's distaste for staring eyes. She forages in the open, loving

high noon and garnering only the golden hours; but she draws a curtain of deep dusk about the privacies of the hive. This is partly out of fear. Let a seam open or a weathered crack appear and it is quickly chinked with propolis to block the passage of any sneaking foe and stay the wind; but quite as much to keep the light from prying, as if within the hive some sorrow brooded or there were some nameless reason why this portion of her virgin life must be a secret and all its nunlike service shrouded with a veil.

However thick and opaque the walls, we see the whole colony first concerned with comb. The queen is heavy with eggs and in her extremity may scatter and waste them, lacking brood cells, about the bare walls of the hive. Cradles can scarcely be provided fast enough for her. Before to-morrow's noon she can mother a living circuit of three thousand cells, leaving secure in each deep bottom a fertile egg. What with the three short days before the young shall begin to cry for food, and the imminent need of stores of honey and bee bread—now a very wolf at the door—there is but one passion, one purpose in the heart of the swarm. Hardly have the last stragglers crept across the portal of the new abode when the clamor begins to die away, a stillness falls upon the multitude and the sweating of the wax begins.

Tread softly as we pass within the mystic circle. Over this weird ceremony hangs a quiet almost as deep as death. No wings seem to stir; no cooling airs move the curtain; the bees have almost ceased from breathing that the fire may burn.

If now we slowly lift the cover of the hive we shall drag into the light an inverted cone of bees, its base the undersurface of the cover, its apex a changing point where, as pulled candy, it was drawn out of the ropy mass filling all the chamber like yeasty dough. If brood frames occupy the space, then in between them, quilted fold on fold or, more like plates within a storage battery, hang the bees, generating and charging the whole body with their chemic heat.

Put back the cover. Only in the buried fires of the closed and superheated hive can this mysterious stuff be forged. The liquid honey in the live abdominal sacks, as if in boiling caldrons, is being reduced twenty times in weight and transformed into a different product, a wax, a fat which, made in certain ducts, passes out to the body walls, comes through upon the flattened plates beneath the abdomen and hardens —the lumber, fragrant as rived sandalwood, for the building of the city.

We say the process is by osmosis—as if it were thus explained. We can count the eight wax plates: two on the second, the third, the fourth, and the fifth abdominal rings; we can see the glands leading from them which secrete the wax and pour it out upon the anvil plates. We men of science are most wise. There is nothing in this more wonderful than in the process of digestion and assimilation constantly building up our bodies, except that the honey in the sack of the bee, nay, her very body seems hers by absolute prerogative. She can consume this honey if she like; she can regurgitate it and store it in some uncapped cell; she can make it into royal jelly, mingling it with chyle, and mouth to mouth can feed it to some nursling bee or give it to the queen; or, uniting with her sisters in a strange embrace, as if the multitude must join their wills and have one single mighty mind, she can flow the metal from the furnace of her body and cold roll it into a marvelous fabric fitter for comb than plates of steel.

These wax scales are often seen on bees just after the swarm has clustered; and as if in further proof that they may form without the worker's conscious will, we sometimes see them protruding half way from the wax plates on bees at labor in the field. If there is a heavy honey flow, the nectar more than the force can handle, it seems to stimulate

the wax organs, or very possibly stimulates the easily excited greed of the gleaner who, with her sack nigh to bursting and the cup before her still at the brim, fans the wax fires just to consume it, just to allow her to gather, gather, though she drop the costly scales in her flight to the hive, scattering what she had gathered, wasting what she was more eager to hoard than to save.

The swarm in the new hive I have given them is not long stirless; their fever is breaking quickly into waxen sweat. All through the quilted layers between the frames, single bees are detaching themselves from the ropy tangle and are crawling toward the top bars, their jaws working like potter's wheels as they grind the wafers which, mixed with an acid secretion in the saliva, are being thoroughly masticated and made soft for shaping to the cell.

On the posterior leg of the worker bee, in the concave surface of the tibia and first tarsus, is the pollen basket or *corbicula;* and where tibia and tarsus hinge the joint is curiously fashioned into a pair of pincers, like blacksmith's tongs, for the express purpose of picking up the delicate wax scales from their anvils and transferring them to the anterior claws, whence they are carried to the mouth to be kneaded by the wax jaws with saliva and worked up with old wax from the walls into the plastic mortar for the comb.

Here is a circuit as lovely as the raindrop's and as magnificent as the sun's. The beauty of all creation is over it. Not only are the hairs of our heads numbered: so also are the hairs on this articulated leg of the honey bee; and each is also fashioned and with the same delicate might which gave the rose her color, the stars their courses, the strings of David's harp their soothing sound. Only the sum of all the parts is equal to the whole; but what we are prone to overlook is the perfection of the whole prefigured in every fragmentary part.

I have already supplied the swarm with sheets of pure, thin beeswax for midribs to their combs, sheets from man's nicest machines, cunningly embossed with lines and corners for the pyramidal base and six surrounding walls. This is my contribution, besides the hive, as consulting engineer to a swifter, larger, more populous city laid out by rule four-square on practical American lines. Nor shall I lament, as British beekeepers do, these hard Yankee lines. They are not so lovely as a wild tree in the timber. But who can afford a forest of bee trees for an apiary? This practical American hive is not so poetic as the old straw skep. But this is the next thing for us to learn—how to lend our hive that older, sweeter curve of beauty. I am not a great beekeeper; yet my market is one for honey, not poetry. If mine were a market for Georgics only, then I could give this swarm a quaint domed hut of braided straw or leave them free to find some hamadryad's hollow, abandoned since the Puritan with texts and halters scared all of those sweet dear witches from these Hingham groves.

While not needing either my hive or any of my help, the bees take gladly all I offer, and because of it build better than they know. Approaching the highest ridge of the stamped sheet of wax, and, near to the middle, the little masons begin to draw out their geometric walls. They gnaw down the ridges on the foundation which I have given them and, mixing that wax with their own, thin out the embossed lines and on them build off the delicate wells to their proper depth. As fast as one mason lays on her trowel of wax, measures and angles and plumbs it, another worker is on the scaffold adding her minute load to the moistened edge, troweling the spicy mortar into a structure which for mechanical accuracy and architectural wisdom is still the unchallenged admiration of the world.

There is no form of container, no method of using storage space so economical as the honeycomb. But the cells must serve for cradles as well as

for containers and be adapted to the peculiar shape of the young bee. The problem confronting the builders of the city is one of finding a type of structure yielding the maximum of nursery and storage room, requiring the least material, and having the greatest strength; of what lumber to build it and what the principle of its support: whether on a foundation upward, or to build from overhead down.

If this problem were put to our greatest engineer and he were as free as the bees to choose, his answer would be a hanging honeycomb. Human skill and ingenuity, transcending that of the bees in so many matters, stands theoretically matched and actually beaten in the architecture of the hive. It is no more fearfully made than any flower of the wayside, except that we can more easily dispose of our wonder in the flower by attributing it, root and all, to Nature or to God; whereas in the comb of the bee we have no choice except to blink the truth, mumbling about blind instinct or, in open-eyed amazement, see and accept the manifest working of a reason as clear and as true as our own.

Running water is an artisan. It cut the Grand Canyon of the Colorado but it never carved a thing so cunning as the honeycomb. Soap bubbles pressing on one another, and boiled peas in a bottle, will take on the semblance of hexagonal walls. And so for fear of God both Science and Theology would work out a theory of the honeycomb and build it cell by cell, round like a pea, or a bubble, or a barrel and, piling barrel on barrel, heap them until by pressure of their own weight the hoops bend, the bulging staves give way and all flatten into perfect hexagons with perfect pyramidal bases as true to geometric laws as crystals! So we are plunged from mystery into misery, from order into confusion; from faith into despair.

Soaked peas in a bottle might assume hexagonal sides, but not pyramidal bases —each of three diamond planes or rhombs, and so placed with reference to the bases of the opposite cells that each plane of the base forms a third part of the bases of two cells, each whole pyramid contributing to three pyramids interlocking with it on the opposite side of the comb. These hexagonal walls and these pyramidal interlocking bases of the midrib; this double-tiered, suspended, vertical comb—each several cell as perfect as a multiplied crystal, was not built a cell at a time by a single bee, but many cells together on both sides of the comb, by many bees together; and not as ends in themselves, like crystals, but as beds for sleeping bees and wells for liquid nectar; and all worked out with reference to economy in a measured space. And human science, surveying all of this, can find no flaw with architect or builder. Science, by taking thought, can neither strengthen nor beautify nor increase by one tittle the capacity of the honeycomb; but Science and Religion can, or ought to add, to our capacity for wonder at the honeycomb.

But a piece of comb is not beyond error, which only adds to its perfection. That the bees can fail and do fail is only another proof that they are kin to us rather than to the crystals. This is a slowly perfecting world. The bee builds nothing blindly. The first cells against the roof are not perfect hexagons but only as close to norm as possible. And when she shifts from worker cell one-fifth of an inch across, to drone cell one-quarter of an inch across and one-eighth of an inch deeper, she readjusts the cells between from their bases up to make the transition with a minimum of distortions in the comb. And when a queen cell is needed, what then?

What happens then to blind instinct and the theory of the crystal? Forgetting her architectural science, throwing her elaborate social theory to the winds, turning economy out of doors and disregarding care, she tears down the measured walls, destroys the lovely fabric of the worker cell and, digging back to the midrib, hollows out a rough

space and in it builds a massive, lavish chamber for the queen. No architect has planned this. It is the rude, roomy house of the primitive honeybee before she was a society, or had a city, or ever felt the pressure of narrow spaces, crowded streets, teeming populations and their needs. A simple elemental art marks the strange house; but nothing of the conscious artisan, adapting, economizing, cramping. Spun of mixed porous silk and wax, it has neither interlocking pyramidal base nor hexagonal walls abutting endless other walls, but stands above, thrust into ample space, a rude log cabin in the open square, guest house to Life, to whom will be given the keys of the city.

And when she wants a passage through the combs she cuts it, and where there is waste space she fills it with thick "brace combs" in which there may be honey cells or only shadowy pits. She works by plan, not by rote; with thought, not impulse, geared to some central sun. Free to interpret and adapt, the bee brings a mind to the handling of her cell, as slowly through the ages she has intelligently evolved this cell to fit into a slowly evolving society. So, too, with mind and something more than mind she has brought her body and her being into bondage to its terrible and beautiful walls.

When was the pyramidal base of the first cell laid out? How long worked the builders on the plan before it was perfected? But first tell us this: Shall we men also build the hexagonal cell for the worker? And, if so, then what shall we build for the queen?

So all-determining is the cell in the hive that the life of the bee, both physical and social, seems to spring from its precise rhombed base and to be inclosed within its cramped, six-sided walls. The economic theory, the political constitution, the biology of the bees is written in its exact science. It is their eternal Yea and Nay, their Decalogue done for them on waxen tables hard as stone.

This is their law but not their prophets; their Ten Commandments, not their Bible; the form of life rather than its substance. When they want life abundantly — untrammeled, elemental life, without political horizon or social consequence—they break away from angled wall and focused point of hexagon and pyramid to the free, unfettered sweep of line which cradles and girdles the sun.

Forgetting all that she has learned, casting aside as naught the slowly built-up structure of her social life, its customs and conventions, its sacrifices and rewards—the reasoning creature, yielding all that she has won, returning to exactly what she was, embraces life and builds him no mean abode of six imprisoning walls but rears a palace for him, an indeterminate natal chamber, neither square nor round so only it have room.

Yet room has been the age-long problem of her city plan—how to use, save, make, eliminate room. Within this industrial city all the double houses, back to back, stand with streets just wide enough for two bees to pass. There are no parks, no halls, no schools, no skies, no graves, not even full beds for the children; but cramped and measured forms, instead, to fit them into the economic scheme.

Founding her social system (as we have founded ours) on divided labor, she works out its absolute logic and applies it absolutely to Labor, but surrenders logic in her argument with Life. She massacres the idle drones, dwarfs and deforms her sterile workers—until the combs begin to grow empty and the wax worm enters because the workers are few. Then there is excitement in the narrow streets. Houses are razed, gates swung wide open, feasts and revelry prepared, and at the feet of life in lavish and wild alarm is flung the wealth which she denies to Labor—unless its portion is the ideal city, its prosperity, its security, its beauty, its immortality, and all its wealth of fellowship which only sacrifice can enter into and only service can understand.

JULIE CANE

A NOVEL—PART VII

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

XXXIV

ALAN had risen—aroused and made restless again by the tea, probably—and he was walking up and down the veranda nervously as Julie came out of the house after listening to Mrs. Birdsall's tirade of resentment at her son. Julie had stood a long time at the foot of the stairs, trying to prepare herself to pass him with some appearance of self-possession; but with one look at her he knew that his mother had failed.

"Julia!" he said, alarmed.

Her mask of face was cold with a tragic contempt for her own agitation—and his mother's—and his. She wanted only to escape into the decency of silence. She put her hands up as if to pin her hat, and she passed him in that strange attitude, hurrying to the steps.

"Julia!" He caught at her elbow and she shook him off, throwing out her arm in a gesture that was almost a blow at him.

He did not attempt to touch her again, but running along beside her down the path, bareheaded, he pleaded, "Don't go. I apologize. Don't go. Let me explain. Forgive me. I didn't mean it. It was just bad temper. It was—Julia! I'm a cad and a fool, I know. I do things like that and then I hate myself for months. I didn't mean it. I didn't mean anything by it. Don't take it seriously. Julia! Forgive me."

"Go away!" she panted.

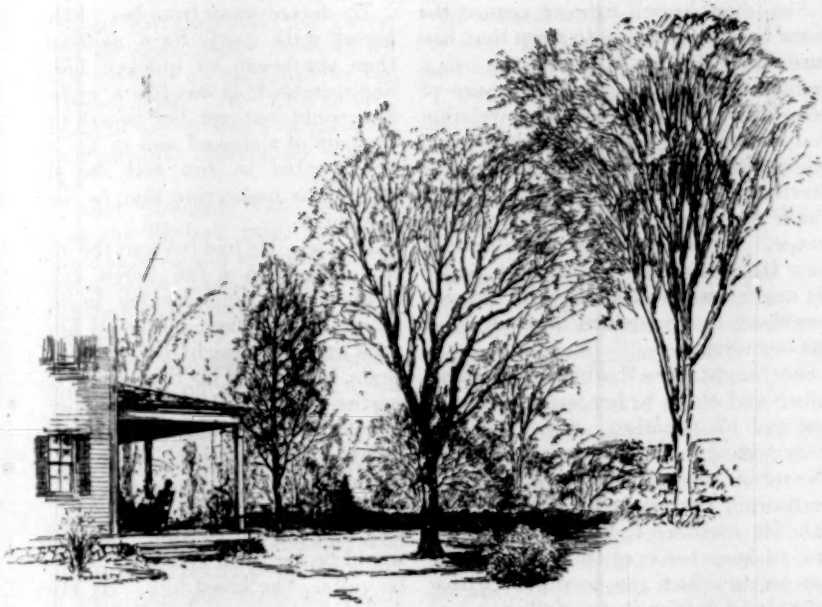
"I can't," he said. "I can't let you go like this. I didn't mean to hurt you. It was just . . . it was just foolishness. Don't turn against me, Julia! If you . . . if you hate me, it'll be—it'll be terrible. You're all . . . you're everything to me. Mother doesn't understand. She . . . I'm all wrong with her. I can't explain. It's awful. There's no one but you. Julia!"

They were approaching the gateway and the street. "Go away. Leave me alone," she said, in a low, shaken voice, slowing her pace in an attempt to meet the public eye conventionally.

"I can't," he answered. "I can't let you go like this. I'll suffer too much. I did before—when I left you. I was miserable. Everywhere—all the time—I've been unhappy. Every girl I've seen, I thought she might be like you, and she wasn't." They had turned into the street and he thrust his hands into his pockets and looked down at his feet, but he went on without a pause, "I tried to like them, and I couldn't. I behaved with them the way I behave with my mother, and it's been terrible. Don't go away. Don't leave me. Help me, Julia. I'm all wrong, I know. I'm no good. But I need you. Don't turn against me."

They were both trying to pretend that they were walking formally, side by side, like any proper young pair on a public street—he studying the sidewalk with his head down, she looking straight ahead of her with her chin up. She was controlling her emotion. He was endeavoring to hide his.

"I didn't care about the grocery," he pleaded. "I'd go and work in it *with* you if you wanted me to. I may have to do something like that yet if things get any worse with us. All I meant was, Biddy



AN INQUISITIVE WOMAN IN A VERANDA ROCKER WAS WATCHING THEM

mightn't understand. He has so much money and—*you* know the way people are. I'm so proud of you I hated to think that perhaps *he*—" He clenched his fists in his pockets. It was with anger against her because she was forcing him, in silence, to this long humiliation of himself, but it translated itself into rage against Van Schoeck. "I'd break his neck if he felt that way about you. People of his sort, they think because they've never had to do an honest day's work themselves . . . I was afraid he might think he could get fresh with you. I—I couldn't stand that. Julia!"

He gazed at her, pleadingly, exasperated, his nails digging into the palms of his hands. She kept her eyes fixed on the empty vista of the road; only her nostril trembled in what might have been a sneer at his misunderstanding of Van Schoeck.

He touched her hand timidly. "Julia!"

She stopped. "You can't come with me like that, without a hat," she said.

"I can't let you go—angry."

"I'm not angry."

She looked at him angrily and in the instant her anger passed. He was bareheaded, as he had been at the playroom window that night when he had first climbed the tree, romantically, to apologize and make up with her. He was boyish and handsome, with his large eyes and his fine and sensitive features. He was penitent and appealing. "Forgive me," he said. "I'm so unhappy." And he saw at once in the softening of her eyes that he was forgiven.

She turned and hurried on again, unsteadily as if she were trying to run away from the weakness that could not resist him. He was beside her instantly. "I'll never do it again," he promised. "I'll—I'll behave myself. I can't with these other people, but I can with you. Only don't be impatient with me. Help me. I'm an awful mess and I can't stop it. I try and try but I can't. I'll be different with you. I'm—I'm so fond of you."

She found herself fighting against the same horrible impulse to weep that had once overcome her with Martha—in a premonition of the enduring misery of being involved with him in a relation that could never be anything but tragic—hopelessly condemned to an endless alternation of conflict and surrender which she could neither control nor escape. It nauseated her. It infuriated her. It frightened her. And yet, under the anger and the fear and the disgust, something in her yielded languidly and was beguiled.

She fought herself while he clutched at her and clung to her with his pleadings and his promises. She seemed to be struggling to get ashore out of depths of emotion into which he was dragging her down. She tried—as she had tried with his mother—to close her ears to him, to keep her eyes from him on the distance in which she hoped to be free of him and safe with her father. And he went on eagerly, "I'll work. I'll be serious. It's all I've needed—you to work for. I've been no good because I hadn't anyone. I'll be happy, and I'll make you happy. I'll do anything for you. I need you—I want you—so much. I—"

With her eyes shut, she asked in the voice of a last effort, stopping abruptly: "Will you do one thing for me? Will you go back and get your hat?"

Her self-control was exhausted. He knew it. And he believed that if he could take her in his arms now he could make with her the terms of a capitulation which she would never be able to break. He looked round him furtively. A horse and wagon approached them along the road; an inquisitive woman in a veranda rocker was watching them. He said, "Will you wait for me?"

That spurred her on again. If she had to wait for him it was useless to send him back. "I can't—stand here."

"No, but you can walk slowly and let me catch up to you."

She gathered all her voice to lie convincingly. "All right."

He darted away from her. She made herself walk slowly for a moment, and then she began to quicken her pace. She stumbled; it was like a nightmare. She could not get her breath through the pain of a choked sob in her breast. She wanted to run and she glanced around to make sure that he was out of sight.

He was. He had covered the distance to his gate in a few fierce, exultant, swift strides; and turning in he had looked back at her, biting his lips; and then out of her sight between the gate posts, he snapped his fingers and dashed up the path. Gosh! He loved her. He loved her and he had to have her. And he had almost lost her—damn her! She had made him crawl and beg and abase himself. Well, that was love. That was what it did to you. Some day it would be *her* turn, and then they would be quits. She loved him. He knew it. And love was a game that two could play at.

In an impossible mixture of emotions he ran from her—humilated, revengeful, triumphant, adoring, enraged, and happy. And she ran from him in as wild a conflict of contending impulses, although in her the emotions that moved her were much less clear and conscious. It would overstate her feeling to say that she was afraid of him even while she pitied him; that she almost despised him and yet feared that she could not resist him; that she wanted to yield to him, and knew that it would be madness to yield. Those feelings were somewhere in her mind but they were a confused, unintelligible turmoil at the bottom of a panic which she felt only as a fear of sobbing in the street—a fear which was also the fear that if he came back again with his supplications she might break down; a fear of herself and her weakness as much as a fear of him.

There was one thing that neither she nor Alan had noticed. As Alan leaving her turned in at his gate, Van Schoeck came out of the Carey entrance and saw them. He saw Julie making off as fast

as she could go, and over the Carey hedge, as he came slowly forward, he saw Alan running up the path to his home, bareheaded. At Julie's first glance behind her it was evident that she feared pursuit. Pursuit by whom? By Alan?

With that thought Van Schoeck paused at the Birdsall gate, watching her. She staggered and stopped, looked over her shoulder and fled again. A wounded bird with a broken wing could not have seemed more pitiable to him. He started after her impulsively—stood and stared—went on again—and again hesitated. What had happened? Her agitation, how could he intrude on it? And yet if she were escaping from Alan, having sent him back on some pretext?

For her part, when she first saw Van Schoeck she saw him as a stranger who was coming indifferently down the street behind her, and she tried to steady herself to an ordinary quick walk so as not to attract his attention; but her quickest walk seemed impossibly slow—Alan would overtake her before she could get anywhere. She ran from one elm to the next. If she could only hide somewhere! In a house? She even thought of that absurdity—of knocking at a door and saying she was faint and asking for a glass of water. And seeing a cottage conveniently near the road behind a white picket fence, she looked round to be sure that Alan was not yet in sight—and recognized Van Schoeck.

The change in her was as sudden as if she had wakened from a bad dream, frightened, and recognized a friendly face bending over her anxiously. She knew that he might ask "What is the matter?" And she wanted to be able to say convincingly, "Nothing." She filled her lungs with deep, relieved, steadying breaths while walking slowly, trying to calm herself; but when he came beside her she was still too unsure of herself to speak and she could not raise her eyes to him.

"Do you mind," he asked, "if I—"

She shook her head.

He walked with her, looking aside at the road in an attempt to ignore what she evidently wished to hide from him. "I was on my way to town," he invented, "to buy some cigars. I should have brought some out with me. I forgot them." He added: "I'll go along ahead if you—"

"No." Her voice broke. "Don't leave me."

After that no polite pretenses were possible to him and he made none. He went with her in silence, and silence was what she needed—particularly his sort of silence which had a quality of unembarrassed repose. He slipped his hands lightly into his coat pockets, adapted his stride to hers, and sauntered along with her, his face somewhat grim. He knew Alan well enough to understand why she might ask protection. He could not help but see that she was pale, with an anxious forehead and worried lips. He listened for footsteps behind them.

And Alan, dashing out of his gate in a state of jubilant impatience, saw them afar and stopped dead. "Well, by ——!" he muttered. "Who asked *him* to? . . ." A thwarted rage rose in him on a hot wave that flushed his face and he started forward angrily. But no! It passed at once into a cold fury, and then in another moment he was smiling, white.

Van Schoeck was broad-shouldered and big-limbed; he was an oarsman; he walked stoutly; his back had an air of calmly and competently protecting Julie—the air of a great Dane. But stupid! That was what made Alan smile. You could not come up between her and an animal like that and thrust it aside into the gutter. But you could arrive, pleasantly, on the other side of her and use your wits to persuade her into saying, "Go home, now. That's a good dog."

Stupid! If he had had any sense he wouldn't be there. He'd know he wasn't wanted.

As Alan drew nearer he thought that there was something odd about the way

in which Julie kept close to Van Schoeck. She did not look at him and he did not look at her, but their elbows all but touched. They did not seem to be talking. Or if they were it must be in a sort of secrecy, pretending that they were not. Alan hung back, watching them. And suddenly he understood. Biddy, the poor dumbhead, had nothing to say to her and she was busy with her thoughts —so busy that she did not even notice him at her elbow. And those thoughts, Alan knew, were of himself.

He grinned and quickened his pace.

"Well," he called, "where did you come from, Biddy?"

Van Schoeck turned and nodded up the road toward the Careys'. Julie stopped and brushed at something on her skirt until Alan joined them; then she straightened up between the two and went forward with them.

"Gosh," Alan laughed, "when I saw you walking along together, do you know what it reminded me of? Do you remember the day I followed you and 'Fatty' Mondell and threatened to throw him in the river?"

She tried to smile.

"I was crazy about her," he explained across her to Van Schoeck; "but I didn't know it. I thought I was sore at her and I wouldn't speak to her, and I wouldn't let anyone else. Fatty walked home with her one day from school—or tried to—down this very road, begosh—and I followed him and caught up to him on that bridge ahead there and threatened to throw him in the river if he ever spoke to her again." He chuckled. "I was lucky it wasn't you, Bid. Phil must be as hefty as you are by now, but he was soft and he fought like a cow. He couldn't even run away."

The application of the story was obvious enough, but if Van Schoeck saw it he made no sign. He regarded the distant bridge, cleared his throat, and said nothing. Julie's eyes recalled the incident with a sudden wide stare at it; and Alan, seeing that illuminated aspect of her thought, went on ingratiatingly: "You were a good sport to stand for me the way you did. I was awful, wasn't I? I made all sorts of trouble for her"—this to Van Schoeck—"and she never told on me. I don't understand why I didn't know *then* that I was mad about you." It was the amused tone of an accepted lover. "I suppose *you* knew, didn't you?"

He waited for her to reply, bending to smile at her. She was forced to answer, "I don't remember."

With the same air of privileged intimacy, he went on to tell Van Schoeck how he had climbed to her window at night to speak to her when she was in bed with Alice Carey, and how Carey came in on them and raised a row and threw him out. "I made him think it was Alice I was Romeoing." He laughed. "I believe I almost thought so myself. I was a mess. I guess I am still. But I'm not as bad as I was, am I?" And when she did not answer, he said in a lower voice, "Anyway, I know what's the matter with me, *now*, don't I?"

He said it as if he intended it for her ear alone, but he knew that it was quite audible to Van Schoeck; and Van Schoeck naturally withdrew a little from her. At once, unseen by Alan, she caught at Van Schoeck's hand beside her. And at once all Alan's elaborate campaign of insinuation and finesse was secretly defeated.

Her movement was no more than a frightened and impulsive clutching at Biddy. And his response to it was no more than a candid pressure of the fingers, from which hers slowly withdrew as if reassured. But for the establishment of an understanding between them it was more effective than if she had whispered, "Don't leave me. It isn't as he pretends"—and he had replied, "Thanks. I understand. I'm here to stay." No words could have been as sincere as her silent reaching for him nor as poignant as the cold trembling of her touch. Certainly, no words

could have moved him so much or put between them, deeper than words, such a confident reliance on accepted trust.

Alan continued to assume that he shared with her some delicious sentimental secret in which Van Schoeck had no proper part; and she endured it without response, and Van Schoeck ignored it politely. They were baffling. At the bridge the sidewalk for pedestrians was only wide enough to let two go abreast, and Alan drew her with him and forced Van Schoeck to fall behind; but Biddy seemed unembarrassed. In fact he watched her with as serenely interested an eye as if she were his wife, to whom some absurd foreigner was paying extravagant attentions; and when Alan muttered to her, "Can't we get rid of the Old Gooseberry?" she pretended not to understand.

"Can I see you to-night?" he asked, in the tone of an assignation.

She thought it over calmly. "No. I'll be busy."

"Then when may I see you to-morrow?"

She wasted time—their precious time alone—deliberating over her reply to that too. "I don't know," she said at last.

"But, darling," he protested, "I *must* see you!"

She neither admitted nor denied it.

SHE WAS STILL TOO UNSURE OF HERSELF TO SPEAK

"In the morning?"

They were coming to the end of the little bridge. She shook her head. "I don't think I ought to see you," she said, and she turned to let Van Schoeck join them.

"But heavens and earth," Alan cried, "what are you talking about? Of course, I must see you to-morrow. What's the matter with you?"

And the ridiculous Biddy—as if he had any place in the discussion—said, "It's my last day. I have to go back to New York."

To Alan's surprise she looked at Van Schoeck as if this statement were important. "Well," she said, gently, "I suppose I'll be calling on Miss Perrin sometime in the afternoon. I see so little of her during the school week that I like to be with her more on Saturdays and Sundays."

"Of course."

"Well then," Alan broke in on them with a loud, possessive voice, "we'll waylay you, coming and going, and if little Old Maid Martha sees anything of you she'll have to crawl out of bed to do it."

She did not reply. She was thinking vaguely that Van Schoeck had no mother. And this was not as irrelevant a thought as it might have seemed to her if she had been clearly conscious of it. He was trying to come between her and Alan, as Phil Mondell had tried; and Phil's mother had forbidden him to go with her. Van Schoeck had no one to interfere. If Alan waylaid her to-morrow, Van Schoeck would be there. True, he had said that to-morrow would be his last day, but she understood what he meant; it would be his last day for this particular visit. It never occurred to her to ask him when he would be back. She was not thinking of him as explicitly as that. And, of course, it never occurred to her that he had taken the place in her emotions which Phil Mondell had once briefly filled.

Alan was complaining that between teaching school, helping her father, and visiting the sick she had no time to herself at all. "And no time to *me*," he said, "either. I think your father ought to have more sense. He must be a darned poor business man or he wouldn't need you to help him."

If she joined them to-morrow, how could she meet Mrs. Birdsall? She was facing that problem absent-mindedly when Alan's criticism of her father came into the picture. She looked at it and she was scornfully amazed. The contrast between her parent and his! Could anyone imagine her father talking of her as *his* mother had spoken of *him*? The disloyalty of it! Her father!

"My father," she said coldly—and went no farther.

He saw that he had offended her and it irritated him. "Oh rats," he argued. "You're fond of him, of course, but a person has to have some sense about parents. You have to live your own life. You can't be under their wings forever."

They were making their way through the congested activities of a Saturday afternoon on the two business blocks of Center Street, where rows of farmers' wagons stood at the curbs and shoppers bumped one another sluggishly as they flowed and stagnated round the doors and window displays of the shops. They yielded to Van Schoeck's formidable bulk and he carried Julie with him; but Alan, infuriatingly disregarded, had to drop behind to avoid the collisions that he hated, and this annoyed him. Her manner of refusing to reply to his criticism of her father annoyed him. Van Schoeck's assumption of the duties of an escort to her annoyed him. His inability to continue any connected conversation with her through the milling of this herd of human cattle annoyed him. And all his exasperations came to a focus of dynamic contempt when he saw on the street the absurd delivery wagon of "John Cane, Groceries and Provisions"—drawn by a shameless old white horse, dirty with stall stains, limping like a tramp—driven by the ancient and outcast negro in his sweat-soiled felt hat—and the wagon

itself a perambulating ruin of dished wheels and foundered canvas top, sun-cracked, mud-caked. Her father! Her family! Her work behind the counter! They passed before his enraged eyes embodied in that disgraceful vehicular association of shiftlessness and business ineptitude and penny-picking retail trade which had no more dignity than junk peddling.

He could not bear to go with Biddy to the door of a shop that became in his apprehension as ridiculous as the horse and wagon. "Good-by," he said in a brutal voice. "I've got to get some cigarettes."

They turned, surprised. They saw only his back as he bumped against a fat woman and caromed into the open door of the druggist's on the corner.

They crossed the street in silence. When they reached the opposite curb she said, "You'd better go back with him. I'm all right, now, Thanks." She held out her hand. He took it slowly. The look that passed between them was as grateful as a promise given and accepted. She added to it, "I—I'll look for you to-morrow."

He did not need to say, "I'll be there."

He watched her to the door of her father's shop. He looked around at the neighboring buildings and the railroad station across the way and the front of the Union Hotel that faced him—obviously to fix the location of the grocery in his mind—and then he turned thoughtfully to rejoin Alan.

XXXV

In the years before Cane came to Findellen—when Julie's mastodons and dinosaurs were its most prominent citizens—the hills behind Findellen had been the shore of the Atlantic Ocean and the edges of the warm Gulf Stream flowed over the Findellen flats. Now the nearest beach was fifty miles away, and Atlantic City made its living out of the influence of the southern water and the tempered air; but there were times, in spring especially, when a steaming mist rolled in over Findellen, warm from the sea, and the sun shone red through the humidity of a hothouse; and if you stood on the ridge of the old shoreline above the flats you could imagine that the prehistoric monsters were still wallowing in the blue ocean of haze which had submerged Findellen and all its works. This washhouse heat would hold sometimes for days when the breeze was right; and then suddenly the air currents would shift, a winter wind would blow from the snows on the northern hillsides, and Findellen would shiver in a freezing rain that struck a chill to the spinal marrow. It was the boast of the town that its mercury could fall fifty degrees in twelve hours—from eighty degrees at midday to frost at night.

The hardened old inhabitants were wary of these fluctuations, and they were as little misled by a premature April as the oaks on Mountain Avenue. But Cane had come to Findellen in the delusion that he was moving due south from New York, and he was as optimistic about Findellen's unseasonable flaws of hot weather as the peach trees that had originally emigrated from the Orient and still kept in their buds the early pubescence of the East. He had caught his cold from a March day that pretended to be tropical and ended by being arctic; and all day Saturday—while Julie was engaged with Alan and Van Schoeck—he had suffered in his winter underclothes, sniffling pessimistically, with the perspiration shining on his bald head as he waited on his customers and hurried to and fro. Saturday night was not as busy as it might have been and he was miserable with the suspicion that his trade was falling off. Julie seemed silent and dejected. He went to bed convinced that he was a physical and economic failure. But when the sun rose red and hot again on Sunday morning, his hopes rose with it. His cold seemed much better. Though his lungs were sore and he had difficulty breathing the stale air of the bedroom,

there was a sort of cheerful fever in his veins and he felt excitedly alive and active minded.

He was allowed to lie in bed late on Sunday morning, recovering from the strain of Saturday night, and he stretched himself luxuriously, as warm as a sunning lizard. His imaginary dynamo for the production of anti-gravity had recently developed unexpected possibilities. It had occurred to him that the current might be convertible, possibly, into a form of molecular repulsion which could melt and, as it were, evaporate any solid body. You might, for instance, lead a number of wires from the machine to the face of a hillside and turn on a current that would eat a tunnel through the rock. Between the points where the wires were grounded even a mass of granite would crack and flake and pulverize into a finer and finer rubble as the current continued to break it up, until finally, if the power were applied to the heap of crumble, the very dust itself would disappear in a smoking cloud of gases. This would simplify all tunnel work; it would make an incredible difference to mining and it would give man an enormous accession of power over the face of the earth. He could not only dig and tunnel and level out the inequalities of the earth magically; by reversing the current of the machine in some way, he could also form rock out of sand again and line his tunnel with a flinty shell of granite, and build stone houses in a mold, and put a surface harder than cement on his dirt roads.

Lying on his back in bed with his near-sighted eyes on the blurred ceiling, Cane pursued prophetically these possibilities of the future. They were infinite. Such a power of creating molecular repulsion would melt the forts of an enemy in war and dissolve his ships and destroy his armies. The whole prison system of the world would be undermined. It would be impossible to guard the treasures of mints and savings banks. A burglar with a portable plant could cut through the wall of a safety-deposit vault as easily as if he were melting snow with a blowtorch. Who, in that case, would be foolish enough to waste his life storing up riches? A man would accumulate no more than he could use from day to day. The social system would be entirely altered. All the reforms for which the socialists were clamoring would come to pass scientifically. Science would change politics, as it had abolished so much superstition, by the exercise of an intelligence which was indifferent to consequences.

And Cane found himself consoled. Of late when he considered the instinctive nature of man he had been appalled to realize how little room there was for the operation of intelligence in human affairs; unreasonable instincts continually revolted against intelligence and dethroned it. Now he perceived that intelligence might change the circumstances of man to such a degree that the instincts would be paralyzed. For instance, how could the ego-instinct of unreasonable greed continue to operate if science made it impossible for greed to defend its hoard? He felt as if the sun at his window had already risen on a new era. He could not remain in bed while such prodigies impended. He threw off the bedclothes and began to dress.

And he dressed too lightly—not only because his skin felt feverish but because intelligence was too proud to consider whether the heat would last. Some day man would find a way to make the weather what he wished. He went to shave at the running water in the kitchen sink. Some day science would learn, with a beard eradicator, how to make a shave permanent. Julie was not yet downstairs but the dining table was set and his wife was in the kitchen heating water for porridge and mixing batter for the Sunday breakfast pancakes. He did not speak to her; she lived through Sunday now in a sternly devout silence which Julie and he respected. She was

FARMERS' WAGONS STOOD AT THE CURBS AND SHOPPERS FLOWED ROUND THE WINDOWS

tall and grim and bony, gray-haired, jacketed in an old gray sweater over a brown cloth dress; and she mixed her batter and stirred her porridge with as weird a solemnity as if she were a witch who was silently absorbed in incantations. Some day science would discover the secret of the universe and give mankind a religion that should leave them unashamed of their humanity.

Julie came down to breakfast in a house dress, looking fresh but worried, and her father and she exchanged smiles of greeting without words. He was eager to tell her his new hope—it would cheer her up—and he pointed at the window and made signs to her across the table, inviting her to come out for a walk with him as soon as the housework was done. She accepted with a pleased nod. They ate ill-cooked food, from cheap and ugly dishes, in a soiled and sordid-looking room; for Mrs. Cane had neither taste nor efficiency as a housekeeper, and she would not let Julie do more than help with the fixed routine, and she skimped and saved money on all the household expenses. To any eye that did not understand them their breakfast would have seemed a shabby meal eaten in the silence of unsociable, low life, with every realistic detail of domestic ugliness round them; but they were no more depressed by their surroundings than the rich would have been elated by liveried servants and gold plate. Mrs. Cane, indifferent to what she ate or the room in which she ate it, was wrapped in the sort of meditation which made the persecuted saints of old oblivious to the discomforts of their dungeons. Cane was as far above food and his four walls as Darwin on the morning that he first sat down to the table with the earliest intimations of his theory of evolution in his mind. And Julie might as well have been the daughter of a throne, breakfasting in unregarded magnificence with the king and queen while her heart tried to consider and reject the lover of her childhood who had returned, ineligible, to court her.

That lover had passed a sulky evening and a restless night. Angry with his mother because she had failed with Julie—though he did not ask what had

passed between them—and resenting Van Schoeck's intrusion on his affairs, he had thrown down his book and gone to bed early, leaving them pegging stupidly at their cribbage board. He was full of enmity against Carey, and his mother, and Van Schoeck, and Cane, and Julie herself; and it kept him awake until he foresaw how, if he conquered Julie, he could triumph over them all. He pictured Julie as meek in his revengeful arms as she had been on the day she brought him the tennis balls and promised not to tell that he had hidden them. He was cruel to her and she smiled adoringly. He struck her and she kissed his hand. He caught her to him and swore that he would never be cruel to her again.

He fell asleep on that romantic vision.

He woke to the resolution that he must see her at once—that he could not wait for her afternoon visit to the Perrins—and while he bathed and dressed and breakfasted he was busy planning how he should call for her, and persuade her to come walking with him, and talk to her of what he wished her to do. His mother had her breakfast in bed, and Biddy on his arrival at the table interrupted with no more than a remark about the weather; so Alan was free to rehearse a conversation with Julie in which he was frank about her father and the grocery store. That point must be settled. He was not very clear about what he intended to do for her in the way of marriage; she might have to wait until he had made his career; but meanwhile she would be engaged to him and devoted to him, and he did not intend to have any relations with her family and her delivery wagon. He would have to make that plain. After they were married he could solve the whole problem by taking her away from Findellen; but before they were married she would have to avoid the social odium of being a shop-girl. There was no sense in trying to override that prejudice in people. Whatever might be her feeling for her father, she would have to behave with discretion and gradually withdraw herself from association with a grocery store that was so ridiculous it was shameful.

He got away from Van Schoeck without telling where he was going, and he walked the river road with a determined briskness that flagged only as he came up Center Street toward Cane's house. He looked at it with distaste. There was no door to knock at but the shop door. He peered through the glass at the deserted counter and the clutter of goods. He knocked—and knocked again. He tried to rattle the door but it was held firmly by an iron bar that came across the glass on the inside. He pounded with an impatient fist. There was no answer. Damn!

The family, at breakfast in the dining room over the back of the shop, might have heard him if the doors at the top and bottom of the kitchen stairway had been open; but those were never open on Sunday; it was part of Mrs. Cane's Sabbath observance that they should be religiously closed.

He crossed the road and looked up at the parlor windows, enraged at Cane's absurdity in shutting up his daughter over a locked shop. What a life! Obviously she was not expected to have friends, to receive visitors, to go out or come in on the only day that she was free to be a social human being. The windows were closed. He could see nothing but the roller blinds and the cheap lace curtains. He hated the silly red of the shop front. "The Old Findellen Grocery!" What had made the fool advertise that he was a suburban back number? And could anything be more ineffective than the fly-blown mandarin in the show window surrounded by piles of faded canned goods without price marks?

He would have to telephone her. And he had avoided telephoning her because over the wire it would be easier for her to refuse to come with him. He turned back to the Union Hotel; but there the only 'phone was at the office desk and in

front of the office window were four of those mysterious loungers who seem to live sitting on the small of the back in the tilted chairs of a suburban hotel office, dully watching a dull street. He could not talk to Julie while they listened.

There might be a public 'phone in the railway station.

There was not. The station was an old wooden building that had not long to live and, pending the erection of its brick-and-tile successor, no attempt had been made to bring it up to date. Alan stood in an empty waiting room that smelled of dust and stale tobacco juice, and looked out at Cane's small shop through a dirty window across the rusted grass plot of the station square. Love of Heaven, what a place to live! And what a stupid animal Cane must be to keep a girl like Julie living there!

He was coming down the station steps again—on his way to telephone desperately from the Union Hotel—when he saw some one in Cane's doorway and recognized Julie, standing with her back to him while Cane relocked the door. She was going to church! That Sunday possibility had not occurred to him. He stared at the prospect irresolutely. Well, if it had to be done, he could go to church with her. He threw away his cigarette, prepared to follow her.

He did not know to what congregation they belonged, so he planned to follow at a safe distance until he saw them approaching their church; then he would hurry forward and overtake them innocently at the door and enter with them as a fellow-worshiper and sit beside Julie in their pew. Her father could not object to that. Heavens, what a guy the man looked!

Cane was wearing a soft felt hat, too small for him, that rode high on his head. His clothes were obviously ready made and too large—a light spring suit that had come wrinkled from the clothes press. The sleeves hung down to his knuckles and the bottom of a trouser leg had caught up at the back on one of the shoe pulls of his Congress gaiters. He looked as if he were pathetically arrayed in his cheap Sunday best. Julie stopped him on the shop steps to point at the trouser leg. He freed it, absent-mindedly, while talking to her. They moved toward Mountain Avenue and Alan began to cross the station square in cautious pursuit of them. They did not look round.

Julie was carrying a closed parasol and she kept her eyes on the ferrule of it, poking at the sidewalk as she listened. Cane was making little excited gestures at the roadway and the telephone poles and the shop fronts, or running a finger nervously round inside his collar, which seemed to pinch him, or tipping his hat back from his eyes and then pulling it down again, or coughing briefly behind his hand when he had made a point in whatever it was that he was arguing. And every one of these gestures Alan hated. They seemed feverishly ineffective. He wondered what in the world the fool was talking about.

And Cane, of course, was foretelling what would happen to the world when his machine for the production of molecular repulsion and molecular attraction should be in common use. Julie at first did not get his point that the pull of gravity—the power of attraction which held the heavenly bodies together in space—was probably the same power that held together the atoms and molecules of all the different sorts of matter that made up the earth and everything that was on it. When she saw this it was easy to understand how the dynamo that produced antigravity in a flying machine might be made to charge a rock with a repulsion in its atoms that would force them to separate and fall apart. And not only rocks and solid bodies! The same dynamo could dry up the ocean by splitting the drops of water into their constituent atoms of hydrogen and oxygen and steaming these off. Moreover, if you could break up water that way into its inflammable

gases, you could burn the hydrogen in the oxygen and use water as a fuel as easily as you now used kerosene.

The wooden houses that they passed —you could fill their walls with loose sand, turn on your current of molecular attraction, and harden the sand into granite. You could cover the outer clapboards with stucco and then transform that soft plaster into something as durable as flint. You could heat the house with burned water. You could move your home from one end of the town to the other by charging it with antigravity throughout its walls and floors and ceilings, and floating it across lots like a balloon. There was no end to the miracles you might perform. "Anything's possible," he prophesied. "Anything!"

Everything that he saw suggested a new marvel to him; and Julie, listening without too much attention, got the happy feeling which she always got from her father—the elated feeling that she and the rest of mankind were potentially all-wise and all-powerful, that every human limitation would some day be transcended, that all the little worries and inadequacies of life were temporary and passing—even Alan and his moods. She was above him.

The sun was warm, though a chill wind was stirring. A robin called to them in the voice of May from some hemlocks. Up the road ahead, now that they had come out of the town, the wooded hills were ruddy with the first flush of spring in the bare twigs of the treetops.

And at this unfortunate moment for Alan he woke from his fixed idea that the Canes were on their way to church. He saw that there was nothing but fenced

THERE WAS NOTHING BUT THE COUNTRY ROAD BEFORE THEM

fields and the country road before them. They were out for a walk! Hoot magoots! Here was Julie ready to be courted under her father's very nose, and here was the ridiculous "Sugar Cane" ready to be made more ridiculous—to be lowered into his proper place in his daughter's eyes—by the exercise of a little satiric wit. He moved forward gayly to the combat. It was symbolic that Cane's defenseless back remained unaware of his approach. He felt able to make Julie as contemptuous of her father as he was himself before Cane became conscious of what was being done to him. That would be the first step toward taking her away from all association with The Old and Decrepit Findellen Grocery!

"Good morning!" he called. "Are you out for a Sunday walk, *too?*"

It was the voice of a challenge, and when they turned, startled, he tried to modify the effect of it with his most engaging smile; and he succeeded with Julie, who thought his greeting merely boyish, but he failed with Cane. Cane saw him as an impertinent intruder. And when Julie murmured the name "Alan Birdsall," he nodded curtly, pulled his hat down farther on his eyes, clasped his hands behind him, and walked on.

Alan fell in line on the other side of Julie. "What were you talking about?" he asked. "I thought you were having an argument."

More impertinence! What business was it of his? This was the boy who had called Julie "Sugar Cane," and risked her reputation by climbing into her bedroom at night. When Julie had reported "Alan Birdsall's back. I met him on the street. He's changed," Cane had grumbled, "Any change in *him* would be a change for the better," and thought no more about it. Now he realized that Alan's return might be serious. The young pup must have followed them on the street till they were out of town. Was he after Julie?

And Julie, at her ease, proud of her father and safe at his side, explained in reply to Alan that Cane had been describing a machine—a machine that would lift things and do all sorts of other things by a kind of repulsion. She was not clear in her account of it and Cane did not help her.

"Do you mean that it's a new invention?" Alan asked.

"Well," she said, "it hasn't been invented yet—but it will be."

"Oh." Alan leaned forward to smile past her at Cane. It was a superior and skeptical smile. "It sounds like a pipe dream."

"No doubt," Cane said hoarsely, glaring at the rise of the road. "Science sounds like that—see?—to anyone that ain't educated."

Alan bowed with a broad gesture. "You're right. I've been to school but I've learned nothing. The people who don't go to school are the wise ones."

Cane thrust back his hat. "An' that's *true*," he cried. "In your colleges all they do is learn you not to think. They tell you this an' that, an' you believe it. If you learn how to read an' write—an' then you read for yourself an' *think* for yourself—you get a better education."

"For instance, this machine, now," Alan cut in slyly.

"Never mind *this* machine now. I don't discuss it with *you*. I know the sort o' mind *you've* got. I don't waste time on it."

"Father!" Julie said, pale.

"I've no mind at all," Alan teased. "My only virtue is my modesty. I know I don't know anything. When you realize *that*, you begin to—"

"Conceit!" Cane sneered. "Bumptious young conceit! Mock modesty! I know your sort! You can't fool me."

"You shouldn't taunt me with it. You ought to pity me."

"I do. I pity you. Everything I've ever heard about you from the first, when you were calling names in school an' climbing in windows an' making trouble every way."

"I was awful. I admit it."

"Till to-day, when you came up here with a smirk to insult me."

"I beg your pardon."

"With talk about a pipe dream, because you're an ignorant young cur."

He had stopped in the middle of the road, confronting Alan, with Julie vainly attempting to pacify him. His face was red, his eyes wild in an excess of rage that she had never seen in him before. It frightened her.

"I didn't intend to insult you."

"You intended it an' you did it. Now you can get out. I don't want anything to do with *you*. I don't want to talk to you. I don't want to walk with you."

"Mr. Cane, I'm too fond of Julia—"

"'Julia!' She's not 'Julia' to you. Call her 'Sugar Cane' an' get out."

"And she's too fond of me—"

"Is she! Then, by the eternal—"

"Father!" Julie begged. "Please don't. He's nothing to me."

"Julia!" Alan protested.

She turned to him in distress. "He's not well. Please go."

She tried to take her father's arm. He held her off. "He says you're *fond* of 'm," he accused her.

"No, no. I'm not. I was once—long ago—but I'm not any more. It's all right. He'll go away and not bother us any more."

Alan took it doubtfully—as a daughter's attempt to protect herself and her lover from an interfering parent.

Cane looked at her with the eyes of a drunken man, swaying a little.

"It's all right," she assured him. "He thinks I'm—I'm fond of him, but I'm not. He doesn't understand. It's all right. Don't mind him."

A wavering rationality seemed to focus in his gaze. He blinked, reluctant.

"He'll not annoy us," she said. "He'll not bother us any more. He didn't understand. That was all." She drew Cane's arm through hers and turned with him to continue on their way up the hill; and she said to Alan without even glancing at him, "Now, please go away."

It staggered Alan but it made it impossible for him to go away. His infuriated egotism—if nothing more—would not let him. He went with them, beside Julie again. "Look here," he said, thickly. "I haven't done anything to be treated this way. I didn't mean to insult him. I only said his machine sounded like a pipe dream, and it *does* sound like a pipe dream. I'll apologize to him if you want me to. I don't care. I'm not going to quarrel about it."

She felt her father's arm trembling and she quickened her pace. "Go away," she said desperately. "Go *away!*"

"You've got to be fair to me. If I've done anything wrong, I apologize. I'm sorry. I don't want to leave you with a grievance against me. I'm too fond of you."

Her father stopped and freed himself from her, and she turned frantically on Alan.

"I don't *care*," she cried. "I'm not fond of *you*. I don't like you at all. Go away and don't bother me."

And Cane screamed, "Get out! D'you hear! We don't want you."

He threatened Alan with a clenched and brandished fist and she threw out her arm to hold him.

"Well," Alan said, "I've been up against some weird people in my time, but this—this is the craziest! If you run your grocery this way I don't wonder—"

Cane brushed her aside, snatched her parasol out of her hand, and struck at Alan with it. A feeble, futile blow, Alan took it on his upper arm, caught hold of the parasol and wrenched it away from Cane.

"I don't wonder"—he cracked the parasol across his knee—"that your store looks like a secondhand junkshop." He threw the broken pieces in the ditch behind him. "You need a talking to. And I'm going to give it to you."

"Come away, father!" She clutched his arm and started him back down the

CANE SNATCHED HER PARASOL AND STRUCK AT ALAN WITH IT

hill. "Don't answer him. It doesn't matter what he says."

Cane was suddenly all in. The struggle had given him a shock. The fever that had been half of his excitement had turned to a chill. He was humiliated to the point of tears, and he shook and trembled as he tried to walk away with some sort of dignity. He put his hand to his chest and his breath was hoarsely audible.

He made a spectacle in retreat that Alan could not help but laugh at. "Damn fool," he said, "trying to hit me with an umbrella." He looked at it in the ditch and recognized that it was Julie's parasol. He frowned. Her parasol! He started after them at once.

"I'm sorry," he said furiously to Julie. "I didn't realize it was your parasol." And Cane, trying to speak, was taken with a paroxysm of coughing that made a horrible and dangerous sound. Julie held him up and felt in his coat pocket for a handkerchief.

"Here," Alan said, and gave her his.

She took it and thrust it into her father's hands, an arm round him. He fell against her gasping, and it was over his shoulder that she said stonily to Alan, "Go and get a carriage. He can't—walk. At the depot."

"Thanks." He thought he was forgiven. "I'm sorry." And he began eagerly to run down the road toward the town and the railroad station.

Cane got his breath at last. "I'm all right," he panted.

"I know," she said. "I only did it to get him away. That's his handkerchief." She took it from him and threw it in the road. "Come on before he—"

And when Alan, having failed to find a hack at the station, ran to a livery stable and had them hitch up an old two-seated phaëton that took forever to get ready, he made the driver gallop the horse back to the place where he had left the Canes—only to find them gone. He did not notice the handkerchief in the road even though the wheels passed over it. He drove back to the nearest house in the hope that they had stopped there. No. The woman who answered the door had not seen them. Had she a telephone? No, but there was one two doors down.

Here he had difficulty making a Swedish servant understand what he wanted. It took time to find the telephone book and more time to find Cane's number in it. The line was busy. "Well, don't let them get off the 'phone," he ordered. "I'll hold it here. I'll wait."

He waited. He was rewarded at last by hearing Julie say, "Yes? Who is it?"

He answered, "It's Alan," and the 'phone clicked as she hung up.

(*To be concluded*)

THE TUFT OF WOOL

(*In Sussex in Lambing-Time*)

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

Over the Downs in lambing-time
  The bells of a Sunday call;
Whether or no, I must bide from church
  With my ewes, and the lambs, and all.

Fine folk passing shake their heads,
  Good folks' kind hearts grieve;
I'd like to be doing my bit of praise
  If my ewes would give me leave.

But He that took on Him shepherds' job
  Still walks with my flock and me;
Any Sunday at lambing-time
  I can say my prayers at His knee.

When my time comes, fold in my hand
  A tuft of wool from my sheep;
(Bury me where the Downs shall watch,
  Motherlike, o'er my sleep.)

So, when I come to the Gate of Heaven,
  Peter will not refuse
To let me in, though I stopped from church
  Because of my lambing ewes.

THE LION'S MOUTH

THE DEDUCTIONS OF MR. JINKS

BY ELMER DAVIS

"THE business of authorship," said my friend Jocelyn Jinks, the well-known novelist, "is harder than it used to be."

"So is everything," I consoled him. "There is too much competition."

"I am not afraid of competition with live authors," said Jinks proudly, "nor for that matter, with dead ones on even terms. But if a man buys a novel by Thackeray or Fielding instead of one of mine, he buys it probably because Thackeray and Fielding have a bigger reputation; and it was so much easier to get a reputation in those days that I am in the position of a farmer who bought his land for a couple of hundred dollars an acre and has to compete with neighbors who homesteaded theirs and got it free."

"You think that in those days you speak of you would have been a Thackeray or Fielding?" I asked.

"I should at any rate have had a good running start," said Jinks frankly. "For nothing makes an author's job so easy as the knowledge that he and his audience have a common fund of knowledge. If he and they have had more or less the same education, read the same books, and so on, and soaked in the same general culture he can short-cut his arguments and bring out whatever points he may have by quotation and allusion. This saves him time and trouble and also pleases the readers, for it gives them the feeling that they are wise birds who can get the author's ideas by shorthand without having them spelled out.

"Forty years ago it was safe to assume that any American who could read at all had read the Bible. You could get over an allusion to the tents of Kedar or the swelling of Jordan or Watchman-what-of-the-night with the certainty that the consumers would know what you were talking about and would thank you for making it easy for them. Up till the last ten years or so it was even easier for English writers, for every educated man in the British Isles had a pretty fair knowledge of the principal Greek and Latin classics. An English writer could save a paragraph or two by dropping in a mere phrase from Pindar or Horace with entire confidence that the readers would get it and be grateful to the author, who knew that they were men of culture like himself. But nobody reads the classics now—"

"Yet people read," I objected, "more than ever before."

"Precisely. They read more books than ever—different books. If I throw in a quotation from or an allusion to any book, ancient or modern, from the *Iliad* to *Babbitt*, I can't be sure that more than one reader in ten will know what I'm talking about. Least of all the Bible or the ancient classics, of course, but modern best sellers aren't much better. Everybody knows what you mean when you say 'Elementary, Watson, elementary'; but since Sherlock Holmes I can think of no literary allusion which has actually become common property except the metaphorical use of the term 'sheik.'

"And that," Jinks continued, "is why I find the business of authorship so expensive. Our generation has a common cultural background, but not in books. There are certain things to which I can

make allusion, from which I can draw illustrations, knowing that all my readers will follow me. But those are not books; they are golf, the automobile, and the radio, the three common denominators of our age."

"So that," I exclaimed, "is why you have suddenly blossomed out with new tastes!"

He nodded.

"All my friends tell me," he said sadly, "that since I left the knit-goods business and went into the fiction business I have become more human. I now play golf (badly); I drive my own car (badly), instead of hiring one when I need it, which is much less expensive and about five hundred per cent safer; I have a radio set which needs attention from an expert electrician twice a week to undo the effects of my bungling. But I am not more human. I hate golf, the automobile, and the radio. When I want exercise I can get enough and more by firing the furnace or mowing the lawn. When I need a car I can hire one which somebody else will drive well, and if there is a smashup the bill doesn't come to me. When I want to hear music I can go to the opera or a symphony concert, and hear music without having to tune in here and there and pick my way about among inspirational talks on will power and informing lectures on the habits of the Australian kangaroo.

"Yet I must own and operate these miserable modern playthings because it is the only way I can be sure that I and my readers are talking the same language. They are necessary expenses of my business amounting to several thousand dollars a year. Yet I can't quite make out from the income-tax blank whether I am entitled to deduct them under the head of cost of goods sold, as material and supplies, or perhaps as ordinary repairs required to keep property in usable condition, or whether they properly belong under the head of business equipment and furniture, which is not deductible. I wish Mr. Mellon would make a ruling about it."

"Why, if they let you get away with that," I said enviously, "you could make as many deductions as Sherlock Holmes."

"Ah!" said Jinks. "The literary allusion marks you as a member of the older generation. A modern would have said that I was trying to get the Treasury to give me a stroke a hole."

BAGDAD OF THE WEST

BY H. A. THOMAS

ONCE or twice a year I poke round in my mental garret until I uncover a perfectly logical reason for going to New York. Every time I do this successfully I sit back and contemplate myself with considerable satisfaction, since to perfect an entirely hole-proof excuse for going to New York is no mean accomplishment, I assure you. Such a possession is a treasure almost beyond price, for New York, as is well known by all of us simple folk who live beyond the Alleghenies, is a wicked, wanton city where no good Western church member goes except through necessity.

We know this because we take time from our simple rustic occupations to read the Associated Press dispatches every day, and each month the magazines intensify our firm conviction that any man from Detroit or Cleveland who sets a meandering foot on Broadway is courting fantastic experiences in the direct and well-trodden path of trouble.

For New York is an occidental Bagdad. We all believe that New York encounters cannot be duplicated in Cincinnati or St. Louis and that every event which occurs in Western cities occurs oftener and in greater magnitude in Manhattan. The world moves faster there. Crime is more vicious, pleasure more enticing, and it is a conceded fact that a forty-watt incandescent light burns brighter in New York than in any other spot in the world.

I have always felt a sort of proprietary interest in all this metropolitanism.

It must be much like the absentee-landlord feeling. New York is the touted show city of our America and, as a good American, I must needs go over there periodically and cast a prideful eye about my property. Naturally I do not care to broadcast this bizarre idea. Only in rare candid moments do I confess this feeling even to myself. And so I am forced to skirmish round, sometimes with surprising ingenuity, to convince myself, and incidentally others, that "business again requires my presence in the East."

Of course, I work up a very plausible imitation of regret. The journey is tiresome; the confusion of movement and sound is nerve-racking. Were it not for business reasons I should never go near the place. We all believe this seriously; but as I walk out with my bag my neighbor calls after me, "Hey—going over to New York? Well, don't take any bad money."

Innocent apparently though colloquial, that speech, but he knows from his own experience, and he knows I know he knows that some fool thing in me has laid down its tools and gone on strike and that, no matter how important my business may be, there is mixed up in it somewhere a hidden desire to expose myself to Adventure and see what happens.

And so I entrain, emberth, rise, breakfast, and arrive. And immediately the world has become romantic. It is like putting on enchanted spectacles.

New York has no large office buildings or congested streets like those which are the boast of other modern cities. New York is "guarded by frowning monolithic giants" which tower "huge and menacing" against the sky. And down in the "narrow, canyonlike arteries of traffic, black hordes of human beings scurry this way and that like frightened ants." Boston and Philadelphia have subways, but New York has "a subterranean network of tunnels, tubes, and stairways—a mammoth rabbit warren" where countless thousands "hurtle to and fro" beneath the foundations of the city.

All descriptions of New York are dramatized like this, especially when designed for consumption west of Albany. It makes spine-crinkling reading out in Iowa, and when a stranger from Des Moines arrives on Forty-second street his hair stands on end.

To the stranger's eye a very large percentage of the prominent buildings, well-known streets, stations, bridges, and wharves are placarded with the cabalistic mark "X." The entire city, so commonplace to the initiate, is to the occasional visitor a succession of thrilling memories. He goes about his unimaginative business, settling an overdue account or purchasing next season's Christmas stock, but in one corner of his mind is the glowing thought that here, all round him, are life and action, heroism, peril, and the feverish pulse of High Adventure.

And so passes a busy, beautiful, thrilling day—and night comes on apace. New York nights seem always to come "apace." There are no "a-trotting" or "a-galloping" nights. Descriptive writers all lean heavily on the subject of New York after sundown. They picture for us denizens of the "back country" just how the skyline glitters from across the Hudson; how the great buildings stare down "with a million glowing eyes," and how Broadway "winds sinuously like a silver serpent through the dusk." That sibilant line about the "sinuous, silver serpent" is especially popular. This is the time when the voracious vampire and the sleek lounge-lizard are abroad and when "the gilded night life flaunts itself." I have read about it hundreds of times and I love to stand in some sheltering doorway—an automat lunch, for example—and watch the gilded night life flaunt and flaunt. It is very satisfying and quite safe and inexpensive.

Occasionally, of course, there is the theater. Strictly speaking, I suppose it is always there but I go only occa-

sionally, even to the tired business men's benefits. Whenever I do go the experience is always amusing. The nervous little animal in the box office looks out between the bronze bars and yips at me. I gather that I may have my choice of any standing room in the house. But I refuse. And then, as I am turning away, a friendly stranger with his hat tipped very slightly over one eye draws me confidentially aside and inquires hoarsely, "How many?" I know at once that I am in the clutches of that oft-described demon, the ticket scalper. He is almost as welcome as a friend from home. After due parley, prolonged on my part for the sheer pleasure of conversation with so unsavory a character, I pay him four dollars and a quarter for a ticket plainly marked $3.50 and go away well content. The play may not be satisfactory, for even New York plays can sometimes be dull, but to be able to check the scalper stories from actual experience is well worth the price of admission.

After two days spent in looking the "old town" over, I swing my bag aboard a flame-colored taxi and click depot-ward. I always exit from New York by taxi. Dragging a heavy bag through the subway is not in keeping with the exaltation one acquires during even a short communion with Romance.

And so I vanish from the bright lights and disappear into the great unknown West to take up my humdrum labor with renewed enthusiasm. It is nice to be back in the eddy after one of these daring excursions into the current. My neighbor calls across the shrubbery, "Well, how's the little old town getting along?" He uses the diminutive to indicate that he too is entirely familiar with New York. "Oh, it's still there," I answer with elaborate casualness, and I know and he knows I know that that is the expected answer. Men rarely discuss what happens to them in New York. Circumlocution and insinuation are everything. For we are all in this game of ballyhooing the metropolis and we all revel in its melodrama. It is wonderfully effective advertising and if we could only find enough excuses we should all be over there oftener in shuddering enjoyment.

But the tragedy of it is this: New Yorkers cannot appreciate their own advantages. Living in the midst of superlatives they receive not a single thrill. When life becomes dull and tarnished out in Milwaukee a gentle rub with a week-end dipped in Manhattan glamour restores its brilliant and glistening polish. But the poor little rich New Yorker, surrounded by the ultimate, has no place of respite from boredom. How lucky we are, we ruralites, to have inherited this "picturesque city" and how much we owe to the army of little P. T. Barnums who weave round it an enchanting veil of super-sensationalism to brighten a sometimes tiresome and prosaic world!

VEAL CUTLETS

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

IMAGINE a farmhouse besieged by storm, wood piles snowed under—wasn't it Whittier who thought them so poetic, the idiot!—water bucket frozen in the well, two large, jolly Airedale dogs romping in and out—what wouldn't I give if I could only lead a dog's life!—and inside, stoves to be fed with wood from the wood piles and shoveled out of ashes; potatoes to be peeled; floors to be swept and scrubbed—for the dogs; dishes to be washed, eternally washed, and washed again; milk to be strained and skimmed and put into the chickens' bucket; food to be cooked for the pigs; lamps to be cleaned and filled and set away and taken down and lighted; table to be set, three meals a day to be prepared and cooked and served, ironing to be done.

And maiding the pigs and diligently serving the dogs. Not to mention the cow and the horses and the sheep. Oh,

the slavish drudgery in which most Westerners live!

I read the *Drover's Daily Telegram*, which reports steadily something like this: "To-day's Receipts, Kansas City Stockyards. 2,100 calves, 957 steers, 25,000 sheep, 568 cows." *Daily!* And you never think behind it. "Marvelous country, great production, really gripping drama of it," you say—until you have yourself tenderly nurtured one of 'em to maturity. Twenty-one hundred calves! Somebody—some human being—serving the cow with water and food three times daily, cleaning her stall, brushing her—Good Heavens! carefully brushing her all over. Then having to be doctor and nurse at the birth of the calf, and carpenter to build its own little stall for it: and land to be plowed, seed sowed, fertilizer spread, mowing machine and hayrake run, wagons loaded, and unloaded into the hay mow, and hay pitched down to make its little bed—daily—and water warmed on the kitchen stove for it and carried out to it, and it taught to drink—because calves do not know how to drink until some human being tenderly teaches them; not unless they are left to take all the cow's milk until she weans them—and the cow milked, and the milk having grown chill on its way to the kitchen, is warmed, and carried back, and again the little darling is persuaded (not without tears and prayer) to absorb the milk without butting all of it over the farmer's clothes—but in any case it butts enough so that there are the overalls to wash and dry and starch and sprinkle and roll and iron—wood being cut and sawed and split and hauled and corded and carried to the woodbox and put into the stove, of course to heat the washwater and the irons; and then there is bran mash to make and season—first bran gruel, then bran mash—and there at last you have one of the 2,100 calves daily received at the Kansas City markets. And you, Mr. Reader, have a veal cutlet. And this is the greatest country on earth!

Of course, the fact that Mr. Farmer makes no profit on the calf—and by that I mean not enough to pay for his hired help in handling the hay and keeping up the fences round the meadows, and all that—is another question. But all that labor, all that spilling out of human life for the veal cutlet!

And now, at last, it is spring, and the Jersey's calf, poor little thing, is to be vealed—to go all the long way to St. Louis crying for its mother, and be slaughtered there. The Jersey does not know that; she trusts us to take care of her wonderful small calf. She has not been allowed to be with it, of course; but when she gives her milk to the milk pail she watches the calf drink part of it, and then goes contentedly to pasture, knowing we shall be kind to the calf as we have always been kind to her.

We seem, I suppose, like a miracle to her. "There," she says, "is the loving-kindness that rules all things. Nowhere else do I find anything but self-interest; always cows and horses and sheep go seeking grass for themselves, and even sometimes kick others away from the best patches. But these Two-legged Rulers, they are Love. Behold how they cut the grass, and do not eat it themselves, but store it away for us; behold how they bring water and salt and bran mash and all good things. In their inscrutable wisdom they take my calf from me, but behold how they deal with it gently and kindly, how they prepare it a stall with straw to sleep upon, and teach it to drink; behold how it waxes sleek and fat in their tender care. All is for the best," she says, "in a world ruled by These," and she goes to pasture.

The calf will only be tortured for forty-eight hours, and then knocked in the head by a butcher in the stockyards. Do you suppose we are being fattened for something like that?

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

THE WAR AGAINST PREJUDICE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE great dispute in the Democratic Convention over the League of Nations made it plainer than ever that we were proceeding toward closer working relations with our fellow nations on this globe. The dispute was not between persons opposed to such a movement and those who favored it, but between persons agreeing as to what they wanted to do but disagreeing as to how to do it. Nearly all the Democrats on both sides of that discussion favored the League, but one side, the winning side, feared that to put into the Democratic platform a demand for entrance into the League of Nations would deprive the project of the Republican support, which they felt it ought to have and must have if it is to succeed. So they restrained their emotions and tried to keep partisan politics out of the League question; for they knew that if they won they could not join the League without the consent of the Republicans in the Senate, and they thought that if they lost the election after having put the League into the platform it would mean more delay for the inevitable.

For it has come to seem inevitable that in some way we shall join the other nations to secure the peace of the world. The Dawes Commission has helped that purpose. The present administration has been doing what it could to make the findings of that Commission effective and helpful. No doubt the attitude of the Democrats as shown in their convention and the quality of their candidate and his sentiments about Europe are stimulants to the other party to accomplish what it can for international co-operation.

Why have we hung back so about it? Everybody knows the story. The League project had come into partisan politics and was smothered, and out of that smotheration developed the coyness which has taken three years to wear away. That it is now wearing away there are many signs. The fate of the isolationist leaders in the Republican Party and the figure they cut in the Republican Convention is one sign. The predicament of the farmers, partly attributable to the falling away of the European markets and the raising of the tariff wall, is another sign. The isolationist policy has not done well enough by us to earn approval as a permanent institution. Why did we ever take up with it? There was partisan politics, as said, and there followed an exhibition of reactionary politics in Europe which did not invite our company. But besides that, our friend Timothy Rockbottom insists that Americans still have an inferiority complex; that they do not yet appreciate their position in the world or its responsibilities or its duties. He thinks that they are deficient in intelligent national feeling—that they have not yet the sentiment for the United States that the English have for England, the French for France, the Italians for Italy. He thinks that is one of our national defects and that we must get over it.

So it may be in some degree. It is

true enough that the coming American race is not yet developed. It lacks development not only physically but spiritually. At present we do not agree even in aspiration. The thing that we are pretty well united about is material development. We seem to like that in all its forms and especially in roads and motor cars, telephones and radio machines. We are mixed in race and mixed in religion. The impressive row which the Democratic Convention had over the Ku Klux Klan is staring evidence of that. When we make a great effort, as we did in the War, we get together successfully, but when the effort is over we revert to groups.

That is natural enough. Countries much more homogeneous than ours do the same thing. Pretty much every country in Europe has done it more or less. All parties being united for the War, they broke out of coalitions when the War was over. That was no more than a return to nature, for opposed parties are natural in all countries and are part of the process by which they progress.

If Americans of the United States really have an inferiority complex, as Rockbottom suggests, it is a passing condition. If they are afraid to get in with other nations for fear the other nations will impose upon them, it may be because they do not appreciate the strength of their own position. It may also be due to lack of leadership or to bad leadership; but all that will pass away. They did not show any inferiority complex in the War. Why not? Because they were united to make good a great American tradition—the tradition of service to humanity. That tradition is deep in the foundations of the United States. It is at least three hundred years old. The Pilgrims had it when they landed. It has been reaffirmed by the greatest American statesmen and prophets and poets from Washington to Wilson. Lincoln had it intensely. In every great crisis it crops up and finds a new expression. Whenever the American people are animated by that tradition and wake up to the spirit of it they stride forward and their inferiority complex, if indeed they have any, disappears. They see their work and go about the doing of it. The trouble since the end of the Great War has been that this tradition for the moment has dropped out of sight. Because of circumstances which possibly were more inevitable than we realized, the mass of our people grew apathetic about service to the world and concentrated their attention overmuch on their own problems. They did not realize how intricately those problems were involved with the problems of Europe and all the world. At once they lost headway in world service. Slowly they came to realize that by so much as they withheld their strength from helping the rest of the world, they defeated even their own interests. But now they seem to be coming to a disposition to go on where they left off in 1920.

The Americans have to have a moral issue. Take them by and large, they are very religious. They care for the right and the wrong of any question. They care more for it than for the profit or loss of that question. If you can make enough of them believe that this or that political course is right, they will go in for it. In the Democratic Convention, in all the clash of rivalries between candidates, that spirit was constantly evident. Mr. Owen Young of the Dawes Commission in his Harvard Commencement speech insisted that our policy toward Europe was a moral question, insisted that we had an obligation and must meet it. By what means we met it—what method we took, he did not care. His feeling was that if we had the right spirit we would find the method most suitable. We have enormous wealth, great power of manhood, and a composite population which includes sympathies for all the peoples in the world. The way forward for us is to meet our responsibilities—to do for mankind, for Europe and all the other continents, what we and we

alone have at present the power to do. Proceeding on that path, we shall gain confidence in ourselves and others. Pursuing a selfish policy of isolation, we shall lose both. The politicians are waking up to that idea just now when the great job of electing a new President is proceeding. The important thing in politics is to put forward policies which will stir the enthusiasm of the voters. The party that ought to win this year, and that probably will win, is the one whose proposals and whose candidates are most in line with the great American tradition of service to mankind

These are very extraordinary times. It is a mere truism to say that. Everybody sees it. Things move very fast. Life changes while you wait. New inventions and new developments of inventions constantly press in. The peoples of the world are daily being drawn nearer together by increased rapidity of communication. No nation can be a laggard in such times as these. Every nation that hopes merely to keep its place, much more to forge ahead, must find its job and do it with all its power. But what is now to be done can be done quietly and, indeed, will best be so done. It is not necessary to splurge about it. That phase when it helped matters to beat the drum has gone by. Our duties nowadays are considerably matters of business, involving prudence, calculation, cool minds, but also courage and good will. The world has enormous prejudices to get over. We need so much—almost all peoples need so much—to see other folks as they are and not as we traditionally expect them to be. Think of the row about the Ku Klux in the Democratic Convention. What extraordinary prejudices and credulities are behind it. What can you think of people who suppose it is true that the Roman Catholics bury a gun under a church whenever a boy child is born? Perhaps something will be done in the campaign now proceeding to let the light into dark places like that. That is what presidential campaigns should be for—to let light into dark places, scare bugaboos out of their lairs, make the truth evident even in politics. Not all campaigners will contribute to that, but some will, and discussion in general will contribute to it. Part of the business of campaigning is to nail lies, and if that is done with due energy it may accomplish something.

There seems to be a passion in this country at this time to regulate other persons' lives. Folks moved by the sense of this duty organize amazingly to discharge it. They seem, as a rule, to be in the main pretty good people, who want to improve human life and are very solicitous for the welfare of the United States as they see it. The great and startling example of the proceedings of such people was the Anti-Saloon League and the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Having seen that great improbability accomplished and being pleased with the results of it and very solicitous to intensify and expand them, these imperious people seem heartily disposed to go on with further improvements. They see great benefit in an enforced abstinence from all alcoholic drinks, but between such drinks—between the mild ones and the strong ones, between wines, beer, and spirits—they seem to make no discrimination at all. They seem eager to go on now and regulate religion in the same way, and also education. They see life as a group of facts. They see that drunkenness is bad. They see that religion is good. They believe that their own particular brand of religion is best. They see that it is useful to have certain things taught in schools. They disapprove of great inequalities of fortune and great differences in social station. They would abolish those things. They would undertake by law the regulation of child life and especially of child labor, a thing which can and should be done to a certain extent, but which should not be carried to an extreme. Our fellow citizens of this disposition seem to have no philosophy of

life and a very limited understanding of the philosophy of the Christian religion. Most of them are good enough and wise enough to regulate their own lives but not nearly wise enough to regulate the lives of other people. They seem to have slight appreciation of what liberty of conduct means or what its relation is to the development of character. They appreciate the power of the Constitution to curb practices or regulate habits; they seem not to appreciate its value as a defense of human rights. Indeed, they go about busily to destroy that value wherever it conflicts with their own ideas. These regulating people, who do not see where the line should run that applies law to conduct, are the worst bugaboo of the present hour. The Grand Master of the lot of them is Brother Bill Bryan, who has what seems good intentions, a sincere belief in some invaluable truths, and a mind incapable of suspecting the existence of other truths which are necessary to the prosperity of the very ones he sees. What saves Mr. Bryan as a political influence is that he is so considerably Christianized. His heart usually works better than his head. His opinions are often wrong but his political instincts are apt to be right. And he is not a malignant. He does not hate folks who disagree with him, and he does not harbor malice.

What our country needs just now is a great expositor of the liberal spirit, a master mind which understands that live and let live go together, and that we cannot be free ourselves and at the same time practice to take away freedom from others. The old slogan that the same chain binds the master and the slave is perfectly applicable to these imperious regulators who threaten us with so much trouble. In so far as they invade the reasonable liberties of other people they lose their own. When will they wake up to that idea? When will they acquire understanding enough to determine what liberties are reasonable? When will they learn that we are all living more or less in error, and can live in no other way except as we learn wisdom by experience? When will they learn that to impose their own errors on their neighbors does not necessarily do their neighbors any good?

The air seems to be full of delusions about other people, and especially of the delusion that you can make other people good by forbidding them to do what you do not yourself approve of. The real way to help other people is not to compel them to do what you think is right, but to live yourself in such a fashion as to better the lives of the people with whom you come in contact. If you can live reasonably well, helpfully, intelligently, you may do some good just by living. The country's strength is not in its prodigious outfit of stick-at-nothing reformers, whether hooded or not, whether oath bound or not, but in the number of its people who manage to live pretty good lives, to be kind, to be long-suffering, to be dutiful, and who recognize their neighbors at home and abroad and are ready to help them.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

CONSOLATION

BY PERCY WAXMAN

SOME years ago I loved a maid
Profoundly, in my ardent fashion.
To coin a phrase, I fairly sprayed
That poor dear girl with fiery passion.
I lost in weight, I never slept,
I talked to every one about her.
Her pictures in my room I kept
To prove I couldn't live without her.
At every opportunity
I praised her hair, her eyes, her carriage.
I promised love eternally;
A thousand times I proffered marriage.
And she? She didn't do a thing
But greet my soul's outbursts with laughter;
And then to take away the sting
She'd say "But you're a dear," just after.
Oh, how that girl tormented me!
Her indecision kept me burning.
I pleaded on my bended knee
But she was deaf to all my yearning.
At last, one day, to my despair,
I learned that she had wed another;
A chap with very curly hair
Who'd been to college with her brother.
They'd gone and done it—snap—like that!
Impulsively without reflection
And settled in a tiny flat
Up in the Western Harlem section.
At first I thought of suicide,
But later found I wasn't willing
To cast a shadow on a bride
By such a selfish act as killing.
And so I settled down to life,
To find in work complete distraction,
Forgetting trials, troubles, strife
In business, enterprise, and action.

Now, this occurred six years ago,
While in the meantime I'd forgotten
The girl who had distressed me so
And made existence seem so rotten.
By Fate's strange chance, the other night
We met at some confounded dinner.
Ye Gods! but she did look a sight,
Her six years hadn't left her thinner.
I hardly knew her till she smiled,
Then recognized her odd expression;
She simpered like a little child
Who hoped to make a strong impression.
She boasted of her babes and cook,
Her car, her garden, and her hubby;
Her face had lost its winsome look,
A double chin had made it chubby.
She asked me why I hadn't wed,
And plagued me with her silly chatter,
She babbled while I crumbled bread;
My silence didn't seem to matter.
I thought: can *this* be that Elaine
Whom I had once adored so madly,
Now grown indubitably plain
And lacking charm and wit so badly!
Oh! how I blessed my stars that night,
When homeward *quite alone* returning,
That dear Elaine had scorned my plight
And shown no pity for my yearning.
For what should I have done to-day
If I had been—what's called—successful
And won Elaine? I'm frank to say
I find the very thought distressful.

So, lovers, do not be cast down
If Fate your wishes seems to baffle.
A later happiness may crown
Initial losses in life's raffle.
You should not fail to count the cost
Of winning, when you go a-wooing;
I know I *won* the day I *lost;*
Which may be just what you are doing.

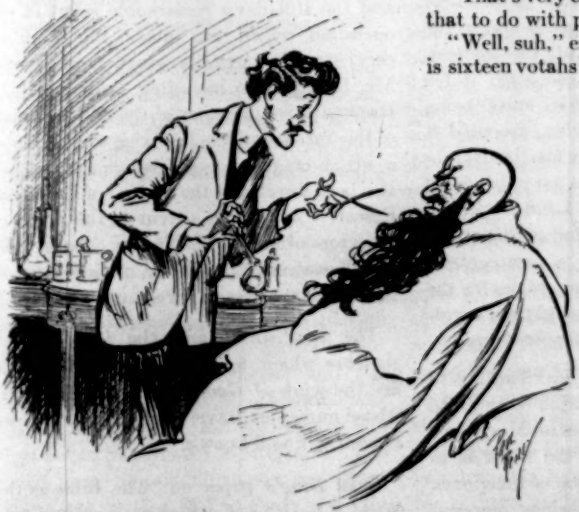
History Revised

STATION O. N. C. (OLD NORTH CHURCH) PAUL REVERE SPEAKING—*To arms! the British are coming!*

An Inadequate Definition

"HAVE you a good, clean room for the night?" asked the tired traveler of the proprietor of the Snoopsville Hotel.

"Sure have," replied the latter, "if you'll wait just a minute. The feller that was in there last night left the window open when he went to bed an' we ain't quite got all the soot cleaned out yet."



ABSENT-MINDED TONSORIAL ARTIST: *Bobbed or shingled, Sir?*

Pater Curialis

UNCLE MOSE JACKSON announced his candidacy for alderman from the colored ward.

"What makes you think you can be a successful politician, Uncle Mose?" asked a friend.

"Well, suh," replied the darky, "fo' one thing, I'se the father of a family."

"That's very commendable; but what has that to do with politics?"

"Well, suh," explained Uncle Mose, "they is sixteen votahs in dat family."

Scotch Pleasure

ANDY McANDREWS, who owned a small automobile, one day purchased a bicycle.

"I suppose you'll ride your bicycle for exercise?" suggested a friend.

"I'm figur-r-rin' on usin' it for pleasure," replied the Scot.

"How do you mean?"

"Weel, all the time I'm a-ridin' it, I'll be a-thinkin' o' the gasoline I'm savin' by leavin' my car-r-r at home."

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

WHATEVER ***Bernard Shaw*** says is bound to be fresh, entertaining, and provocative of thought. Last May we published a "Dialogue on Things in General," in which he spoke his mind on everything from Reparations to "Saint Joan." This month he answers the well-directed questions of his biographer, Professor ***Archibald Henderson*** of the University of North Carolina, on the movies and the theater of to-day. The "Dialogue" is not an interview in the ordinary sense of the term, for Mr. Henderson submitted his questions in writing and Mr. Shaw wrote out his replies with his own hand, as in the characteristic bit of manuscript which we reproduce as an illustration. Mr. Henderson, it should be added, holds the North Carolina record for versatility: he is a professor of mathematics, an authority on Einstein, a historian, the biographer of Shaw, and the author of a recent book entitled *Washington's Southern Tour*.

When is a short story not a short story? "Loutré" is two or three times as long as the average magazine tale; yet the Editors, feeling that in spirit and execution it fell within the definition of a short story, being based on a single central idea, accepted it with enthusiasm as elegible for the Harper Contest awards. The Judges not only agreed with this decision but gave "Loutré" Second Prize in the first quarterly competition. Its author, ***Lisa Ysaye Tarleau***, a new contributor to HARPER'S, has written stories for the *Atlantic Monthly* and has brought out a volume entitled *The Inn of Disenchantment*.

To publish a tale of such great length is to break a convention of magazine editing; to publish a series of three articles on Magellan's daring circumnavigation of the world is to break another—the convention of timeliness. Seldom do present-day magazines, preoccupied as they are with affairs of the moment, deal with the history of past centuries. Yet adventure is never out of season; and a story such as that of the indomitable Magellan, the perfect type of Great Navigator, the perfect hero of romance, must touch the imagination of any one who can hear it well told. ***Arthur Sturges Hildebrand*** tells it surpassingly well. Those who remember his recent articles about cruising through the Mediterranean in a small boat, published in HARPER'S under the title "South, for Blue Water" and in book form as *Blue Water*, know already how delightfully he writes. But in his three "Magellan" articles, the first of which appears this month, he brings the pages of history to life with a brilliance unexpected even to those who enjoyed his previous work. It is a pleasure to throw aside editorial conventions for such a subject and such a writer.

Robert W. Bruère's subject is sharply modern by contrast; it tells about a remarkable feat of twentieth-century engineering and the still more remarkable spirit of cooperation which has made the work of the engineers serve a great public need. Mr. Bruère, who has often contributed to HARPER'S, is a member of the editorial staff of the *Survey* and has had wide experience as a writer on progressive economics; he has also been director of the Bureau of Industrial Research, has served a term on the Board of Directors of the Taylor Society, and in 1921 was Treasurer of the Board of Governors of the Personnel Research Federation.

The frontispiece and the four Roman sketches which follow Mr. Bruère's article are the work of ***George Wharton Edwards***, whose numerous travel books, illustrated by himself, are well known.

Basil King's paper on "The Bible as the Word of God" is the third of a group of four in which he seeks to give to modern readers

of all denominations, as well as to those who are spiritually adrift, his personal interpretation of the meaning and value of the greatest book of all time. The author of *The Inner Shrine*, *The Happy Isles*, and other delightful novels, and of *The Conquest of Fear*, needs no further introduction to the Harper audience.

Alan Burroughs, curator of paintings at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, contributes a page of text dealing with the masterpiece on the cover of the Magazine. "Sanctuary" is a rural story by ***Lizette Woodworth Reese,*** best known as a poet and until recently a teacher of English at the Western High School in Baltimore. ***Dallas Lore Sharp*** is a professor at Boston University, a farmer and beekeeper at Mullein Hill in the old town of Hingham, Massachusetts, author of numerous books, and withal something of a philosopher. Julie Cane, the extraordinary daughter of little Cane the grocer, makes this month her penultimate appearance in the Magazine, and the plot thickens. As the author of *From the Life* and *Some Distinguished Americans*—two volumes of short stories—and of several plays, ***Harvey O'Higgins*** has established a reputation for sound craftsmanship which is more than justified by this, the first novel he has produced since his early years as a writer.

Only two poets are represented this month: ***Florence Keady,*** whose verse comes to us from a New York City address, and ***Ethel M. Hewitt,*** an English author who contributes frequently to HARPER'S and other magazines.

The "Lion's Mouth" contributors are ***Elmer Davis,*** known to readers of *The New York Times* as an able reporter and the creator of a mythical old-fashioned Democrat named Godfrey Gloom, and to novel-readers as the author of *Times Have Changed* and *I'll Show You the Town;* ***H. A. Thomas,*** who obviously lives west of the Alleghenies but prefers not to be precisely identified (in fact, his real name is not Thomas); and ***Rose Wilder Lane,*** author of *The Peaks of Shala* and collaborator with Frederick O'Brien on the popular *White Shadows in the South Seas*, who has recently been living in Missouri. The "Editor's Drawer" opens to the music of verses by ***Percy Waxman,*** member of the staff of the *Pictorial Review*, resident of Scarsdale, New York, and prominent figure in the annual theatricals of the famous Dutch Treat Club.

We hope to be able to announce in the October issue the names of the Prize-Winners in the second quarterly competition of the Short Story Contest. That competition closed on June 30. The third one, we may as well repeat for the benefit of new readers, will close on September 30, and the fourth and last on December 31. For the best stories submitted in each of these periods the Magazine will award a first prize of $1250, a second prize of $750, and a third prize of $500. The conditions of the Contest are given in full in the advertising pages.

Some curious manuscripts have come into the Harper office among the thousands submitted so far in the Contest. A large number have been thinly disguised motion-picture scenarios, consisting merely of stage-directions such as "Jenkins then tries to kidnap Helen, but she is rescued by Harold, who carries her off in his airplane." It is significant that the majority of manuscripts received from California have been of this nature. Many stories in blank verse have been received; at least one was provided with pen-and-ink illustrations and a highly decorated initial letter; and there was one paraphrase of *The Lady of the Lake* in prose, beginning, "A lone stag grazing on the top of the hill heard the hounds bay."

"Women Come to Judgment," by Margaret Culkin Banning, the Third-Prize story of the first competition, will be published next month. After it has appeared we trust many HARPER readers will let us know their personal preferences among the prize-winning stories: "The Girl in the Tree," "Loutré," and "Women Come to Judgment." It will be interesting to compare the lay opinion of the HARPER audience with the verdict of the Judges. No amount of discrepancy of judgment would surprise us; for we recall that

Mr. Nicholson, Miss Gale, and Professor Perry each picked a different story of the three for First Prize, and the final decision depended on their second and third choices. "The Girl in the Tree," by Alice Brown, won on the point system which had been agreed upon in advance by the Editors and the Judges.

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We trust that the honor bestowed upon "Loutré" will not blind writers to the fact that stories of unusual brevity are much desired. Among the six-thousand-odd received so far in the Contest, there has been, so far as we can recall, not a single outstanding story of less than five thousand words (or, let us say, seven HARPER pages), and many of the best have run to double that length. A resounding cheer will go up in East 33rd Street when the Editors receive the first tale which combines with other conspicuous merits that of brevity.

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Space does not allow us to refer to more than a few of the entertaining letters of comment, praise, and criticism that have reached the Editors during the past few weeks. A reader in Detroit writes enthusiastically of Mr. Sharp's article, "The Birth of the Bee"; one in Texas comments upon Everett Dean Martin's paper, "Are We Facing a Revival of Religion?" which has evidently impressed her profoundly; one in California, who adds a postscript to the effect that he is in no way identified with the Mormon Church or interested in the manufacture of organs, takes exception to Mrs. Gerould's statement in her Salt Lake City article that the Tabernacle organ is overrated; and one in Boston calls attention to the fact that Mrs. Gerould's quotation (in her San Francisco article) of a paragraph written in 1850 by Richard Hale of Newburyport, Massachusetts, might well have included the name of the book quoted, which was *The Log of a Forty-Niner*. Near the bottom of the pile is a letter from Brooklyn from which we must quote. "I have just been reading a copy of HARPER'S for August, 1888, and am comparing it with the current issue," writes Mr. Frederic V. Clark. ". . . Look at the contents: a travel article by Lafcadio Hearn, a serial by Rider Haggard, a poem illustrated by six drawings (reproduced on wood) by E. A. Abbey, a sonnet by Robert Underwood Johnson, a serial by William Dean Howells, a sonnet by William Wordsworth, a travel article by Charles Dudley Warner, a serial by William Black, a drawing by Du Maurier, and every page breathing of culture, refinement, and intelligence.

"I have had more enjoyment from this old HARPER'S this afternoon than I have had from any magazine in years and am glad to learn that it is the publications that have changed and not I.

"I am wondering what the trouble is with to-day's products. Isn't the same standard possible or has the reader changed to such a degree that the old style of stuff won't sell?

"I remember when I was a boy I couldn't get enough of magazine reading. Now I buy one or two a month and never can read one through. Maybe I am to blame, but I am in a hurry to get back to read what Theodore Child has to say about Botticelli."

Mr. Clark's comment is depressing to the Editors of to-day; but it would be more so if they did not realize that it is human nature to prefer the style of writing prevalent in one's youth, and that in 1960 there will probably be readers asking why the Magazine cannot retain the standards of the golden days of 1924, when Bernard Shaw's dialogues were being published, and Tomlinson and Bradford were regular contributors, and Hildebrand was winning his literary spurs! Yesterday's giants always look bigger than to-day's—or to-morrow's. And any magazine which is genuinely hospitable to new talent (as HARPER'S is) is in search of the giants of to-morrow.

By way of solace comes a letter from Cincinnati which closes: "A lady said to me yesterday, in discussing this story and some of the other good things we had enjoyed in recent issues, 'HARPER'S is one of the few magazines that has always maintained its standard!' And so you have, and here's my best wishes and gratitude!"